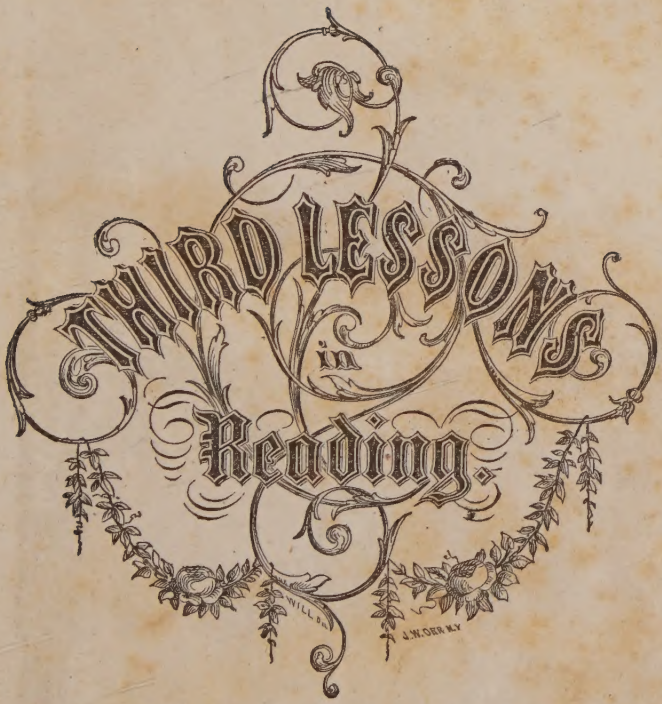
THE
THIRD
READER
NEW-YORK
A. S. BARNES & BURR.

Sir Benjamin Mountain

Mrs J. H. Creighton and

Mrs H. F. Burrill


THIRD LESSONS
in
Reading.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL
J.W. ORR

NATIONAL SERIES.—No. III.

THE

NATIONAL

THIRD READER:

CONTAINING

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION,
ACCENT, EMPHASIS, PRONUNCIATION, AND PUNCTUATION;

NUMEROUS AND PROGRESSIVE

EXERCISES IN READING;

AND NOTES EXPLANATORY OF DIFFERENT WORDS AND PHRASES, ON THE PAGES WHERE THEY OCCUR.

By RICHARD G. PARKER, A.M.
AND
J. MADISON WATSON.

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GIFT

PREFACE.

It has been our purpose, in the preparation of this volume, to furnish the facilities necessary for the cultivation and improvement of the voice, and the acquisition of skill in Reading and Delivery. Though constituting one of a Series of Readers, this work will be found complete in itself.

Part First contains the more important Definitions, and Practical Exercises in Articulation, Syllabication, Accent, Emphasis, and Punctuation.

Part Second embraces one hundred and thirty-seven Exercises in Reading. In the preparation and collection of these Exercises, great pains have been taken to exclude pieces not suited to the standing of the pupils for whom they are designed, and to retain only those that will be found intelligible, not only from the nature of the subjects, but also from the style and manner in which they are written.

It has been our aim to present such lessons as would amuse, interest, and instruct the pupil, and

at the same time furnish examples illustrating the more important principles of Rhetorical delivery. As an almost indispensable auxiliary for the accomplishment of this desirable object, we have introduced numerous dialogues and pieces of a conversational nature.

It is a collection strictly graded from first to last. Commencing with lessons more simple than those at the close of the "Second Reader," the pupil will gradually and almost unconsciously overcome difficulties as he proceeds, and at its close will be thoroughly prepared for the succeeding volume.

The pronunciation of words liable to be mispronounced is indicated in all cases; and notes explanatory of words and phrases not supposed to be fully understood by the pupil, appear at the bottom of the pages where they occur.

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THE NATIONAL THIRD READER.

PART I.

SECTION I.—ARTICULATION.

Definitions.

1. Articulation is the *distinct* utterance of the Oral Elements, in syllables and words.

2. Oral Elements are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. Elements are produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. The Principal Organs of Speech are the lips, teeth, tongue, and palate.

5. Voice is produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.[1]

6. Elements are divided into three classes: *eighteen Tonics*, *fifteen Subtonics*, and *ten Atonics*.

7. Tonics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. Subtonics are tones produced by the voice, modified by the organs of speech.

9. Atonics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the

[1] The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

Tonic elements, and form syllables by themselves. They are *a, e, i, o, u,* and sometimes *y.*

11. A DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *oi* in *oil*, *ou* in *our.*

12. CONSONANTS are the letters that usually represent *Subtonic* and *Atonic* elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, viz., *b, c, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, t, v, w, x, y, z;* th Subtonic, *th* Atonic, *ch, sh, wh, ng.*

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.[1]

1. TONICS.

ā or å,	as in	åge,	åte,	bane,	dame,	tame.
ă or å,	"	åt,	åsh,	damp,	land,	lamp.
å,	"	årt,	årm,	march,	card,	hard.
å,	"	åll,	båll,	pa*u*se,	want,	walk.
å,[2]	"	båre,	care,	flare,	rare,	ware.
å,[3]	"	åsk,	åsp,	glass,	dance,	pant.
ē or ė,	"	hė,	wė,	thėse,	cėde,	glėbe.
ĕ or e̊,	"	e̊lk,	e̊nd,	ble̊ss,	ble̊nd,	we̊st.
e̊,[4]	"	e̊rr,	he̊r,	ne̊rve,	se̊rve,	ve̊rse.
ī or i̇,	"	i̇ce,	i̇re,	chi̇ld,	mi̇ld,	wi̇se.
ĭ or i̊,	"	i̊nk,	i̊nch,	gi̊ve,	si̊lk,	wi̊ng.
ō or ȯ,	"	ȯld,	ȯde,	bȯld,	cȯld,	hȯme.

[1] First require the pupils to utter an element by itself, then to pronounce distinctly the words that follow, uttering the element after each word—thus: åge, å; åte, á; bane, a, &c. Exercise the class upon the above table, till each pupil can utter *consecutively* all the Oral elements. The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*.

[3] The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at, ash*, and *a*, as in *arm, art.*

[4] The *third* element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *end*, modified or softened by *r*. It is also represented by *i, o, u*, and *y*; as in *bird, word, burn, myrrh.*

ŏ or ō,	as in	ŏn,	bŏnd,	blŏck,	flŏck,	fŏnd.
ŏ,	"	dŏ,	tŏ,	whŏ,	prŏve,	tŏmb.
ū or ů,	"	cůbe	cůre,	důke,	důpe,	fůse.
ŭ or ů,	"	bůd,	bůlb,	hůsh,	lůll,	hůnt.
ů,	"	fůll,	půll,	půt,	půss,	půsh.
ou,	"	*our*,	*out*,	*found*,	*house*,	*loud*.

2. Sub-tonics.

b,	as in	*b*abe,	*b*ale,	*b*ane,	*b*ard,	*b*ark.
d,	"	*d*ale,	*d*ame,	*d*ate,	*d*id,	*d*im.
g,	"	*g*ain,	*g*ale,	*g*ate,	*g*ag,	*g*ig.
j,	"	*j*ade,	*j*ane,	*j*oin,	*j*oint,	*j*oist.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane,	*l*ate,	*l*et,	*l*end.
m,	"	*m*ake,	*m*ane,	*m*ate,	*m*ild,	*m*ind.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ail,	*n*ave,	*n*ine,	*n*ight.
ng,	"	ba*ng*,	ga*ng*,	sa*ng*,	flu*ng*,	you*ng*.
r,	"	*r*ace,	*r*ake,	*r*ain,	ba*r*,	ca*r*.
th,	"	th*a*t,	th*i*s,	th*e*se,	th*o*se,	wi*th*.
v,	"	*v*ail,	*v*ain,	*v*ase,	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
w,	"	*w*age,	*w*ail,	*w*ake,	*w*ide,	*w*ise.
y,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es,	*y*et,	*y*ou,	*y*our.
z,	"	*z*eal,	*z*est,	*z*inc,	*z*one,	ga*z*e.
z,	"	azure,	brazier,	glazier,	measure,	seizure.

3. A-tonics.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*ane,	*f*ate,	fi*f*e,	*f*ile.
h,	"	*h*ale,	*h*ame,	*h*ate,	*h*ark,	*h*arm.
k,	"	*k*eel,	*k*eep,	*k*iss,	ki*nk*,	ki*rk*.
p,	"	*p*eep,	*p*ipe,	plum*p*,	pu*lp*,	pu*mp*.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ane,	*s*ave,	*s*end,	*s*ense.
t,	"	*t*aste,	*t*art,	tau*gh*t,	tem*pt*,	toa*st*.
th,	"	*th*ank,	*th*ing,	*th*ink,	tru*th*,	you*th*.
ch,	"	*ch*ase,	*ch*arge,	*ch*arm,	mu*ch*,	mar*ch*.
sh,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake,	*sh*ame,	*sh*all,	*sh*out.
wh,	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*at,	*wh*eat,	*wh*ich,	*wh*ite.

Tonic and Subtonic Combinations.

After the teacher has exercised a class, separately and in concert, till each pupil can utter *correctly* all the elements as arranged in the preceding table, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the pupil with different combinations of sounds. Each element should be uttered *very distinctly*.

1. bȧ, bå, bå, bå, bå, bå; bė, bė, bė;
bi, bī; bȯ, bȯ, bȯ; bu, bu, bu; bou.
ȧb, åb, åb, åb, åb, åb; ėb, ėb, ėb;
ib, īb; ȯb, ȯb, ȯb; ub, ub, ub; oub.
dȧ, då, då, då, då, då; dė, dė, dė;
di, dī; dȯ, dȯ, dȯ; du, du, du; dou.
ȧd, åd, åd, åd, åd, åd; ėd, ėd, ėd;
id, īd; ȯd, ȯd, ȯd; ud, ud, ud; oud.
gȧ, gå, gå, gå, gå, gå; gė, gė, gė;
gi, gī; gȯ, gȯ, gȯ; gu, gu, gu; gou.
ȧg, åg, åg, åg, åg, åg; ėg, ėg, ėg;
ig, īg; ȯg, ȯg, ȯg; ug, ug, ug; oug.

2. jȧ, jå, jå, jå, jå, jȧ; jė, jė, jė;
ji, jī; jȯ, jȯ, jȯ; ju, ju, ju; jou.
ȧj, åj, åj, åj, åj, ȧj; ėj, ėj, ėj;
ij, īj; ȯj, ȯj, ȯj; uj, uj, uj; ouj.
lȧ, lå, lå, lå, lå, lȧ; lė, lė, lė;
li, lī; lȯ, lȯ, lȯ; lu, lu, lu; lou.
ȧl, ål, ål, ål, ål, ȧl; ėl, ėl, ėl;
il, īl; ȯl, ȯl, ȯl; ul, ul, ul; oul.
mȧ, må, må, må, må, mȧ; mė, mė, mė;
mi, mī, mȯ, mȯ, mȯ; mu, mu, mu; mou.
ȧm, åm, åm, åm, åm, ȧm; ėm, ėm, ėm;
im, īm; ȯm, ȯm, ȯm; um, um, um; oum.

3. nȧ, nå, nå, nå, nå, nå; nė, nė, nė;
ni, nī; nȯ, nȯ, nȯ; nu, nu, nu; nou.

ȃn, ȃn, ȃn, ȃn, ȃn, ȃn; ȅn, ȅn, ȅn;
ȉn, ȉn; ȍn, ȍn, ȍn; ȕn, ȕn, ȕn; oun.
ȃng, ȃng, ȃng, ȃng, ȃng, ȁng; ȅng, ȅng, ȅng;
ȉng, ȉng; ȍng, ȍng, ȍng; ȕng, ȕng, ȕng; oung.
rȁ, rȃ, rȃ, rȃ, rȃ, rȃ; rȅ, rȅ, rȅ;
rȉ, rȉ; rȍ, rȍ, rȍ; rȕ, rȕ, rȕ; rou.
ȁr, ȃr, ȃr, ȃr, ȃr, ȃr; ȅr, ȅr, ȅr;
ȉr, ȉr; ȍr, ȍr, ȍr; ȕr, ȕr, ȕr; our.

4. thȁ, thȃ, thȃ, thȃ, thȃ, thȃ; thȅ, thȅ, thȅ;
thȉ, thȉ; thȍ, thȍ, thȍ; thȕ, thȕ, thȕ; thou.
ȃth, ȃth, ȃth, ȁth, ȃth, ȃth; ȅth, ȅth, ȅth;
ȉth, ȉth; ȍth, ȍth, ȍth; ȕth, ȕth, ȕth; outh.
vȁ, vȃ, vȃ, vȃ, vȃ, vȃ; vȅ, vȅ, vȅ;
vȉ, vȉ; vȍ, vȍ, vȍ; vȕ, vȕ, vȕ; vou.
ȃv, ȃv, ȃv, ȁv, ȃv, ȃv; ȅv, ȅv, ȅv;
ȉv, ȉv; ȍv, ȍv, ȍv; ȕv, ȕv, ȕv; ouv.
wȁ, wȃ, wȃ, wȃ, wȃ, wȃ; wȅ, wȅ, wȅ;
wȉ, wȉ; wȍ, wȍ, wȍ; wȕ, wȕ, wȕ; wou.

5. yȁ, yȃ, yȃ, yȃ, yȃ, yȃ; yȅ, yȅ, yȅ;
yȉ, yȉ; yȍ, yȍ, yȍ; yȕ, yȕ, yȕ; you.
zou; zȕ, zȕ, zȕ; zȍ, zȍ, zȍ; zȉ, zȉ;
zȅ, zȅ, zȅ; zȃ, zȃ, zȃ, zȃ, zȃ.
ouz; ȕz, ȕz, ȕz; ȍz, ȍz, ȍz; ȉz, ȉz;
ȅz, ȅz, ȅz; ȃz, ȃz, ȃz, ȃz, ȃz.
zou; zȕ, zȕ, zȕ; zȍ, zȍ, zȍ; zȉ, zȉ;
zȅ, zȅ, zȅ; zȃ, zȃ, zȃ, zȃ, zȃ.
ouz; ȕz, ȕz, ȕz; ȍz, ȍz, ȍz; ȉz, ȉz;
ȅz, ȅz, ȅz; ȃz, ȃz, ȃz, ȃz, ȃz.

Tonic and Atonic Combinations.

The first element represented by each of the vowels is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter; and the second element, by a curved line. To familiarize the pupil with this notation, the horizontal and curved lines are introduced in the following exercises.

1. fā, fă, få, fȧ, fả, fạ; fē, fĕ, fȇ;
fī, fĭ; fō, fŏ, fȯ; fū, fŭ, fů; fou.
āf, ăf, åf, ȧf, ả, ạf; ēf, ĕf, ȇf;
īf, ĭf; ōf, ŏf, ȯf; ūf, ŭf, ůf; ouf.
hā, hă, hå, hȧ, hả, hạ; hē, hĕ, hȇ;
hī, hĭ; hō, hŏ, hȯ; hū hŭ, hů; hou.
kā, kă, kå, kȧ, kả, kạ; kē, kĕ, kȇ;
kī, kĭ; kō, kŏ, kȯ; kū, kŭ, ků; kou.
āk, ăk, åk, ȧk, ả, ạk; ēk, ĕk, ȇk;
īk, ĭk; ōk, ŏk, ȯk; ūk, ŭk, ůk; ouk.

2. pā, pă, på, pȧ, pả, pạ; pē, pĕ, pȇ;
pī, pĭ; pō, pŏ, pȯ; pū, pŭ, pů; pou.
āp, ăp, åp, ȧp, ả, ạp; ēp, ĕp, ȇp;
īp, ĭp; ōp, ŏp, ȯp; ūp, ŭp, ůp; oup.
sā, să, sȧ, sả, sạ; sē, sĕ, sȇ;
sī, sĭ; sō, sŏ, sȯ; sū, sŭ, sů; sou.
ās, ăs, ȧs, ả, ạs; ēs, ĕs, ȇs;
īs, ĭs; ōs, ŏs, ȯs; ūs, ŭs, ůs; ous.
tā, tă, tȧ, tả, tạ; tē, tĕ, tȇ;
tī, tĭ; tō, tŏ, tȯ; tū, tŭ, tů; tou.

3. åt, ăt, ȧt, ả, ạt; ēt, ĕt, ȇt;
ĭt, īt; ȯt, ŏt, ōt; ůt, ŭt, ūt; out.
thā, thă, thȧ, thả, thạ; thē, thĕ, thȇ;
thī, thĭ; thō, thŏ, thȯ; thū, thŭ, thů; thou.
åth, ăth, ȧth, ả, ạth; ēth, ĕth, ȇth;
ĭth, īth; ȯth, ŏth, ōth; ůth, ŭth, ūth; outh.
ouch; ůch, ŭch, ūch; ȯch, ŏch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ȇch, ĕch, ēch; åch, ȧch, ả, ạch, ăch, āch.
chou; chů, chŭ, chū; chȯ, chŏ, chō; chĭ, chī;
chȇ, chĕ, chē; chå, chȧ, chả, chạ, chă, chā.

4. oush; ůsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ȯsh, ŏsh, ōsh; ĭsh, īsh;
ȇsh, ĕsh, ēsh; åsh, ȧsh, ả, ạsh, ăsh, āsh.

shou; shů, shŭ, shū; shŏ, shŏ, shō; shĭ, shī;
shĕ, shĕ, shē; shå, shå, shå, shå, shă, shā.
whou; whů, whŭ, whū; whŏ, whŏ, whō; whĭ, whī;
whĕ, whĕ, whē; whå, whå, whå; whå, whă, whā.

Spelling, by Sounds.

The following words are arranged for an exercise in Spelling, by sounds. The names of the letters are not to be given; but the elements are to be produced separately, and then pronounced in connection, thus: v å s t, pronounced vast; å r m—arm; h ȯ s t—host; m ȯ v—move, &c. The attention of the pupil should be especially directed to *silent letters*, or those that are not sounded in words where they occur. In the following exercise they appear in *italics*.

sȧv*e*,	wȧv*e*,	fȧt,	mȧn,	ȧrm.
pȧrt,	hȧl*l*,	wȧrm,	pȧr*e*,	tȧr*e*.
grȧs*s*,	vȧst,	sc*e*n*e*,	glȧb*e*,	tȅst.
dĕ*b*t,	hĕr,	fĕrn,	pĭn*e*,	bĭd*e*.
lĭm*b*,	rĭng,	gȯld,	hȯst,	grȯt.
bȯnd,	mȯv*e*,	prȯv*e*,	můt*e*,	půr*e*
dům*b*,	hůnt,	fůl*l*,	půsh,	loud.
hous*e*,	blȧz*e*,	blȧnd,	glīd*e*,	glĭmps*e*.
brȧs*s*,	brȧnch,	drouth,	grȧnd,	grȧnt.
skůlk,	spȧrk,	spĕnd,	stȧrt,	stȧr*e*.
flȧsh,	flĕsh,	plům,	slīd*e*,	frȧm*e*.
prĭnt,	trȧmp,	smȧsh,	strȧnd,	swȧrm.

Errors in Articulation.

Errors in Articulation arise chiefly,

1. From the omission of one or more *elements* in a word; as,

fac's	for	fac*t*s.	coas's	for	coas*t*s.
faul's	"	faul*t*s.	cōl'ness	"	col*d* ness.
cen's	"	cen*t*s.	fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.
accep's	"	accep*t*s.	blīn'ly	"	blin*d* ly.
attemp's	"	attemp*t*s.	frien's	"	frien*d*s.

an'	for	an*d*.	sland'rer	for	sland *er* er.
wå'm	"	wa*r*m.	diff'ring	"	dif *fe*r ing.
hist'ry	"	his *to* ry.	av'rice	"	av a rice.
lit'ral	"	lit *e* ral.	dāng'rous	"	dān *ge*r ous.
corp'ral	"	cor *po* ral.	min'ral	"	min *er* al.
lib'ral	"	lib *e* ral.	gen'ral	"	gen *e* ral.
an'mal	"	an *i* mal.	mem'ry	"	mem *o* ry.

2. From uttering one or more *elements* that should not be sounded; as,

driv *en*	for	driv'n.	tōk *en*	for	tōk'n.
ēv *en*	"	ev'n.	shāk *en*	"	shāk'n.
heav *en*	"	heav'n.	driv *el*	"	driv'l.
tāk *en*	"	tāk'n.	grov *el*	"	grov'l.
sick *en*	"	sick'n.	rav *el*	"	rav'l.
brok *en*	"	brok'n.	shov *el*	"	shov'l.
sev *en*	"	sev'n.	shriv *el*	"	shriv'l.
soft *en*	"	sof'n.	sniv *el*	"	sniv'l.

3. From substituting one *element* for another; as,

sĕt	for	sit.	åsk	for	åsk.
sẽnce	"	since.	låst	"	låst.
shĕt	"	shut.	gråss	"	gråss.
gĭt	"	gĕt.	dråft	"	dråft.
forgĭt	"	forgĕt.	ståff	"	ståff.
hẽrth	"	hearth (hårth).	cårse	"	course (cȯrs).
bẽn	"	been (bin).	re pårt	"	re pȯrt.
agàn	"	again (agẽn).	trŏf fy	"	trō phy.
agànst	"	against (agẽnst).	pà rent	"	pår ent.
cåre	"	cåre.	bůn net	"	bŏn net.
dånce	"	dånce	chil drun	"	chil dren.
påst	"	påst.	sůl lar	"	cĕl lar.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

For a further exercise in ARTICULATION, let the pupils, separately and in concert, read each of the following sentences several times, speaking rapidly, and, at the same time, uttering the Elements in *italics* with *force* and *distinctness*.

1. A bright *d*ay.
2. A field *t*ent.
3. It mus*t* be so.
4. We mus*t* fight it *th*rough.
5. Bo*th* these with *th*anks approa*ch* flee.
6. The *s*ame *m*ind *m*ay lo*v*e vice, and condem*n* the faults of others.
7. *Sh*e *sm*ile*th* on every lea*f* and every *fl*ower.
8. A *th*ousand *shr*ieks for hopeless mercy call.
9. The fines*t* *str*eams *thr*ough tan*gl'd* fores*ts* *str*aye*d*.
10. Now set the tee*th* and *str*etch the nostril wide.
11. He wat*ch'd* and wept, he felt and praye*d* for all.
12. Arm it with rags, a *pigmy* *str*aw will *p*ierce it.
13. The hosts *st*ood *st*ill, in silent wonder fix'*d*.
14. He hus*h'd* the *ch*ild, and wis*h'd* he had pus*h'd* his dog from the pa*th*, *wh*en he snar*l'd*.
15. Regard*l*ess of the storms and *str*eams, he form'*d* his friends and bold*l*y storm'*d* the outposts.
16. The *tr*amp of *st*eeds and the muster*ing* of hosts fill'*d* the land.
17. Look*ing* out at the wind*ow*, she beholde*th* the will*ows* in the mead*ow* beneath.
18. No *sh*eet nor *shr*oud en*shrin'd th*ose *shr*eds of *shr*ivel'*d* *cl*ay.
19. *Wh*ere *wh*eel'*d* and *wh*irl'*d* the flounder*ing* *wh*ale.
20. *Wh*ite *Wh*itney *wh*et his knife on a *wh*et-stone.
21. The leng*ths*, bread*ths*, height*s*, and dep*ths* of the subject.
22. The *str*ife ceaseth; peace approa*ch*eth, and the good man rejoiceth.

23. This act more than all other acts of Congress, laid the ax at the root of the ev'l.

24. Thou beck'ndst to him, and black'ndst a name more worthy than thou reck'ndst of.

Section II.—Syllables.

1. A Syllable is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A Monosyllable is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. A Dissyllable is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. A Trisyllable is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. A Polysyllable is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. The Ultimate is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful*, in peace-*ful.*

7. The Penult, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *māk*, in peace-*mak*-er.

8. The Antepenult, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *peace*, in *peace*-mak-er.

In the following lesson, let the pupils give the number and names of the syllables, in each word.

NIGHT.

1. Night is calm and fair: blue, starry, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill.

2. The moon is upon the mountains. Trees glisten: streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake: bright the stream of the vale.

3. I see the trees overturned, and the shocks of corn. The wakeful boy rebuilds the shocks, and whistles on the distant field.

4. The dark waves tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky shores. The boat is brimful in the bay; the oars are on the rocking tide.

5. The breezes drive the blue mist slowly over the nărrow vale. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. The youth are rejoicing, for lovely is the night.

SECTION III.—ACCENT.

1. ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. A mark like this ′ is ŏften used to show which syllable is accented; as, read′ing, eat′ing, re ward′, com pel′, mis′ chiev ous, vi o lin′, fire′-eat′ er.

In the following lesson, let the pupils tell which syllable is accented, in words of more than one syllable.

NIGHT.

1. NIGHT is calm and dreary. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam, no moon, looks from the sky.

2. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. The distant ocean is heard. The waves thunder on the rocky beach.

3. The cock is heard from the barn. The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut. Thinking that the day approaches, he calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill, and whistles on his way.

4. Hark! the whirlwind is in the fŏrest. Aged trees are overturned.

5. The hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends. The tops of the mountains are white.

6. The stormy winds abate. The pale moon emerges from behind the clouds. Various is the night, and cold: receive me, my friends.

Section IV.—Emphasis.

1. Emphasis is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud or forcible manner.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

EXAMPLES.

1. Do you wish to *study* this morning, or to be *idle?*

2. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.

3. It is the *sun* that shines; it is not the *moon.*

4. *He* may run; *I* will not.

5. Let boys that *fear*, run; words and *blows* for me.

6. Alonzo was the better *writer;* Lucy, the better *reader.*

7. I did not *strike* him: WHY? because a dog may not only *bark*, but BITE.

8. I *dislike*, I FEAR, I HATE him.

Section V.—Marks and Pauses.

The Period.

1. The Period is a round dot or mark like this .

2. The period is generally placed after the last word in a sentence.

3. When you come to a period, you must stop, as if you had nothing more to read.

4. You must pronounce the word which is immediately before a period, with the falling inflection of the voice.

5. But you do not know what I mean by the falling inflection of the voice.

6. I am now going to tell you.

7. Listen attentively to what I am going to say.

8. Charles has bought a new hat.

9. That sentence was read with the falling inflection of the voice.

10. I am going to tell you, in the next lesson, what I mean by the rising inflection of the voice.

11. Look in the next lesson, and find the first sentence, which you have just read.

12. Tell me whether you would read it in the same manner, in the next lesson.

The Interrogation Point.

The Interrogation Point, or Question, is a mark like this ?

The Interrogation Point, or Question, shows that a question is asked, and is generally read with the rising inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. Has Charles bought a new hat?

2. Did you say that Charles has bought a new hat?

3. Did you read the first sentence in the same manner that you read the seventh?

4. Do you know what I mean by the rising inflection of the voice?

5. Do you know now how to read a sentence with the falling inflection of the voice?

6. Shall I tell you again? Will you listen attentively?

7. Are the little marks after the sentences in the first lesson, like those at the end of the sentences in this lesson?

8. Do you know that you have read all the sentences in this lesson with the rising inflection of the voice?

Questions that are asked with *who, whose, which, what, how, when, where,* usually require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. What o'clock is it?
2. How do you do to-day?
3. What have you in your hand?
4. Where have you been?
5. When did your father return home?
6. How did you hear that story?
7. How much did he give for his book?
8. Whose hat is that in the entry?
9. What did you see in the street?
10. How high is the steeple of St. Paul's Church?

Usually, when questions are connected by *or*, the first must be read with the rising inflection of the voice, and the second with the falling inflection. The parts of the sentence are separated by a mark like this , called a comma. At the comma the rising inflection must be used, and at the interrogation point the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Shall I give you a peach, or an apple?
2. Would you rather have a kite, or a football?
3. Is that John, or Charles?
4. Are you going home, or into the school-house?
5. Will you go now, or will you stay a little lŏnger?
6. Is that a Grammar, or a Geography?
7. Do you expect to ride, or to walk?
8. Does your father intend to build his new house in the city, or in the country?
9. Shall we now attend to our reading lessons, or to our lessons in spelling?
10. Did you go to church on the last Sabbath, or did you stay at home?
11. Will you ride into the country to-day, or will you remain here until to-mŏrrōw?

When a question that cannot be answered by *yes* or *no*, is immediately followed by one that can thus be answered, usually the first question requires the falling inflection of the voice, and the second the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where have you been to-day? At home?

2. Whose books are those on the floor? Do they belong to John?

3. Whither shall I go? Shall I return home?

4. What is that on the top of the house? Is it a bird?

5. What are you doing with your book? Are you tearing out the leaves?

6. Whom shall I send? Will John go willingly?

7. When shall I bring you those books? Would you like to have them to-day?

8. Who told you to return? Did your father?

9. How much did you pay for that book? More than three shillings?

10. How old shall you be on your next birthday? Eleven?

In this lesson some of the sentences are questions requiring the rising, and some the falling inflection of the voice. A few sentences also ending with a period are inserted. It may be observed that questions which can be answered by *yes*, or *no*, generally require the rising inflection of the voice; and that questions which cannot be answered by *yes*, or *no*, generally require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. John, where have you been this morning?
2. Have you seen my father to-day?
3. That is a beautiful top.
4. Where did you gĕt it?
5. I bought it at the toy-shop.
6. What did you give for it?
7. I gave twenty-five cents for it.
8. What excuse have you for coming late this morning? Did you not know that it is past the school hour?

9. If you are so inattentive to your lessons, do you think that you shall make much improvement?

10. Will you go, or stay? Will you ride, or walk?

11. Will you go to-day, or to-morrow?

12. Did he resemble his father, or his mother?

13. Is this book yours, or mine?

14. Do you hold the watch to-night? We do, sir.

15. Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Scarce their mŏssy tombs remain.

16. We shall also be forgot. This lŏfty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

The Exclamation Point.

The Exclamation Point is a mark like this !

The Exclamation Point is placed at the end of sentences which express surprise, astonishment, wonder, or admiration, and other strŏng feelings; and such sentences are generally read with the falling inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. How cold it is to-day!

2. How noisy those boys are in the street!

3. What a simple fellow he is to spend his money so uselessly!

4. Poor fellow, he does not know what to do with himself!

5. What a fine morning it is! How brightly the sun shines! How verdant is the landscape! How sweetly the birds sing!

6. Oh, disgrace upon manhood! It is strange! It is dreadful!

7. Alas, poor country, almost afraid to know itself!

8. Why, here comes my father! How quickly he has returned! Oh, how glad I am to see him!

9. Lovely art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys!

The Period, Interrogation, and Exclamation.

The pupil has been taught that, when he comes to a Period, he must stop as if he had nothing more to read. He is informed, in this lesson, how long to stop. A general rule is, to stop until he has had time to count six. The Interrogation and Exclamation are generally pauses of the same length with the period.

EXAMPLES.

1. George is a good boy. He gĕts his lesson well. He is attentive to the instructions of his teacher. He is orderly and quiet at home.

2. A good scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school. He obeys the directions of his teacher. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual. He is remarkable for his diligence and attention. He reads no other book than that which he is desired to read by his master. He studies no lessons but those which are appointed for the day. He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others. He pays no regard to those who attempt to divert his attention from his book.

3. Do you know who is a good scholar? Can you point out many in this room? How negligent some of our fellow-pupils are! Ah! I am afraid that many will regret that they have not improved their time!

4. Why, here comes Charles! Did you think that he would return so soon? I suspect that he has not been pleased with his visit. Have you, Charles? And were your friends glad to see you? When is cousin Jane to be married? Will she make us a visit before she is married, or will she wait until she has changed her name?

5. My dear Edward, how happy I am to see you! I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest

pleasure. How does Rose do? And how is our old whimsical friend, the bă'ron? You must be patient, and answer all my questions. I have many inquī'ries to make.

6. Do you expect to be as high in your class as your brother? Did you recite your lessons as well as he did? Lazy boy! Careless child! You have been playing these two hours. You have paid no attention to your lessons. You cannot say a word of them. How foolish you have been! What a waste of time and talents you have made!

The Comma.

The Comma is a mark like this ,

When you come to a Comma in reading, you must generally make a short pause. Sometimes you must use the falling inflection of the voice, when you come to a Comma; and sometimes you must keep your voice suspended, as if some one had stopped you before you had read all that you intended. The general rule is, to stop at a Comma just lŏng enough to count one. In this lesson you must keep your voice suspended when you come to a Comma.

EXAMPLES.

1. It is generally the case with children, both boys and girls, when they are young, that if they can gĕt any sort of consent, however reluctant, from their parents, to any of their requests, they are satisfied.

2. With gentlemen and ladies, however, this is different. They will scarcely ever, in any case, when they do ask, if they perceive the slightest doubt on the part of their friends, accept of any favor.

3. James, though still a small boy, when he perceived that his mother hesitated a little about granting his request, decided not to go and ride.

4. "I do not suppose, however, after all," said his mother, "that you would be much trouble to us."

5. "But," said he, "if I should stay, I can gĕt ahead one more day in my geography."

6. When his mother and sister had gone, and he could no lŏnger hear the horses' hoofs, he seated himself at his table and began his work.

Sometimes a Comma must be read like a question.

EXAMPLES.

1. Do you pretend to sĭt as high in school as William? Did you read as correctly, speak as loudly, or behave as well as he?

2. Are you the boy, of whose good conduct I have heard so much?

3. Who is that standing up in his place, with his hat on, and his books under his arm?

4. Did he recite his lesson correctly, read audibly, and appear to understănd what he read?

5. Was his copy written neatly, his letters made handsomely, and did no blot appear on his book?

6. Is that a map which you have before you, with the leaves blotted with ink?

7. Is this a dagger, which I see before me, the handle toward my hand?

8. Will you say that your time is your own, and that you have a right to employ it in the manner you please?

Sometimes the Comma is to be read like a period, with the falling inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. Charles has brought his pen instead of his pencil, his paper instead of his slate, his grammar instead of his arithmetic.

2. The teacher directed him to take his seat, to study his lesson, and to pass no more time in idleness.

3. James threw his book on the floor, his hat on the table, and his pencil on the bed.

4. And so you have a garden of your own, and you plănt and transplănt, and are dirty and amused.

5. William has left his book instead of his ball, his pencil instead of his bat, his ink instead of an ŏrange, his pen instead of his knife.

6. Dear! how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sĭt on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and a tin cup, and a rolling stone and an arbor!

Sometimes the Comma is to be read like an Exclamation.

EXAMPLES.

1. Oh, how can you destroy those beautiful things which your father procured for you! that beautiful top, those polished marbles, that excellent ball, and that beautifully painted kite—oh, how can you destroy them and expect that he will buy you new ones!

2. Lovely art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys!

3. Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store of charms that Nature to her votary yields! the warbling woodland, the resounding shore, the pŏmp of groves, the garniture of fields, all that the genial ray of morning gilds, and all that echoes to the sŏng of even, all that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields, and all the dread magnificence of heaven—oh, how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!

4. O Winter! ruler of the inverted year! thy scattered hair with sleetlike ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks fringed with a bēard made white with other snows than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne a sliding-car, indebted to no wheels, but urged by storms alŏng its slippery way, I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest, and dreaded as thou art!

The Semicolon.

The Semicolon is made by a comma placed under a period, thus ;

When you come to a Semícolon, you must generally make a pause twice as lŏng as you would make at a comma.

Sometimes you must use the falling inflection of the voice when you come to a Semicolon, and sometimes you must keep your voice suspended. When you come to a Semicolon in this lesson, you must keep your voice suspended.

The general rule when you come to a Semicolon is, to stop just lŏng enough to count two.

EXAMPLES.

1. That Gŏd whom you see me daily worship; whom I daily call upon to bless both you and me, and all mankind; whose wondrous acts are recorded in those Scriptures which you constantly read; that Gŏd, who created the heaven and the earth, is your Father and Friend.

2. My son, as you have been used to look to me in all your actions, and have been afraid to do any thing unless you first knew my will; so let it now be a rule of your life to look up to Gŏd in all your actions.

3. If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hănd against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

4. If my land cry against me, or the furrows thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley.

Sometimes you must use the falling inflection of the voice when you come to a Semicolon, as in the following

EXAMPLES.

1. Let your dress be sober, clean, and modest; not to

set ŏff the beauty of your person, but to declare the sobriety of your mind; that your outward garb may resemble the inward plainness and simplicity of your heart.

2. The prevailing color of the body of a tiger is a deep tawny, or ŏrange yellow; the face, throat, and lower part of the belly are nearly white; and the whōle is traversed by numerous lŏng black stripes.

3. The horse, next to the Hottentot, is the favorite prey of the lion; and the elephant and camel are both highly relished; while the sheep, owing probably to its woolly fleece, is seldom molested.

4. The lion, with his strong teeth, breaks large bones with the greatest ease; and he ŏften swallows their fragments alŏng with the flesh.

5. The horse is quick-sighted; he can see things in the night which his rider cannot perceive; but when it is too dark for his sight, his sense of smelling is his guide.

6. In summer, horses in the country feed on grass, or on grass and oats; in winter, they eat oats, corn, and hay. When grazing in the pasture, they always choose the shortest grass, because it is the sweetest; and as they have cutting teeth in both their jaws, they can eat vĕry near the ground.

7. Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose; the spectacles set them unhappily wrŏng; the point in dispute was, as all the world knows, to which the said spectacles ought to belŏng.

8. That deeper shade shall break away; that deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes: thy light shall give eternal day; thy love, the rapture of the skies.

The Semicolon is sometimes used for a question, and sometimes as an exclamation.

EXAMPLES.

1. And shall not the schoolboy blush thus to idle away his time; the schoolboy, who is awake to the importance of improving his mind; to whom the eyes of

teacher and par'ents are turned with so great interest and anxiety?

2. Do roses grow upon nettles; cherries upon vines; figs in the sea?

3. But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight!

4. Oh, it was ĭm'pious; it was unmanly; it was poor and pitiful!

5. By such excuses shall the truant insult his teacher; and shall he hope to receive a reward for his idleness and folly?

6. Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that shook the kingdoms; that made the world like a desert; that destroyed the cities?

7. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of his will, may happiness be written!

8. Who that bears a human bosom, hath not ŏften felt, how dear are all those ties which bind our race in gentleness togĕther; and how sweet their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while be kind or cruel?

The Colon.

The Colon consists of two periods placed one above the other, thus :

Sometimes the passage ending with a Colon is to be read with the voice suspended; but it should generally be read with the falling inflection of the voice. In this lesson the falling inflection is required.

The general rule, when you come to a Colon, is to stop just lŏng enough to count four: or twice as lŏng as you are directed to pause at a Semicolon.

EXAMPLES.

1. The smile of gayety is ŏften assumed while the heart aches within: though folly may laugh, guilt will sting.

2. Night is calm and fair: blue, starry, and settled is night. Trees glisten: streams shine on the rock.

3. Bright rolls the settled lake: bright the stream of the vale.

4. My dear children, I give you these trees: you see that they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will decline by your negligence: their fruits will reward you in proportion to your labor.

5. Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know, could shelter them from rain or snow: stepping into their nests they paddled: themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled: soon every father bird and mother grew quarrelsome and pecked each other.

6. The temples are profaned: the soldier's curse resounds in the house of Gŏd: the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs: horses neigh beside the altar.

7. Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage: the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty: the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

In this lesson the passages ending with a Colon are to be read with the voice suspended.

EXAMPLES

1. He was ŏften heard to say: I have done with the world; and I am willing to leave it.

2. I never heard a word about it before, said George, yĕsterday: who told you about it, Charles?

3. I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle Toby, hastily: how came he there, Trim?

4. Thou shalt pronounce this parable upon the king of Babylon; and shalt say: How hath the oppressor ceased!

5. That day he wore a riding coat, but not a whit the warmer he: another was on Thursday brought, and ere the Sabbath he had three.

6. George, you must not laugh at me; I will not bear

it. You forgĕt what you are about when you ridicule me: I know more than you do about the lessons.

7. It is not only in the school-room that attention should be given to your books: there is a place, one not like a school-room, I mean your own chāmber, where you can find many opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

8. It is not only in the sacred fane that homage should be paid to the Most High: there is a temple, one not made with hands, the vaulted firmament, far in the woods, almost beyŏnd the sound of city chime, at intervals heard through the breezeless air.

The Parenthesis, Crotchets, and Brackets.

A Parenthesis is a sentence, or part of a sentence, inclosed between two curved lines like these ( )

The curved lines in which the parenthesis is inclosed are called *Crotchets.*

Sometimes a sentence is inclosed in marks like these [ ], which are called *Brackets.*

Sentences which are included within Crotchets or Brackets, should generally be read in a quicker and lower tone of voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. I asked my eldest son (a boy who never was guilty of a falsehood) to give me a correct account of the matter.

2. The master told me that the lesson (which was a very difficult one) was recited correctly by every pupil in the class.

3. Starting up (in his dream, for he had already fallen asleep), Edward ran down stairs.

4. The fear of his father's displeasure and contempt (this last word is rather too strong, but it best expresses my meaning) became more active than his fear of the horse.

5. Ingenious boys, who are idle, think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough

to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting

6. The stomach (cramm'd from every dish, a tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish, where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar, and all the man is one intestine war) remembers ŏft the schoolboy's simple fare, the temperate sleep, and spirits light as air.

7. My father and my uncle Toby (clever soul) were sitting by the fire with Dr. Slop; and Corporal Trim (a brave and honest fellow) was reading a sermon to them.

8. I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in, [There is no need, cried Dr. Slop (waking) to call in any physician in this case,] to be neither of them men of much religion.

The Dash.

The Dash is a straight mark like this —

The Dash is sometimes used to express a sudden stop, or change in the subject.

The Dash is frequently used instead of Crotchets or Brackets, and a parenthesis is thus placed between two Brackets.

Sometimes the Dash requires a pause no longer than a Comma, and sometimes a longer pause than a Period.

In the following sentences the Dash expresses a sudden stop, or change of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

1. If you will give me your attention, I will show you—but stop, I do not know that you wish to see.

2. I stood to hear—I love it well—the rain's continuous sound; small drops, but thick and fast they fell, down straight into the ground.

3. The wild horse thee approaches in his turn. His mane stands up erect—his nŏstrils burn—he snorts—he pricks his ears—and starts aside.

4. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them—Gŏd had been thanked, and they begăn to eat.

5. They hear not—see not—know not—for their eyes are covered with thick mists—they will not see.

6. And thus, in silent waiting, stood the piles of stone and piles of wood; till Death, who, in his vast affairs, never puts things ŏff—as men in theirs—and thus, if I the truth must tell, does his work *finally* and *well*—winked at our hero as he passed,—Your house is finished, sir, at last; a nărrow house—a house of clay—your palace for *another* day.

The Dash is sometimes to be read as a Period, with the falling inflection of the voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

2. He hears a noise—he is all awake—again he hears a noise—on tiptoe down the hill he sŏftly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake! She is at the hedge of Harry Gill.

3. Now launch the boat upon the wave—the wind is blowing ŏff the shore—I will not live a cowering slave, in these polluted islands more.

4. I am vexed for the boys—I am vexed when I think of William and James living their father's life—But let us say no more of this.

The Dash is sometimes to be read like a Comma, with the voice suspended.

EXAMPLES.

1. Your joy—deny it not—is to pinch the poor dŏg's ears, and pull his tail.

2. This room—your playhouse and your prison—you leave not for twelve hours.

3. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks.

4. I had always thought that I could meet death

without a murmur; but I did not know, she said, with a faint voice, her lips quivering—I did not know, till now, how hard a thing it would be to leave my child.

5. Fear not the dŏg—timid child, come here!

6. Our land—the first garden of liberty's tree—it has been, and shall yĕt be, the land of the free.

The Dash sometimes precedes something unexpected; as when a sentence beginning seriously ends humorously.

EXAMPLES.

1. Good people all, with one accord, lament for Madam Blaize; who never wanted a good word—from those who spoke her praise.

2. The needy seldom passed her door, and always found her kind; she freely lent to all the poor—who left a pledge behind.

3. She strove the neighborhood to please, with manner wondrous winning; and never followed wicked ways—except when she was sinning.

4. At church, in silks and satin new, with hoop of monstrous size, she never slumbered in her pew—but when she shut her eyes.

The Dash is sometimes to be read as a question, and sometimes as an exclamation.

EXAMPLES.

1. What shall we call them?—Idle boys—thoughtless boys—boys that do not obey their par'ents—boys that rob birds' nests—boys that ought to be punished?

2. Do you see that neat little cottage near the wood—a smooth grass-plot before it—a nice garden in the rear—its roof shaded by green elms?

3. Is it not sad enough to see our young friends die—our par'ents—our brothers and sisters—to think that we shall hear their dear voices no more—that they will never look on us again?

4. Now, now, the secret I demand; out with it—speak—discover—utter.

5. How has a smile changed to a frown—a sŏft word to a harsh oath—the gentle lamb to a greedy wolf—love to hatred!

6. Now for the fight—now for the cannon-peal—forward—through blood—toil—cloud—fire!

The Hyphen, Apostrophe, Diæresis, and Quotation.

The Hyphen is a little mark like this - It looks like a short dash.

The Hyphen is placed at the end of a line when a word is divided, and it is used to make one word of two or more; as, fire-shovel, sea-water, good-for-nothing.

An Apostrophe is a comma placed above the line; thus '

The Apostrophe shows that one or more letters are left out; as, 'tis for it is, tho' for though, lov'd for loved. It is also used to show who possesses or owns a thing; as, John's book.

A Diæresis consists of two periods placed over a vowel; thus ä

The Diæresis shows that the letter over which it is placed is to be pronounced separately; as, creätor, aërial.

A Quotation consists of four commas; two placed at the beginning, and two at the end of one or more words. The two at the beginning are placed upside down.

The Quotation shows that the word or words inclosed were spoken or written by some other person; as, "George," said his mother, "please to hand me my fan."

In this lesson the pupil is to name each of the above marks, and explain its use.

EXAMPLES.

1. A pail-ful of sea-water is heavier than a pail-ful of spring-water.

2. The good-for-nothing school-boy has lŏst his brother's slate-pencil, and broken his sister's slate-frame.

3. What shall we say of thee, fair-hair'd boy, who dar'st to cătch thy father's untām'd colt, and ride him upon the sea-shore?

4. The short-sighted young man rejected a wise mĕasure, because it would not add to his plĕasure.

5. Poor Richard says, "Take care of the pence and farthings, and the pounds and shillings will take care of themselves."

6. Our teacher says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

7. A wise man once said, "Remember thy Creätor in the days of thy youth."

The Grave Accent.

The Grave Accent is a mark like this `. It shows that the single vowel over which it is placed is not silent, but forms a separate syllable; as, agèd, learnèd.

EXAMPLES.

1. That blessèd and belovèd child loves every wingèd thing.

2. Bōth the chickèn and the martèn, in the kitchèn, are stripèd or streakèd.

3. That agèd and learnèd man says that that modèl vessèl can weather the severèst storm.

THE NATIONAL THIRD READER.

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.

1. True Riches.

A LITTLE boy săt by his mother. He looked lŏng into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed[1] away, his eye brightened, and he spoke: "Mother, I will be rich."

2. "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And the child said, "Every one praises the rich. Every one asks[2] after[3] the rich. The strānger at our table yĕsterday, asked who was the rĭchest man in the village.

3. "At school there[4] is a boy who does not love to learn. He can not well say his lesson. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy[5] boy."

4. Then the mother saw that her child was in dānger of thinking that wealth might stănd in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence,[6] or cause them to be held in honor who lead evil lives.

5. So she said, "What is it to be rich?" And he answered,[7] "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

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[1] Passed (påst).—[2] Ask (åsk).—[3] After (åft′ er).—[4] There (thâr.)—[5] Wĕ̆alth′ y, rich.—[6] In′ do lence, idleness.—[7] An swered (ån′ serd).

6. The mother replied, "To become rich, is to gĕt money. For this you must wait until you are a man." Then the boy looked sŏrrōwful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

7. She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn[1] it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away. Mŏth[2] and rust waste it, and the robber makes it his prey.[3]

8. "Men are wearied with the toil of gĕtting it, but they leave it behind at last.[4] They die, and carry nothing[5] away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment.

9. "There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse,[6] but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of Gŏd."

10. Then said the boy, "May I begin to găther this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice; for He hath promised, those who seek early, shall find."

11. And the child said earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before Gŏd." Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down, every night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Saviour may dwell in your heart. Obey His word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, if you are poor in this world,[7] you shall be rich in faith, and an heir[8] of the kingdom of heaven."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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[1] Burn (bẽrn).—[2] Mŏth, an insect that breeds in woolen garments, and eats holes in them.—[3] Prey (prā), plunder; something stolen, or taken by force.—[4] Läst.—[5] Noth ing (nŭth'ing).—[6] Purse (pẽrs).—[7] World (wẽrld).—[8] Heir (ār), a person who receives property on the death of another.

2. A Gentleman.

"BE vĕry gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. Butler, as she tied on her little girl's bŏnnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

2. They had not been out very lŏng before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came in and threw down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

3. "What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk: you have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution,[1] to be gentle."

4. "Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous.[2] They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous![3] I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

5. "And yet, Julius, you would be very angry, a few years hence, if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

6. "A gentle man. I never thought of dividing the word in that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

7. "This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find that the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry[4] that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined.[5] Still, I dare[6] say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?" "Yes, indeed, mother."

8. "Well, then, my son, it is my greatest wish that you should endĕavor[7] to unite the two. Show yourself

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[1] Cāu′ tion, advice; warning.—[2] Bois′ ter ous, noisy.—[3] Ri dĭc′ u lous, causing laughter.—[4] Chiv′ al ry (shĭv′ al ry), military glory.—[5] Combined′, joined together.—[6] Dare (dâr).—[7] En dĕav′ or, to try.

manly, when you are exposed to dānger or see others in pĕril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you be with females or with men; be gentle toward all men. By putting the two qualities togĕther, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to."

9. "I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endĕavor to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

T. S. Arthur.

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3. The Temptation.

ERNEST and Augustus took a walk, one day, into the country, and came to a garden, the gate of which was standing open. Curiosity[1] tempted them to go in, and they found a number of plum-trees that were so full of ripe fruit that the owner had been obliged to prop[2] up the branches.

2. "Look, Augustus," said Ernest, "here we can gĕt as many plums as we can eat; there is nobody in the garden; let us break ŏff a branch[3] quickly, and run ŏff with it." "No," replied Augustus, "we should not do that, because the plums do not belŏng to us."

3. "What difference does that make?" exclaimed Ernest; "the man to whom they belŏng will never know that we have taken a few; he has more than he can count." "But it is, nevertheless, unjust to take them, answered Augustus, "because we should never e away secretly what belŏngs to others, although it may only be a trifle. Have you forgotten what father told us lately, when he was relating[4] the history of the thief that was taken past our house in chains?"

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[1] Cu ri ŏs' i ty, desire to know something new.—[2] Prŏp, to support.—[3] Brănch.—[4] Re lāt' ing, telling.

4. "Well, what did father say then?" asked Ernest. "He said: 'We begin with small things, and end with great ones.'" For a moment, Ernest cast his eyes to the ground in reflection,[1] and then said, "You are right, dear Augustus, let us walk on."

5. Ernest had been strŏngly tempted to do what was unjust; because he felt a great desire to eat the plums which did not belŏng to him. How fortunate[2] it was that Augustus warned him!

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4. Spring.

1. THOU lovely and glorious Spring,
Descending to us from the sky,
I praise thee for coming to bring
Such beautiful things to my eye!

2. For, bearing thine arms full of flowers
To strew o'er the earth, hast thou come,
Adorning[3] this low world of ours
With brightness like that of thy home.

3. And thou hast brought back the gay birds,
Their sŏngs full of glădness to sing—
To give, in their musical words,
Their sweet little anthems[4] to Spring!

4. The roots thou hast watered and fed;
The leaves thou hast opened anew;
The vīolet lifts its meek head,
And seems as 'twere praising thee too.

5. The hills thou hast made to rejoice,
And all their young buds to unfold:
The cowslips spring up at thy voice,
And dot the green meadows with gold.

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[1] Re flĕc' tion, deep thought.—[2] Fort' u nate, lucky.—[3] A dorn' ing, ornamenting; make it look beautiful.—[4] ăn' thems, sacred songs.

6. The brooks o'er the pebbles that run
Are sounding thy praise as they go;
The grass points its blades to the sun,
And thanks thee for making them grow.

7. The rush and the delicate reed
Are waving in honor of thee,—
The lambkins are learning to feed—
The honey-cup's filled for the bee.

8. The butterfly's out on the wing—
The spices are out on the breeze;
And sweet is the breathing of Spring
That comes through the blossoming trees!

9. The fŏrest, the grove, and the vine,
In festival[1] vestures[2] are clad,
To show that a presence like thine
Is making them grateful and glad.

10. The earth and the waters are bright—
The skies are all beaming[3] and mild;
And oh! with unmingled[4] delight
Thy charms fill the heart of the child!

11. Sweet Spring! 'twas my Maker made thee,
And sent thee to brighten our days!
Thine aim is his glory, I see:—
I'll join thee in giving him praise.

12. My heart seems to sing like the birds;—
Like blossoms to open with love,
Which God will, as music and words,
Receive for my anthem above.

H. F. Gould.

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[1] Fĕs' ti val, relating to a feast; joyous; gay.—[2] Vestures (vĕst' yers), dress; garments.—[3] Bēam' ing, sending forth rays of light; shining.—[4] Un mĭn' gled, unmixed.

5. God is Everywhere.

"COME, Edith, and look at the ship sailing out of the bay," said Charles to his sister. "See how gracefully she floats upon the water. She is going far away, thousands of miles, and will not be back for many months."

2. "Perhaps she will never come back," said Edith, as she came to the window, and stood, with her brother, looking at the noble vessel, jŭst sailing out upon the broad, pathless, stormy ocean. "I would not be in her for the world!"

3. "Why not, Edith?" asked Charles. "Oh! I am sure I should be drowned," replied the little girl.

4. "You would be jŭst as safe as you are here," said Charles. "You know, father tells us that we are as safe in one place as in another, for the Lord, who takes care of us, is everywhere."

5. "But think how many people are drowned at sea, Charles." "And think how many people are killed on the land," replied Charles. "Don't you remember the anecdote[1] father told us one day about a sailor?

6. "There was a great storm, and the ship was in much dānger. Many of the passengers were terribly frightened, but this sailor was as calm as if the sun was shining above, and the sea undisturbed below. 'Are you not afraid?' said one of the passengers. 'No,' replied the sailor, 'why should I be afraid?' 'We may all be drowned,' said the passenger. 'All of us have once to die,' calmly returned the sailor.

7. "The passenger was surprised to see the man's composure.[2] 'Have you followed the sea lŏng?' he asked. 'Ever since I was a boy; and my father followed it before me.'

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[1] An′ ec dote, a short story.—[2] Com pŏs′ ure, calmness; freedom from passion.

8. "'Indeed! And where did your father die?' 'He was drowned at sea,' replied the sailor. 'And your grandfather, where did he die?' 'He was also drowned at sea,' said the sailor. 'Father and grandfather drowned at sea!' exclaimed the passenger in astonishment, 'and you not afraid to go to sea?' 'No! Gŏd is everywhere,' said the sailor reverently.[1]

9. "'And now,' he added, after pausing a moment, 'may I ask you where your father died?' 'In his bed,' replied the passenger. 'And where did his father die?' 'In his bed,' was again answered. 'Are you not, then, afraid to go to bed,' said the sailor, 'if your father and grandfather both died there?'"

10. "Oh yes! I remember it very well now," said Edith. "I know that the Lord takes care of us always, wherever we may be. I know that he is everywhere present."

11. "And he will take as good care of the people in that ship as he does of those who are on the land," replied Charles. "Father says that we should always go where our duties call us, whether it be upon land or upon sea, for the Lord can and will protect us as much in one place as in another."

T. S. Arthur.

6. The Horse and the Goose.—A Fable.

A GOOSE, that was plucking grass by the roadside, thought herself affronted[2] by a Horse who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him: "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you: all your faculties[3] are confined to one element.[4]

[1] Rĕv′ er ent ly, with great respect.—[2] Af front ed (af frŭnt′ ed), insulted; treated with disrespect.—[3] Făc′ ul ties, powers of the mind and body.—[4] El′ e ment, simple substance. It used to be thought that fire, air, earth, and water are elements. The goose could go in the air or on the water, and thus live in two elements, while the horse can live only in one, namely, the air.

2. "I can walk upon the earth as well as you; I have besides wings with which I raise myself in the air, and when I please I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."[1]

3. The Horse replied with disdain, "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you do not appear well in any of them. You fly, but can you compare your flight with the lark or the swallow?

4. "You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you can not live in them as fishes do; you can not find your food in them, nor glide smoothly alŏng the bottom of the waves.

5. "When you walk upon the ground with your broad feet, stretching out your lŏng neck, and hissing at every one who passes by, all beholders laugh at you.

6. "I confess I am only formed to walk on the ground, but how graceful is my shape! how well turned my limbs! how astonishing my speed! how great my strength! I had răther be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *goose* in all."

EVENINGS AT HOME.

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7. THE CUTTLE-FISH.

"HERE is a visitor for you," said Mary's uncle Robert, as he entered the room with a basin of water; "here is a visitor for you, and one that will surprise you very much, if you venture too near."

2. "Will he hurt us? What have you got, uncle?" said Mary. "A cuttle-fish;[2] but be not afraid, I can assure you he is like the worm in the 'cowslip,' 'with neither teeth, nor claws, nor sting to frighten you away.'"

3. "It hardly looks more alive than the sea anem-

[1] Quad ru ped (kwŏd' rŏ pĕd), an animal having four legs and feet.—
[2] Cŭt' tle-fish, a shell-fish.

one,"[1] cried Fanny; "and what are those black spots coming out all over its body? I really believe it is dying."

4. "Not at all, my dear; it always looks black when you disturb it," said her uncle: "go nearer still, and it will throw out a brownish liquid, which is called sēpia, and prepared by the chemists[2] for painting."

5. "It is positively the strangest shaped thing I ever saw," said Fanny. "I wish (without frightening it) one could persuade it to move."

6. "He is no great traveler," replied uncle Robert, "and we have not left him room enough for his skill in this basin. Those two lŏng feelers serve him for oars, and the other limbs are furnished with suckers to take fast hold of the rocks."

7. "What do you mean by suckers, uncle?" said Mary. "Do they fasten those little round lumps on the rocks?" "They are sticky, of course," said Fanny, "like so many snails."

8. "Exactly; but there is more likeness than you are aware of," replied her uncle. "The snail can walk up walls because he has the power of making a vacuum[3] under his body, so that the pressure of the air may prevent him from falling. There is a contrivance[4] of the same kind in the suckers of a cuttle-fish, and in the feet of a fly."

9. "I have seen boys lift a stone by laying a piece of wet leather upon it," said Fanny, "and now I recollect they called it a sucker."

10. "It depends upon the same principle," said her uncle. "Whenever you can make a vacuum, or join two bodies so that there shall be no air between them, you may make use of the pressure of the atmosphere.[5] By

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[1] A nĕm′ o ne, the wind-flower.—[2] Chĕm′ ists, men who study the nature and properties of all kinds of substances.—[3] Văc′ u um, an empty space.—[4] Con triv′ ance, something formed for a particular purpose.—[5] At′ mos phere, the air around and above us.

this power the cuttle-fish clings to the rock, and he has the additional security of being most firmly fixed, when the waves seem most anxious to wash[1] him away."

11. "Because the more they press against him, the tighter he holds; I wish the cuttle-fish could know that!" said Fanny. "You do not think he is afraid of being washed away, surely?" said her uncle. "He is as safe in the water as we are upon land; and I dare say he is as happy in his way, as we are in ours. Shake your head, my dear, and look as wise as you please, I do not doubt you think yourself very superior to a cuttle; but you will never understand a hundredth part of the contrivance that has been spent upon your little body, or even upon this fish."

12. "Still, we are better ŏff than other animals," said Mary, "because we can find out *some* of these contrivances; and we are răt'ional[2] creatures." "No doubt, and vastly proud we are of our reason," replied her uncle; "but how many hours in the day are we better employed than a fish? We can *think*, I grant you; but how seldom do we think to any purpose, and how continually are our minds taken up with caps, and gowns, and bŏnnets, and chairs, and a thousand trifles!"

8. The Rain-Lesson.

"MOTHER, it rains!" and tears like rain fell down.
"Oh, little daughter, see the plants rejoice;
The rose-buds blush, and in your garden-bed
The drooping vīolets look so gladly up,
Blessing our Gŏd for rain. He knows what's best."

2. "Yes, mother, he knows every thing. And so,
He surely knows there's but one afternoon
In all the week that I can have from school,
And 'tis the third that I've had leave to go

[1] Wash (wŏsh).—[2] Rā' tion al, endowed with reason; able to think.

And play with Mary, if it did not rain,
And gather wild-flowers in her father's grove,
And now it rains again."[1]

3. The mother took
The mourner[2] on her knee, and kiss'd away
The blinding grief. And then she told her tales
Of the great eastern deserts[3] parch'd and dry,
And how the traveler 'mid the burning sands
Watches for rain-clouds with a fainting gaze,
And show'd her pictures of the caravan,[4]
And the poor camel with his outstretch'd neck
Longing for water.

4. And she told her, too,
Of the sad mother in the wilderness,[5]
And the spent water-bottle; how she laid
Her darling son among the shrubs to die,
Bowing her head down that she might not see
The agony[6] of the long death from thirst;
And how the blessed angel, when she pray'd,
Brought water from the skies, to save her child.

5. And other stories from the Book of God[7]
Breath'd that kind teacher to the listening one
Seated so meek beside her; how there fell
No rain in Israel, till the grass decay'd
And the brooks wasted, and the cattle died,
And good Elijah with his earnest prayer
Besought the Lord, till the consenting cloud
Gave rain, and thankful earth her fruits restor'd.

6. And then they sang a hymn, and full of joy
The baby, crowing from his nurse's arms,
Came in and join'd them, creeping merrily

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[1] Again (a gĕn').—[2] Mŏurn' er, one who grieves.—[3] Dĕs' erts, places where nothing grows; generally sandy or rocky places.—[4] Căr' a văn, a company of travelers with their horses, camels, &c.—[5] Wĭl' der ness, deserted places; wild woods.—[6] Ag' o ny, extreme pain.—[7] Book of God, the Bible.

After his little sister, till her pain
Of disappointment all absorb'd[1] in love,
She thank'd her mother for the pleasant time
And for her tender lessons.

7. So, that night,
Amid her simple prayer, they heard her say
Words of sweet praise to Him whose mercy gives
The blessed rain. "For now I know, dear Gŏd,
What pleases Thee is best."

8. O Mother! seek,
Ever, through cloud and sunshine, thus to lead
Thy little hearts to love Him; so, the tear
Shall brighten like the rainbow here, and gleam
At last, a pearl-drop in thy crown of life.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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9. ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

ALL things that grow on animals of any kind, are called animal substances.

2. The hair of sheep, and goats, and camels is twisted into thread, and the thread is then woven into clŏth for the warm garments which we wear in cold weather.

3. Combs are made of the horns of animals, the tusks of elephants, or the shell of the tortoise. The tusks of elephants are large teeth that grow outside of the mouth. When cut into combs, or other articles, they are called ivory.

4. Ivory is vĕry white and very hard. It is also very brittle; that is, it breaks very easily when it is bent or receives a heavy blow.

5. Shoes and boots are made of leather, and leather is the skin of animals which has been prepared by a process called tanning.

6. Brushes are made of the bristles that grow on the

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[1] Ab sorbed', swallowed up.

back of the hŏg. The handles of brushes are made of the horns of animals, or of ivory. Sometimes the handles of brushes are made of wood; and wood is not an animal substance, because it grows in trees, and they are called vegetable substances.

7. Gloves are made of leather, and leather is an animal substance. Some gloves are made of silk. Silk is a substance spun by the silk-worm, and therefore silk is an animal substance.

8. Fur of all kinds is the skin of animals with the hair remaining on it. But leather is made after the hair is all taken ŏff of the skin.

9. Meat is the flesh of animals. The flesh of cows and oxen is called beef. The flesh of hogs is called pork, and the flesh of deer is called venison.

10. The flesh of sheep is called mutton, and the flesh of lambs is called lamb. Hens and chickens, and geese and turkeys, and ducks, are called poultry.

11. Wild animals that are used for food are called game. Woodcocks, partridges, quails, snipes, and plover are game, and so also is venison.

12. Now, if you are asked what are animal substances, you must recollect that it means any thing that ever formed a part of an animal.

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10. Vegetable and Mineral Substances.

Son. Father, my teacher heard me read a lesson about animal substances yĕsterday. He told me that an animal substance is any thing that ever formed a part of an animal.

Father. Yes, my son, that is very true; and now I will tell you about two other kinds of things called vegetable and mineral substances.

Son. What is a vegetable substance?

Father. A vegetable substance is any thing that grows in trees, or bushes, or shrubs, or plants of any kind.

Son. And what is a mineral substance, father?

Father. A mineral substance, my son, is what comes from mines in the earth, such as coals, and metals, and stones of all kinds.

Son. Is charcoal a mineral substance?

Father. No: charcoal is nothing but the wood of trees which is partly burnt, or charred, as it is called; and then, before the wood is burnt to ashes, the fire is put out.

Son. What is the hard coal, father, that burns so long in the grate, and the stove, and the furnace?

Father. It is called a mineral substance, my son, because it is dug from mines which are sometimes very deep in the earth. But it is properly a vegetable substance, as it was formed from trees and vegetables which have been buried deep in the earth a very long time.

The proper name for the coal that is dug from mines is fŏssil coal. The word fŏssil means something dug from the earth.

Sometimes animals are dug from deep mines in the earth, where they have been so lŏng that they are hard like stone. They are called fŏssil animals.

Son. What are eggs, father; are they animal or mineral substances? They have hard shells like stones, and the shells are very brittle. But they are full of meat, which grows hard when it is cooked.

Father. Eggs, my son, are called animal substances, because they are laid by animals. Birds of all kinds, and some other creatures, such as turtles and some kinds of snakes, lay eggs. But eggs have also some mineral substances in them.

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11. Vegetable and Mineral Substances—*concluded.*

Son. Father, I have now learnt that animal substances come from animals, and vegetable substances grow like trees and plants, and that mineral substances

come from mines in the earth. Is the clock an animal, vegetable, or mineral substance?

Father. Clocks, my son, are sometimes made of wood, and are called wooden clocks; and wood, you know, is a vegetable. Some clocks are made of brass, and brass is a metal, or rather it is formed of two metals, called zinc and copper; and such clocks are mineral substances.

But every wooden clock has hands, and screws, and pins, that are made of metal. The strings, too, which hold the weights, in some clocks, are made from catgut, which is obtained from animals.

Son. Then clocks, father, are neither all animal, mineral, or vegetable substances, but they are composed of a mixture of them?

Father. Yes, my son, and many other very useful things are composed, in the same way, of a mixture of animal, mineral, and vegetable substances.

Cotton is wholly a vegetable substance, and grows in pods, as peas grow. Linen is made of flax, and flax grows.

Son. What is india-rubber, of which our shoes are made that we put on in wet weather to keep out the snow and the water?

Father. India-rubber is the gum that exudes, or comes out, from trees that grow in South America. Did you ever see, on a peach-tree, the gum that comes from the side of the tree when it is bruised?

Son. Oh yes, father. It is very sticky, and sometimes tastes quite sweet.

Father. India-rubber comes from the tree in the same manner. It is sticky at first, but when it is dry it is not sticky. Water can not pass through it, and it is, therefore, very useful for boots and shoes.

Son. Are watches both vegetable and mineral substances, father?

Father. No, my son. Watches are made wholly of mineral substances. The outside case is made of gold,

or silver, or some other metal. The work in the inside of the watch is of brass and steel. The hands are either steel or gold.

Son. What is steel, father?

Father. Steel is iron prepared in such a way that it will cut well. The iron is hardened so that it will keep its sharp edge without bending.

Son. Are all knives and scissors made of steel?

Father. The best knives and scissors, and the best axes, are made of steel, or with steel edges. If made of iron alone, they would be almost useless, for their edges, instead of cutting, would bend, or turn over, or become notched.

12. Of Books.

Teacher. Charles, you were told, in one of your lessons, that every thing about you is either animal, mineral, or vegetable.

Now here is a beautiful book, with nice leather covers, and bright golden letters on its back. Can you tell me the different parts of a book, and whether they are made of an animal, a mineral, or a vegetable substance?

Charles. Yes, sir, I think I can.

Teacher. Well, Charles, first tell the parts of the book.

Charles. First, there are the leaves, or inside of the book. Then there is the outside, or cover of the book. The inside of the book, or the leaves, have two sides, or pages. When the book is open, the page on the right hand is called the right-hand page, and the left-hand page stands on the left hand.

Teacher. But, Charles, what are the leaves composed of?

Charles. The leaves of a book are composed of sheets of paper.

Teacher. Do all sheets of paper make leaves of the same size?

Charles. I do not know, sir; but I should think not, because some leaves are much larger than others.

Teacher. The sheets of paper which are folded into leaves are not all of the same size. Some sheets are folded so as to make two leaves only. Some sheets make four leaves, some eight, some twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four, and even more.

Charles. Besides the leaves and pages, there are words in books. Words are formed of syllables, and letters form syllables.

Teacher. How are letters made in books, Charles?

Charles. The letters are made by means of types. Ink is put on the types, and then the types are pressed on the paper.

Teacher. Can you tell me what parts of a book are of animal substances?

Charles. The leather on the covers of books is made of the skin of sheep, calves, and goats. Some covers are made of paper, or of clŏth, and both paper and cloth are vegetable substances.

Teacher. Are any parts of the book formed from minerals?

Charles. The types with which the letters are printed are made of metal, and metal is a mineral production.

The bright golden letters on the outside, or covers of books, are made of gold leaf, which is gold beaten until it becomes very thin. Gold is a metal, and all metals are mineral productions.

Teacher. You have answered my questions very well, Charles. Such questions are very useful in teaching you *to think*, and that is the object of all study.

When you have read a book, or a part of a book, you should always try to think about what you have been reading. You may not be able to recall much of what you have read at first; but, by trying to think of what you are reading, you will soon be able to remember more and more of every book which you read.

13. The Beggar-man.

1. AROUND the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot[1] lent its blazing light,
And jōkes[2] went round, and careless chat.[3]

2. When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore:[4]

3. "Cold blows the blast[5] across the moor:[6]
The sleet[7] drives hissing in the wīnd:
Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

4. "My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;[8]
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement[9] sky.

5. "So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgĕts to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

6. "Open your hŏspitable[10] door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd!"

7. With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

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[1] Fåg′ot, a bundle of small branches for burning.—[2] Jōkes, funny sayings.—[3] Chåt, free and lively talk.—[4] Im plōre′, to ask earnestly; to beg.—[5] Blåst, a strong wind.—[6] Mōor, extensive waste land.—[7] Slēet, frozen rain.—[8] De scry′, see.—[9] In clĕm′ ent, stormy; not calm.—[10] Hŏs′-pi ta ble, kind to strangers.

8. The little children flocking came,
And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

9. Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

10. The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their mĕrry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKIN.

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14. THE TORTOISE AND THE SWALLOW.—A FABLE.

ONE beautiful day in the spring, a tortoise[1] crept out of his hole, where he had been sleeping all winter. He thrust his head out of the shell to search for the new grass, and to feel the warm sun, and determined to take a turn round the garden in which he lived.

2. As the tortoise crawled slowly alŏng, he perceived a swallow, that was flying far above his head, chirping the first notes he had heard. The swallow at the same moment espied the tortoise; she remembered to have seen him swimming in the brook which flowed at the bottom of the garden, and near which stood the summer-house where her own nest had been fixed for many seasons. The swallow immediately descended to the ground, and addressed her old acquaintance.

3. "How fare you, my old friend? How have you lived since we parted last autumn?" "Thank you," replied the tortoise, "I have kept house all winter, and never once stirred out, till the ice and snow disappeared. I have been very quiet and comfortable."

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[1] Tortoise (tor' tis), a turtle.

4. "I," continued the swallow, "do not love cold weather better than you; but as soon as I hear the loud wind of winter I fly to the south: in a few days I come to fresh flowers and green fields; there I chase the gay butterflies and the stinging gnats.[1] I sleep among the trees, and sing my morning sŏng to my new friends. As soon as spring comes again, I seek my summer home; and now I rejoice to see this delightful garden once more."

5. "You take a great deal of trouble in your lŏng flights," answered the tortoise; "you are always chăng-ing from one place to another: you had better, like me, go to sleep in some safe corner and take a half year's nap."

6. "A pleasant nap, indeed," replied the swallow; "when I have neither wings to fly, nor eyes to see, I may follow such a bright example. The use of life is to enjoy it; the use of time is to employ it properly. One might as well be quite dead as asleep half one's days, like you, you stupid dunce!"[2] Saying this, away he soared,[3] high in the sky, and left the contented tortoise to make the best of his way home.

7. Which, think you, is the happier—the tortoise or the swallow? Both are very happy—each in his own way.

EVENINGS AT HOME

15. THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Charles. Father, last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear father, let us have a very pretty one.

Father. With all my heart—what shall it be?

Charles. A bloody murder, father!

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[1] Gnăts, small, stinging insects, with wings.—[2] Dŭnce, a stupid fellow.—[3] Sōared, flew upward.

Father. A bloody murder! Well, then—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike—

Charles. With black crapes over their faces?

Father. No, they had steel caps on: having crŏssed a dark heath,[1] wound cautiously alŏng the skirts[2] of a deep fŏrest–

Charles. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

Father. I can not say so; on the contrary, they were tall, good-looking men as one shall ŏften see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower[3] on the hill—

Charles. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, father?

Father. No, really; it was on a fine, balmy[4] summer's morning—and moved forwards, one behind another—

Charles. As still as death, creeping alŏng under the hedges?

Father. On the contrary, they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came alŏng, with several sorts of instruments.

Charles. But, father, they would be found out immediately.

Father. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forward, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire—

Charles. Set a village on fire? Wicked wretches!

Father. And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.

Charles. O fie! father. You don't intend I should believe this? I thought all alŏng you were making up a tale, as you ŏften do; but you shall not cătch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

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[1] Hēath, a place overgrown with shrubs.—[2] Skirts (skĕrts) the edges, or borders.—[3] Tow'er, a high building; a fortress.—[4] Bälm'y, soft; mild; pleasant.

Father. No, truly; they resisted as lŏng as they could.

Charles. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

Father. Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

Charles. Oh, now I have found you out! You mean a BATTLE!

Father. Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders* half so bloody.

16. THE TRUANTS.

"COME, boys," said Mrs. Gray, as her little sons left the dinner-table, "it is school-time. Gĕt your hats and go; and mind, you must not play by the way, as bad boys do, but go directly to school."

2. Edgar and Henry put on their hats, as their mother băde them, and set ŏff. But they had not gŏne far when they seemed to forgĕt their mother's charge to go direct to school, and began to loiter by the way, trying to find something with which to amuse themselves.

3. At length the two boys came to a cĕllar over which a house was going to be placed; but there were no workmen there that day. Edgar and Henry thought they would just go up to the cĕllar and see how deep it was; and, when they had done that, they began first to walk and then to run around on the stones that were set for the underpinning[1] of the building.

4. One of the stones, not being firmly placed, gave way while their feet were upon it, and both the boys were instantly thrown down into the cĕllar, and so much injured as to lie helpless and senseless. Their mother, supposing that her sons had obeyed her and gŏne to school, thought nothing about them till tea-time, when, as they did not appear, she grew anxious for their safety, and, after waiting a little lŏnger, set out in search of them.

[1] Un der pĭn' ning, that which supports a building.

5. She went first to the school-house, where, as she expĕcted, she found the door locked, and nobody was to be seen about. She next went to the teacher's board-ing-place, and, on making inqui'ry, was told by her that Edgar and Henry had not been to school that afternoon. Then Mrs. Gray went all through the fields and called her boys by their names; but they did not answer.

6. When she had searched until it began to grow dark, and had found no trace of them, she left the fields and hurried toward home, hoping that they had returned during her absence. As she was passing the cĕllar by the roadside, she heard a child crying; and when she had listened a moment, she knew the voice to be her little Henry's.

7. So she ran to the cĕllar—for the sound seemed to come from there—and looked down into it. All was so dŭsky[1] that she could see nothing distinctly;[2] but, when she called Henry, the boy replied, and said he had been trying to climb out of the cĕllar, but could not. His mother helped him up, and asked him where his brother was. Henry answered that Edgar had gŏne to school; for the poor child could not remember what had happened.

8. When Henry had been carried home, his head was discovered to be dreadfully bruised, and as quickly as possible a physician was sent for. Some of the neighbors took lanterns and went to make search for Edgar in the place where his brother had been found. There, in the cĕllar, he too was found lying with one arm and one leg confined by the stone which had given way and occasioned the fall of the boys.

9. At first they thought him dead; but after a while he revived,[3] though it was several hours before he had his reason perfectly. Both limbs upon which the stone had fallen were badly crushed. He had to be stretched

[1] Dŭsk'y, dark.—[2] Dis tinct'ly, clearly; plainly.—[3] Re vived', came back to life.

on a bed and kept there for many days, all the time suffering great pain.

10. Sometimes, when he could not help groaning, his mother, with tears in her eyes, would say, "Poor boy!" Then Edgar would answer, "Don't pity me, dear mother; it's as good as I deserve. If I had gŏne straight to school, as you told mĕ to, instead of playing truant, I might have been well now. I am sure I shall never disobey you again." MRS. GOODWIN.

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17. THE BEE, CLOVER, AND THISTLE.

1. A BEE from the hive one morning flew,
A tune to the daylight humming;
And away she went o'er the sparkling dew,
Where the grass was green, the vĭolet blue,
And the gold of the sun was coming.

2. And what first tempted the roving Bee,
Was a head of the crimson clover.
"I've found a trĕasure betimes!" said she;
"And perhaps a greater I might not see,
If I traveled the field all over.

3. "My beautiful Clover, so round and red,
There is not a thing in twenty,
That lifts this morning so sweet a head
Above its leaves, and its earthy bed,
With so many horns of plenty!"[1]

4. The flow'rets were thick which the Clover crowned,
As the plumes[2] in the helm[3] of Hector;
And each had a cell that was deep and round,
Yet it would not impart, as the Bee soon found,
One drop of its precious nectar.[4]

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[1] A horn of plenty, sometimes called *cornucopia*, is a horn filled with good things, and is used as an emblem or sign of prosperity.—[2] Plūmes, feathers.—[3] Hĕlm, cap or covering for the head.—[4] Nĕc′tar, honey, or any sweet drink.

5. She cast in her eye where the honey lay,
And her pipe she began to mĕasure;
But she saw at once it was clear as day,
That it would not go down one half the way
To the place of the envied trĕasure.[1]

6. Said she, in a pet, "One thing I know,"
As she rose, and in haste departed,
"It is not those of the *greatest show*,
To whom for a favor 'tis best to go,
Or that prove most generous-hearted!"

7. A fleecy flock came into the field;
When one of its members followed
The scent of the Clover, till between
Her nibbling teeth its head was seen,
And then in a moment swallowed.

8. "Ha, ha!" said the Bee, as the Clover died,
"Her fortune's smile was fickle![2]
And now I can gĕt my wants supplied
By a homely flower with a rough outside,
And even with scale and prickle!"

9. Then she flew to one, that, by man and beast,
Was shunned for its stinging bristle;
But it injured not the Bee in the least;
And she filled her pocket, and had a feast,
From the bloom of the purple Thistle.

10. The generous Thistle's life was spared
In the home where the Bee first found her,
Till she grew so old she was hoary-haired,[3]
And her snow-white locks with the silk compared,
As they shŏne where the sun beamed[4] round her.

H. F. Gould.

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[1] The clō′ ver-flō′ ret is so small and deep in its tube, that the bee can not reach the honey at the bottom.—[2] Fĭck′ le, changeable; not continuing long of the same mind.—[3] Hō*ar*′ y-hā*i*red, having white or gray hairs.—[4] Bē*a*med, shone.

18. The Beggar and the Good Boy.

AMONG those who at one time obtained a poor subsistence[1] by begging from door to door in the streets of London, was one who went by the name of Barber Mose. Vĕry old he seemed; and only aged people could remember the period[2] when he was not a beggar, ragged and bowed down, almost too lame to crawl his daily round, and so blind as to be obliged to feel his way with a staff.

2. These grandfathers and grandmothers used to tell a story that Barber Mose was born to a fortune, which, as soon as he possessed, he went abroad and squandered,[3] as was supposed; for he returned to serve an apprenticeship[4] to a barber and hairdresser, and afterward opened a shop for himself.

3. Here he did a good business, yĕt always appeared poor: and when the infirmities[5] of age came upon him, so that he could no lŏnger pursue his employment, he betook himself to an obscure gărret, where he had ever since lived on what was doled[6] out to him by the hand of charity.

4. One winter's day, as the old beggar-man was returning to the place he called home, as fast as his feeble, trembling limbs would let him, a number of boys, just out of school and eager for sport, găthered around him, thus preventing him from going on, spoke to him insultingly about his rags and poverty, and made believe they would rob him of the bit of cold meat his blue, bony fingers were clutching so closely.

5. Then there came up another boy, poorly clad, but with a kinder heart in his bosom, who took the aged beggar's part against his abusers, and, in spite of the

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[1] Sub sĭst′ ence, means of living.—[2] Pē′ ri od, time.—[3] Squan′ dered, spent foolishly.—[4] Ap prĕn′ tice ship, time when a person is learning a trade.—[5] In firm′ i ties, weaknesses.—[6] Dōled, given unwillingly in small quantities.

jeers[1] and laughter of the thoughtless, cruel lads, led Barber Mose carefully to his gărret. The beggar was very grateful, and inquired what was the name of his young benefactor, and who was his father.

6. The boy answered that his name was John, and that he was the son of Mr. Doane, the locksmith,[2] whose sign could be seen just round the corner. Then he left the beggar and went home.

7. Shortly after this Barber Mose died, when it proved that he was not poor, but a miser.[3] He left a will, which, only a few days before his death, he had caused to be drawn up in due form of law. In that will he bequeathed[4] to John Doane, the boy who had ǫnce been kind to him, a bag of gold, all that he possessed.

8. From the midst of the heap of straw which had served him for a bed those many years, the money was taken; the miser had directed where to look for it; he could not bear to be without it while he lived. The bag was found to contain two hundred thousand pounds, which is nearly nine hundred thousand dollars.

9. All this large sum now rightly belŏnged to the poor locksmith's boy. I hope John's father was a wise and prudent man, who helped his son to properly take care of so much money, and showed him how he might do good with it.

10. You ought always to be kind to the aged and poor, and do all that you can for their comfort. It is not likely you will ever be paid for doing such a thing in the way that John Doane was; but the conscience[5] in your bosom will tell you that you have acted right, and you need not wish for any reward besides.

MRS. GOODWIN.

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[1] Jēers, insulting words.—[2] Lŏck′ smith, one who makes or repairs locks.—[3] Mī′ ser, one who loves money too well.—[4] Be quēathed′, to give by will.—[5] Cŏn′ science, inward knowledge; knowledge that a person has with regard to good and evil, or right and wrong.

19. The Twin Sisters.

A PAIR of twin sisters were so much alike, that it was difficult to distinguish them. Their little hearts were also blended[1] in the sweetest love. Dressed always alike, they might usually be seen, hand in hand; and wherever one was, you might be sure that the other could not be far away.

2. When old enough to attend school, they sāte side by side, studied from the same book, wrote the same copy, shaded with their pencils the same flower, warbled[2] the same sŏng, in the same key. They enjoyed the instructions of a vĕry faithful teacher, who sometimes, to test the thorough preparation of her pupils, called them to recite separately.

3. On such an occasion, one of the twins having neglected her lesson, mistook, and faltered.[3] Tears started to her eyes, and the embarrassment[4] of betraying ignorance convulsed[5] her with shame. Just at that crisis[6] the teacher was called out.

4. The other sister, seated upon her bench, well prepared with her lesson, sympathized[7] in all the suffering of her second self. Her breast heaved, and her cheek was suffused[8] with crimson. Springing to the side of the tried one, she forced her backward into her seat, with a rapidity that overcame resistance, and stood up in her place.

5. The teacher returned, resumed[9] her examination, and found every question answered prŏmptly, and with perfect correctness. At first she was surprised, yet supposed a little interval[10] had enabled the pupil, by reflec-

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[1] Blĕnd′ ed, joined together; united.—[2] Wär′ bled, sung.—[3] Făl′ tered, hesitated; was unable to go on.—[4] Em bär′ rass ment, difficulty; troubled by many things.—[5] Con vŭlsed′, shook; agitated.—[6] Crī′ sis, moment; a point of time when something important is expected.—[7] Sym′ pa thized, had the same feelings.—[8] Suf fūsed′, covered; having something poured over.—[9] Re sūmed′, to take up again.—[10] In′ ter val, a point of time between two other points.

tion, to collect her thoughts, or possibly to review those points of the lesson in which she was most deficient.[1]

6. But the expression of an approbation[2] which was not fairly earned, rankled[3] in the consciences of these pure-minded sisters. They could not be happy, thus to deceive their teacher.

7. Requesting to be permitted to stay after school, they approached her with tears, and confessed what they had done.

8. "I could not bear to see my poor sister in such pain," said the sweet one who rescued her. "*Forgive us, we are but one*," said their little voices in unison.[4] "*God bless you*," said their kind preceptress,[5] "*may you be one in Heaven!*"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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20. THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

1. MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee,[6] let me be idle to-day:
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly[7] under the bright blue sky.

2. See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely spies[8] the sweets as he goes.

3. Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

4. There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he;

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[1] De fi' cient, wanting; faulty.—[2] Ap pro bā' tion, approval.—[3] Rankled (rănk' ld), caused pain, or inflammation.—[4] U' ni son, together; as one.—[5] Pre cĕp' tress, female teacher.—[6] Prith' ee, I pray you.—[7] Lăn'guid ly, weakly; without strength.—[8] Spies, sees.

And he sĭts and twitters[1] a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles[2] his little throat.

5. You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near;
And the sŏft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.[3]

6. I wish, oh, I wish I was yŏnder[4] cloud,
That sails about with its misty[5] shroud!
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

MRS. GILMAN.

21. THE SUMMER-TIME.

WHAT child does not like the spring, the bright young spring, with its sŏft air,[6] its tender grass,[7] its tīny flowers, and its singing birds? Yet still more may the child love the pleasant summer-time, when the dark clouds and the cold rains and winds are all gŏne.

2. June comes. What a time it is! The happy children dance[8] and sing for joy, on their way to school. The insects chirp in the grass. The birds sing. The trees are heavy with leaves, and the low sound of the wind is heard in their branches. White clouds sail alŏng the sky, and streaks of sunshine break through.

3. The gardens are full of blossoms, red and white. Yellow butter-cups shine in the green meadow, like buttons of gold. The sweet clover seems to blush with its red blossoms. The water in the brook loiters like an idle boy, just moving as though it were in no haste to leave the sweet meadow.

4. Soon the days become lŏnger, and the sun grows hot. It shines upon the houses and the paved streets.

[1] Twĭt'ters, sings interruptedly, or without a connected song.—[2] Rŭf'fles, disturbs; causing motion.—[3] Sprāy, a small branch.—[4] Yŏn'der, distant.—[5] Mĭst'y shroud; misty, moist; shroud, covering.—[6] Air (ār).—[7] Grăss.—[8] Dance.

The hard walks burn your feet. The wind does not seem to blow. The schools in the city are closed. People drive out from town, with their children, to breathe the fresh country air, and be happy.

5. They stop at a farm-house to quench their thirst. The kind woman brings a pailful of clear, cold water, and gives them a tin cup to drink from. She gĕts some nice sweet milk for the children, and they are so happy that they forgĕt to thank her.

6. Men are at work in the meadow. Some are cutting down the grass and spreading it, and others, in another part of the field where it is dry, are raking it up into large rows. The gentle wind blows over the meadow, and brings the sweet odor of new hay.

7. The wheat is not yĕt ripe. Its lŏng bēarded heads are now nearly white, but they will soon be yellow like gold. Then the men will cut it down and găther it into the barn.

8. The sun has now sĕt. It is no lŏnger day. You may sĭt at the open window. The red moon rises through the trees, and you can scarcely[1] see the stars. The air is now cool, and the dews are falling.

9. You can not see the red and blue flowers in the garden, but you know they are there. All is still but the voice of the summer wind, which you may hear in the trees and the tall grass. The clock strikes nine, and your mother calls, "*To bed, my child.*"

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22. The Wheat-Field.

1. FIELD of wheat, so full and fair,
Shining with thy sunny hair,
Lightly waving either way,
Graceful as the breezes play—
Looking like a summer sea—

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[1] Scâree' ly.

How I love to gaze at thee!
Pleasant art thou to the sight;
And to thought, a rich delight.
Then, thy voice is music sweet,
Sŏftly-sighing Field of Wheat.

2. Pointing to the genial[1] sky,
Rising straight, and aiming high,
Every stalk is seen to shoot
As an ărrow from the root.
Like a well-trained company,
All, in uniform, agree,
From the footing to the ear;
All in order strict appear.

3. Marshaled[2] by a skillful hand,
All togĕther bow, or stand—
Still, within the proper bound;
None[3] o'ersteps the given ground—
With its tribute[4] held to pay
At His nod whom they obey.
Each the gems that stud its crown
Will ere lŏng for man lay down:
Thou with promise art replete[5]
Of the precious sheaves of wheat.

4. How thy strength in weakness lies!
Not a robber-bird that flies
Finds support whereby to put
On a stalk her lawless foot;
Not a predatory[6] bēak
Plunges down, thy stores to seek,
Where the guard of silver spears
Keeps the fruit, and decks the ears.
No vain insect, that could do

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[1] Gē′ni al, causing to produce; making cheerful.—[2] Mär′shaled, arranged, or put into order.—[3] None (nŭn), not one.—[4] Trĭb′ute, something given or paid.—[5] Re plēte′, full; completely filled.—[6] Prĕd′a to ry, given to plunder.

Harm to thee, dares venture through
Such an armory,[1] or eat
Off the sheath, to take the wheat.

5. What a study do we find
Opened here for eye and mind!
In it, who can ŏffer less
Than to wonder, and confess,
That on this high-favored ground,
Faith is blest, and *Hope* is crowned?
Charity her arms may spread
Wide from it, with gifts of bread.
Wisdom, Power, and Goodness meet
In the bounteous[2] Field of Wheat.

H. F. Gould.

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23. The Good are Beautiful.

"OH! what an ugly little creature," said a person, turning away from a very hŏmely child, with a look of disgust[3] upon her face.

2. "She will be beautiful in heaven, ma'am," replied a plainly dressed woman, who overheard the remark.

3. "Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the hŏmely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that."

4. "In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will, in the next world, be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

5. "How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker. "Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied.

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[1] Arm' o ry, means of defense; arms; weapons of all kinds.—[2] Boun'te ous, plentiful; generous.—[3] Dis gŭst', displeasure.

6. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited?[1] And does not the hŏmeliest[2] face become pleasant to look upon when good affections are in the heart?

7. "In the other life, we shall all appear as we really are; and, of course, evil passions will deform[3] the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, hŏmely as her face now is." T. S. Arthur.

24. Why an Apple falls.

Lucy. Father, I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary[4] in that?

Father. There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to căteh his attention and set him a-thinking.

Lucy. And what did he think about?

Father. He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

Lucy. Why, I could have told him that: because the stalk gave way, and there was nothing to support it.

Father. And what then?

Lucy. Why, then, it must fall, you know.

Father. But why must it fall? that is the point.

Lucy. Because it could not help it.

Father. But why could it not help it?

Lucy. I don't know; that is an odd question. Because there is nothing to keep it up.

Father. Suppose there was not, does it follow that it must come to the ground?

Lucy. Yes, surely!

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[1] Ex hib it ed (egz hĭb' it ed), shown.—[2] Hōme' li est, having no beauty. [3] De form', put out of shape; destroy the beauty.—[4] Ex traor di na ry (eks trâr' de na re), uncommon; wonderful.

Father. Is an apple animate,[1] or inanimate?[2]

Lucy. Inanimate, to be sure!

Father. And can inanimate things move of themselves?

Lucy. No, I think not; but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

Father. Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain forever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

Lucy. Would it?

Father. Undoubtedly, for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must, therefore, be the second. And what that is, was the subject of the philosopher's[3] inqui'ry.

Lucy. But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

Father. True; there must, therefore, be a universal cause of this tendency[4] to fall.

Lucy. And what is it?

Father. Why, if things out of the earth can not move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together, than that the earth pulls them.

Lucy. But the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?

Father. Well objected! This will bring us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discovered that there is a law in nature called *attraction*,[5] by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is composed, draws toward it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table, they have a tendency to come together, and if there

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[1] An'i mate, that which breathes.—[2] In ăn'i mate, that which does not breathe.—[3] Phi lŏs'o pher, a lover of wisdom; one that inquires into causes and effects.—[4] Tĕnd'en cy, desire, or inclination.—[5] At trăc'tion, drawing to one's self.

were nothing else in the world they would come together; but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every thing besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other.

Now, the globe, or the earth, is a prodigious[1] mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force, every thing within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me; and the heavier, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

Lucy. I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

Father. Yes, that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet[2] and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

Lucy. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

Father. It is.

Lucy. But why do we not stick to the ground then?

Father. Because, as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can, to a certain degree, overcome the attraction of the earth. But the reason you can not jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

Lucy. I think then I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called *Antĭp'odes*,[3] who have their feet turned toward ours, and their heads in the air.

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[1] Pro dig ious (pro dĭj' us), very large.—[2] Măg' net, the loadstone; a kind of iron, or other metal, that attracts iron or steel.—[3] An tĭp' o des, persons whose feet are opposite to each other; living on the other side of the earth.

I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall ŏff; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

Father. Vĕry true; and whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

Lucy. I don't know; sky, I suppose?

Father. They have; this earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight, the stars are over our heads and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we? to the stars or the sun?

Lucy. But we are up, and they are down.

Father. What is up, but *from* the earth and *toward* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky as well as ours; and we are under their feet as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

Lucy. Sky, with the sun or the stars; and now I see the whōle matter plainly. But pray, what supports the earth in the air?

Father. Why, where should it go to?

Lucy. I don't know; I suppose where there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

Father. You have thought very justly on the matter, I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity[1] of showing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile, think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

Lucy. To the Antipodes, and I know not where.

Father. You may see from thence what use may be made of the commonest fact, by a thinking mind.

[1] Op por tū' ni ty, occasion; fit time.

25. Lost Edwin.

EDWIN was a dear little boy, seven years old. He lived with his parents[1] in a part of New England where delicious[2] sugar is made from the juice, or sap, of maple-trees.

2. It was just at the sugar season, the last of March, or the beginning of April, and Mr. Stevens, Edwin's father, was busily working in his sugar place. One day, a little before noon, the boy's mother put some food into a small basket, and told him it was for his father's dinner, and that he might carry it to him in the woods.

3. Edwin was pleased to go, and, hurrying on his cap and mittens, caught up the basket[3] and started, followed closely by a large black dŏg he called his own, and which he loved very dearly. The dŏg, too, loved his young master[4] as well as it is possible for an animal to love a human being; and you know that some dumb creatures, especially dŏgs, are capable of very strŏng attachment to those who use them kindly.

4. Mrs. Stevens called after her son when he had gŏne as far as the door, asking him to wait till she could tie a comforter around his neck, for the south wind was blowing chilly. Edwin obeyed his mother, as he always did; though, as she came with the comforter, he said, laughing, "I don't think I shall feel the cold, *I'm so tough.*"

5. "You are sure you know the way?" said his mother. "O, yes," answered the boy. "Why, don't you remember I've been there alone ever so many times this spring?"

6. "Yes; but you had only to follow the path in the snow then; now the snow is nearly all gone. Rover," continued Mrs. Stevens, turning to the dŏg, that stood just before Edwin, looking back at him, and, by a short,

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[1] Pâr' ents.—[2] De li cious (de lĭsh' us), sweet; full of delight.—[3] Bâsk'-et.—[4] Mâs' ter.

quick bark, manifesting[1] its impatience to set off, "Rover, hear me now. You mustn't leave Edwin for any thing; but you must keep with him, and let nothing hurt him."

7. The animal seemed to listen and understănd; for he ran to the side of Mrs. Stevens, wagging his tail and whining, as if he wanted to say, "I will not leave my dear yonng master."

8. Edwin's mother watched him and his dŏg as they started away acrŏss the field toward the spot where the blue smoke could be seen curling upward from among the maple-trees. Whenever Rover found a squirrel's or rabbit's track, he would follow it a little distance, barking fiercely: but he never went far before he appeared to recollect the charge given him by his mistress; so he would bound back again to Edwin, and leap upon him, licking his hands and face to show his own delight and the love he felt for his little master. Then the boy would call him "good fellow," and laugh so loud that his mother could hear him at the house, after he had got into the woods out of her sight.

26. Lost Edwin—concluded.

IT was quite dusk when Mr. Stevens came home, and he was all alone; Edwin was not with him, nēither was Rover. When Edwin's mother saw this she grew vĕry much alarmed, and began making inqui'ries. Mr. Stevens replied that he had not seen his son since morning.

2. Then both the par'ents knew that their dear little boy was lŏst; and it is impossible to tell how badly they felt. They ran to the woods and called "Edwin! Edwin!" a great many times, as loud as ever they could; but only echo answered, and an owl that sat away up in a tall tree kept asking, "Who? who?" as if to mŏck them.

[1] Măn' i fest ing, showing.

3. The poor mother wrung her hands, and cried for her lŏst boy all that lŏng night; while the father hurried from one neighbor's to another, telling them what a sad thing had happened, and begging them to come and help him search for the child.

4. As you will readily believe, they were all anxious to do so; and at daylight a good many people commenced the search, which lasted all that day, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day after Edwin was lŏst, his little dead body was found. It lay stretched beside a lŏg in the woods, far away from his home.

5. Poor Edwin! How dreadfully he must have felt when he knew that he was lŏst, and wandered about, trying in vain to find his way out of the thick woods; and when the dark night came, and he had no kind par'ent near, no warm supper to eat, and no nice bed to sleep in, but, hungry, and tired, and frightened, had to lie down on the damp leaves, with no blanket to protect him from the chilly air. Poor boy!

6. The dŏg was found lying by his little master's side, still alive, though nearly starved; and when the people approached he moaned most pitifully. He was carried home, and tenderly nursed till he was strŏng again. Rover was a young dŏg then; but, though he lived to be old, he never forgot Edwin. Whenever he heard that name pronounced, he would drop down where he stood, and whine as pitifully as he did when watching by his master's corpse[1] away in the thick dark wood.

7. Rover was loved by the family for Edwin's sake, and they felt grateful to him for watching the poor boy's remains so faithfully, and keeping ŏff the ravenous[2] wild beasts, so his par'ents could look once more upon the face of their darling son, and make him a little grave in the garden among the pretty pinks and roses.

MRS. GOODWIN.

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[1] Corpse, a dead body. —[2] Rav en ous (råv' en ŭs), hungry even to rage.

27. The River.

1. RIVER! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way;
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

2. River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth;
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous[1] youth.

3. River! river! brimming[2] river!
Broad, and deep, and *still* as Time:
Seeming *still*, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.[3]

4. River! river! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an ărrōw,
Through a channel dark and nărrōw,
Like life's closing day.

Mrs. Southey.

28. Knock Again.

I REMEMBER having been sent, when I was a little boy, with a message from my father to a particular friend of his, who resided in the suburbs[4] of the town in which my par'ents then lived.

2. This gentleman occupied an old-fashioned house, the door of which was approached by a broad flight of stone steps of a semicircular[5] form. The brass knocker was an object of much interest to me in those days; for

[1] Im pĕt' u ous, violent; passionate.—[2] Brĭm' ming, filled full.—[3] Prime, the first part of life.—[4] Sŭb' urbs, places near to a city or town.—[5] Sem- i cir' cu lar, half round; like a half ring.

the whim of the maker had led him to give it the shape of an elephant's head, the trunk of the animal being the movable portion.

3. Away, then, I scampered in great haste; and having reached the house, ran up the stone steps as usual, and, seizing the elephant's trunk, made the house re-echo to my knocking. No answer was returned.

4. At this my astonishment was considerable, as servants, in the times I write of, were more alert[1] and attentive than they are at present. However, I knocked a second time. Still no one came.

5. At this I was much more surprised. I looked at the house. It presented no appearance of a desertion. Some of the windows were open to admit the fresh air, for it was summer; others of them were closed. But all had the aspect[2] of an inhabited dwelling.

6. I was greatly perplexed, and looked around, to see if any one was near who could advise me how to act. Immediately a vĕnerable[3] old gentleman, whom I had never seen before, came acrŏss the way, and, looking kindly in my face, advised me to knock again.

7. I did so without a moment's hesitation, and presently the door was opened, so that I had an opportunity of delivering my message. I afterward learned that the servants had been engaged in removing a heavy piece of furniture from one part of the house to the other; an operation which required their united strength, and prevented their opening the door.

29. KNOCK AGAIN—CONCLUDED.

AS I was tripping lightly homeward, I passed the kind old gentleman about half way down the street. He took me gently by the arm; and, retaining his hold, began to address me thus, as we walked on togĕther:

[1] A lĕrt', active.—[2] As' pect, appearance.—[3] Vĕn' er a ble, deserving of great respect.

2. "The incident, my little friend, which has just occurred, may be of some use to you in after[1] life, if it be sūitably improved. Young people are usually vĕry enthusiastic[2] in all their undertākings, and in the same proportion are very easily discouraged.

3. "Learn, then, from what has taken place this morning, to persevere in the business which you have commenced, provided it be laudable[3] in itself, and, ten to one, you will succeed. If you do not at first obtain what you aim at, *knock again*. A door may be opened when you least expect it.

4. "In entering on the practice of a profession, engaging in trade, or what is usually called settling in the world, young people ŏften meet with great disappointments.

5. "Friends, whom they naturally expected to employ them, not unfrequently prefer others in the same line; and even professors of religion do not seem to consider it a duty to promote the temporal[4] interest of their brethren in the Lord.

6. "Nevertheless, industry, sobriety, and patience, are usually accompanied by the Divine blessing. Should you, therefore,[5] my little friend, ever experience disappointments of this kind, think of the brass knocker: *knock again:* be sober, be diligent, and your labors will be blessed.

7. "In the pursuit of knowledge many difficulties are encountered. These the student must expect to meet; but he must not relinquish the investigation[6] of truth because it seems to elude[7] his search. He may knock at the gate of science, and appar'ently without being heard. But let him *knock again*, and he will find an entrance."

CHILD'S COMPANION.

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[1] Aft er (åft' er). —[2] En thŭ si åst' ic, highly excited.— Lâud' a ble, deserving praise.— [4] Tĕm' po ral, relating to this world.—[5] Thĕre' fŏre.— [6] In ves ti gā' tion, seeking after.—[7] E lūde', escape from; or to deceive.

30. Ten Rules of Life.

NEVER put ŏff till to-mŏrrōw what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.

5. Pride cŏsts us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing[1] is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain those evils cŏst us, which never happened!

9. Take things always by the smooth handle.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred. JEFFERSON.

31. Arabia.

1. O'ER Arābia's[2] desert sands
The patient camel walks;
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena[3] stalks.[4]

2. On the cool and shady hills
Cŏffee shrubs and tamarinds grow;
Headlŏng fall the welcome rills[5]
Down the fruitful dells[6] below.

3. The fragrant myrrh[7] and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale;
Thick hung with dates, the spreading palm
Towers o'er the peopled vale.

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[1] Noth ing (nŭth' ing).—[2] A ra bi a (a rā' be a).—[3] Hy ē' na, a very fierce and cruel wild animal.—[4] Stȧlk, walk proudly.—[5] Rills, small streams of running water.—[6] Dells, narrow valleys between two hills.—[7] Myrrh (mer), the sap of a tree found in Arabia, dried in the form of drops or small balls. It has a strong, but agreeable smell, and a bitter taste.

4. Locusts ŏft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darken'd air;
Like a tŏrrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair.

5. And ŏften[1] o'er the level waste[2]
The stifling hot winds fly;
Down falls the swain[3] with trembling haste,
The gasping[4] cattle die.

6. Shepherd people on the plain
Pitch their tents and wander free;
Wealthy cities they disdain,[5]
Poor, yet blest with liberty.

LUCY AIKIN.

32. How to be Happy.

EVERY child must have observed how much happier and more beloved some children are than others. There are some children whom you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy.

2. There are others, whose society you always avoid. The very expression of their countenances produces unpleasant feelings. They seem to have no friends.

3. No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and can not be happy without the opportunity[6] of giving and receiving affection.

4. But you can not receive affection, unless you will also give it. You can not find others to love you, unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating a cheerful and obliging disposition. You can not be happy without it.

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[1] Often (ôf' n). — [2] Wâste, the desert. — [3] Swân, a young man. — [4] Gâsp' ing, opening the mouth wide in catching breath. — [5] Dis dân', despise. — [6] Op por tū' ni ty, occasion; chance; means.

5. I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular[1] at school." Now, this is a plain confession that she is very disobliging and unamiable in her disposition.

6. If your companions do not love you, it is your own fault. They can not help loving you, if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is a good evidence[2] that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true, that a sense of duty may, at times, render it necessary for you to do that which will be displeasing to your companions.

7. But, if it is seen that you have a noble spirit, that you are above selfishness, that you are willing to make sacrifices of your own personal convenience to promote the happiness of your associates,[3] you will never be in want of friends.

8. You must not regard it as your *misfortune* that others do not love you, but your *fault*. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract[4] to yourself the esteem and affection of those by whom you are surrounded.

9. You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of an affectionate and obliging disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favors whenever you have an opportunity, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent[5] friends.

10. Begin upon this principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

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[1] Un pŏp′ u lar, not having the favor of others; disliked.—[2] Ev′ i-dence, that which proves the truth; witness.—[3] As so ciates (as sō′-shĭates), companions.—[4] At tract′, draw.—[5] Ar′ dent, warm; loving.

33. How to be Happy—concluded.

YOU go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing upon the hearth[1], surrounded with boys struggling to gĕt near it to warm themselves. After you gĕt slightly warmed, another school-mate comes in, suffering with cold. "Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place."

2. As you slip aside to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst-dispositioned boy in the world can not help admiring such generosity.

3. And even though he be so ungrateful as to be unwilling to return the favor, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend as far as he is capable[2] of friendship. If you will habitually[3] act upon this principle[4], you will never want friends.

4. Suppose, some day, you were out with your companions, playing ball. After you had been playing for some time, another boy comes alŏng. He can not be chosen upon either side, for there is no one to match him. "Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest."

5. You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous,[5] takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you gave up to accommodate him; and how can he help liking you for it?

6. The fact is, that nēither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness, without attracting affection and esteem.

7. Look and see which of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who

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[1] Heärth.—[2] Că' pa ble, able to do a thing.—[3] Ha bĭt' u al ly, by habit; always doing a thing at certain times.—[4] Prĭn' ci ple, reason for doing, or not doing.—[5] Vĭg' or ous, strong.

have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves, that they may make their associates happy.

8. This is not peculiar to childhood: it is the same in all periods of life. There is but one way to make friends; and that is, by being friendly to others.

9. Perhaps some child who reads this feels conscious[1] of being disliked, and yet desires to have the affection of his companions. You ask me what you shall do. I will tell you.

10. I will give you an infallible[2] rule. Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices of your own convenience, that you may promote the happiness of others.

11. This is the way to make friends, and the only way. When you are playing with your brothers and sisters at home, be always ready to give them more than their share of privileges.

12. Manifest an obliging disposition, and they cannot but regard you with affection. In all your intercourse with others, at home or abroad, let these feelings influence you, and you will receive a rich reward.

CHILD AT HOME.

34. CLASS OPINIONS.—A FABLE.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited[3] much discussion[4] among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gŏssip, the goat praised him.

2. "Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd.[5] The beast is a pretty[6] beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes[7] of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry bă-ă-ă!" And

[1] Con scious (kŏn' shus), knowing; having an inward knowledge.—[2] In făl' li ble, never deceiving; without mistake.—[3] Ex cit' ed, caused.—[4] Dis cŭs' sion, talking; conversing with others on any subject.—[5] Ab surd', foolish.—[6] Pret ty (prĭt' ty).—[7] Mā' nes, the remains; the spirit or soul which remains after death.

the lion blēated his best in mŏckery, but bleated far from well.

3. "Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gĕts over vĕry little ground."

4. "It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He can not roar, he can not run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yĕsterday, and, in politeness to the new-comer, ŏffered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted,[1] and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

5. So the beasts criticised[2] the Lamb, each in his own way; and yĕt it was a good Lamb, nevertheless.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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35. WE ARE SEVEN.

1. I MET a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and vĕry fair:
Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we:
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gŏne to sea.

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[1] Dis gŭst' ed, displeased.—[2] Crĭt' i cised, judged; pointed out faults in.

5. "Two of us in the churchyard lie—
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gŏne to sea;
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

7. Then did the little Maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

8. "You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I ŏften knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sĭt—
I sĭt and sing to them.

11. "And ŏften after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little pŏrringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was little Jane:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till Gŏd released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

13. "So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,

Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"Oh, Master, we are seven!"

16. "But they are dead: those two are dead
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH.

36. How to Spend Money.

ONE day, Mr. Sinclair received a letter from his brother, a sea captain,[1] who had jŭst returned from a lŏng voyage to the East Indies. In this letter was inclosed two five-dollar bills—one for Bertram, and one for Theodore. Their uncle wished this money to be given to the boys, and to let each of them spend it as he pleased, but requested Mr. Sinclair to let him know exactly in what manner it *was* spent.

2. The boys had never been possessed of so large a sum before, and of course were made vĕry happy by the generous present of their uncle.

3. After tea, as they were walking in the garden, Mr. Sinclair joined them. "Well, boys," he said, "have you made up your minds yet, how to spend your money?"

4. "Here is mine," answered Theodore, "and if you

[1] Cap tain (kăp′ tin).

please, father, I wish you would keep it for me; or, if you think better, put it in the savings bank."

5. "A very good resolution, Theodore: where is yours, Bertram?" said Mr. Sinclair. Bertram felt rather ashamed, and could hardly raise his eyes to his father's face, as he answered:

6. "Well, father, I should like to spend mine, and have the good of it. I don't see the use of hoarding[1] it away, as Theodore wants to. If you please, sir, I would rather buy a few little things."

7. "Very well, boys,—your uncle has desired that you may both do as you please with his present; therefore I shall not use any authority. I must say, however, that while I highly approve of Theodore's course, I am not at all satisfied with yours, Bertram. I am sŏrry to find you place so little value upon money, as to be willing to waste five dollars, either in useless toys or sweetmeats. But do as you please."

8. That same night, about twelve o'clock, the neighborhood was alarmed with the dreadful cry of "Fire! fire!" Mr. Sinclair and the boys sprang from their beds, and ran to the window. It proved to be the house of a poor Irish laborer, who lived about half a mile from them.

9. Great clouds of smoke hung in the air, in which it seemed as if a thousand sky-rockets were playing, and then columns of bright flames would suddenly dart up into the air. The trees appeared to be all on fire, and the poor little frightened birds flew round and round the flames, as you have seen a miller fly around the lamp; and many of them, overcome by the smoke and terror, fell helpless into the burning ruins.

10. In a very little time, the house of Patrick O'Rafferty was burned to the ground, and himself and his wife, and three helpless children, became houseless and homeless. O'Rafferty was an honest, industrious, and

[1] Hòard' ing, laying up in secret.

hard-working man; but his wife, poor woman, was very sickly, and could not earn much to help support their children,—three little girls,—the oldest of whom was lame, and only seven years old. What was a still greater lŏss to them, all their small stock of furniture[1] and clothing, their cow and their pig, were also burned; for so quickly had the fire spread to the out-house, that it was found impossible to save the poor animals.

11. When Theodore learned the great distress of this unfortunate family, his heart was very sad. He went to his father, and said, "Are you willing I should give my five dollars to help poor Patrick O'Rafferty?"

12. "Am I willing?—yes, my dear child: it is a noble wish," said Mr. Sinclair, embracing his son. "Here is the money; carry it to your mother, and ask her to buy clothing for this destitute family."

13. Theodore was a happy lad, as he placed the five dollars in his mother's hand. "Ah," thought he, "what plĕasure in doing good!"

14. "You foolish fellow," cried Bertram, "to give away your money! I wonder what uncle will say!" "I hope he will think I have done right," said Theodore. "Come, Bertram, I am sure, if you give only half of your five dollars to poor Patrick, you will never be sŏrry."

15. "*I!*—I give my money to an Irishman! No, indeed, I am not so green! Let him work and earn it,—he was made for it," replied Bertram, rudely.

16. Mr. Sinclair raised a subscription for the family of O'Rafferty, and in a few days they were comfortably fixed in a little cottage, not far from the spot where the other one had stood.

17. Ah, how mĕrrily the silver bells echoed in Theodore's heart, when, the next Sabbath-day, Patrick and his wife were able to go to meeting dressed in the clothes which his own five dollars had paid for.

[1] Fur ni ture (fĕr'ni tûr).

37. How to Spend Money—concluded.

MR. SINCLAIR had ŏften warned Bertram against the use of guns and pistols, and had, indeed, forbidden him to touch them. But Bertram, like some other boys, who think they know as much as their father, laughed at the idea of not being able to fire a gun without danger. He had lŏng wanted to possess one, and when he received his uncle's present, he was determined to buy one. He told Theodore so, and Theodore, knowing how angry his father would be, begged of him not to do so, and told him he should feel it his duty to inform his father if he did.

2. "Oh, you tell-tale!" cried Bertram, slapping his brother in the face. But he was afraid his father might find it out, so he said no more to Theodore, but bought the gun secretly, and gave it to another boy to keep for him.

3. A few days after this, Mr. Sinclair was called from home, on business which might detain him all the forenoon; and what was still better for Bertram's plan, he took Theodore in the gig with him.

4. "Now," said Bertram, "I shall have a first-rate time!" So down he went to William Jenkins's, who kept the gun, and proposed going into the woods, and having some sport. Then he loaded the gun, and swung it over his shoulder; and William taking a bag of powder and shot, ŏff they started.

5. "There's a fine fat fellow, William," cried Bertram, pointing to a pretty robin-redbreast, swinging to and fro upon a green branch,[1] and calling in sweet tones to his mate, sĭtting on her nest, close by,—"what will you bet I don't hit him?" He took aim at the innocent bird, and fired! But, alas, in his ignorance, he had overcharged the gun, and it burst, dreadfully wounding him in the face, and tearing ŏff one of his thumbs. He

[1] Brânch.

was completely stunned, and fell senseless to the ground, while William, screaming with terror, ran further into the woods, and hid himself behind a tree.

6. It happened that Patrick O'Rafferty was chopping wood near the spot where the boys were. He heard the report and the scream, and thinking some mischief must have been done, ran as fast as he could to the spot. There lay Bertram Sinclair, covered with blood, and the splinters of the shattered gun all scattered about the underbrush. The honest fellow was very much frightened, when he saw the son of his kind benefactor in such a sad condition. "Och, shure, and it's kilt[1] he is entirely, the poor boy!" he exclaimed, stooping down over the body.

7. He then ran to a little brook, and brought some water in his hat, which he sprinkled in the face, and also poured some down the throat of the senseless boy. But still Bertram gave no signs of life. Lifting him carefully in his arms, Patrick now bore him as swiftly as he could to his own cottage, which was near by, and laid him down on the bed; and then ran with all speed to call Mr. Sinclair and a doctor.

8. While her husband was gone, Mrs. O'Rafferty tried every way to bring Bertram to his senses. She bound up the wounded hand, chafed his temples, and washed the blood from his face; but it was not until after the return of Patrick, with the doctor, that the unhappy boy showed any signs of life. When, at length, he opened his eyes, the first person they rested upon was the Irishman he had so despised: he turned them away; but there stood the woman, whose wants he had so selfishly denied, bending over him as tenderly as a mother.

9. Poor Bertram suffered very much; one of his eyes was hurt badly, but the doctor said he would not lose the sight. How bitterly did he repent, as he lay groan-

[1] Kilt, killed.

fng on the bed, the sin of disobedience—how sŏrry that he had not followed the example of his brother!

10. In about an hour his father and Theodore arrived, in great distress at the sad accident. The doctor said he must not be moved for twenty-four hours, as it would be very dangerous: so Mr. Sinclair sat down by the bedside of Bertram, while Theodore went home to tell his poor mother, who was too sick herself to go to her suffering son. During all the time that Bertram was obliged to stay at the cottage, the good wife of O'Rafferty waited upon him very kindly, and did all she could to make him comfortable,—never even lying down to gĕt a moment's sleep herself, while he was there, although she was so feeble.

11. The next day after Bertram was able to be carried home, he was taken with a very bad fever, which the doctor said was partly owing to the great quantity of sugar-plums, and other sweet things, which he had so selfishly eaten all by himself. For many days they thought Bertram would die. But God, with mercy, saved his life; and from a bed of pain he arose with a resolution to be a better boy. He had had time to think, as he lay upon his sick-bed, watched over so carefully by his par'ents and brother, how wicked, how selfish, how cruel, and disobedient his life had been, and he truthfully meant now to do better than he had ever yet done.

12. When Theodore's kind uncle heard to what a good use he had put his five dollars, he sent him a present of a handsome Bible, and a beautiful set of Audubon's History of Birds, with colored drawings; and Theodore was indeed very happy to receive such a token of love from his uncle.

13. Mr. Sinclair wrote to his brother, also, of the very foolish manner in which Bertram spent his money, and its sad consequences; but informed him, at the same time, of his contrition, and wish to become a better boy. Then the old gentleman again sent him

five dollars, to learn whether his desire to be good was indeed real, requesting Mr. Sinclair to let Bertram do just what he pleased with it.

14. "Father," said Bertram, "I wish little Judy and Kate O'Rafferty could go to school. Here is my five dollars, sir, will you please to pay for a quarter's schooling?" "That I will, my dear son," said Mr. Sinclair; "and I am glad to find you are grateful for the kindness you received from the worthy family of Patrick O'Rafferty." Bertram had never felt so happy, as when, in a few days after this conversation, he met little Judy and Kate, cleanly dressed, going to school: he almost danced with joy.

MRS. BUTLER.

38. THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

1. "YOU are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray.
You are hāle,[1] Father William, a hearty[2] old man!
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

2. "In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor[3] at first,
That I never might need them at last."

3. "You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And plĕasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament[4] not the days that are gŏne;
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

4. "In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

5. "You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;

[1] Hāle, in good health. —[2] Heärt' y, strong. —[3] Vĭg' or, strength. —[4] La. mĕnt', to grieve for the loss of a thing.

You are cheerful, and love to converse[1] upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

6. "I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age!"

SOUTHEY.

39. DISOBEDIENCE.

YOU have never disobeyed your parents, or your teachers, or any who have been placed in authority over you, without being uncomfortable and unhappy! Obedience, in a child, is one of the most necessary qualities; for it protects him from all the evils of his want of experience, and gives him the benefit of the experience of others.

2. One fine summer's day, I went to spend an afternoon at a house in the country, where some young people were enjoying a holiday.

3. They were running cheerfully up and down a meadow, covered over with yellow crocuses,[2] and other flowers; and I looked on them with delight, while they gamboled and made posies, as they felt disposed.

"Here sister with sister roamed over the mead,[3]
And brother plucked flow'rets with brother;
And playmates with playmates ran on with such speed
That the one tumbled over the other."

4. Now, they all had been told to keep away from the ditch at the bottom of the field; but, notwithstanding this injunction,[4] one little urchin, of the name of Jarvis, seeing a flower in the hedge on the opposite bank, which he wished to gather, crept nearer and nearer to the ditch. The closer he got to the flower, the more beautiful it

[1] Con vĕrse', to talk with another.—[2] Crŏ' cus es, flowers of a yellow color.—[3] Mēad, meadow.—[4] In jŭnc' tion, order or command.

appeared to be, and the strŏnger the temptation became to pluck it.

5. Now, what right had he to put himself in the way of temptation? The field, as I said before, was covered over with flowers; and that in the hedge was no better than the rest, only it was a forbidden flower, and when any thing is forbidden it becomes, on that very account, a greater temptation to a disobedient heart.

6. Jarvis had găthered a whōle handful of flowers before he saw the one growing in the hedge; but he threw all these away, so much was his mind set on getting the one which he wanted.

7. Unluckily for him, on getting down the bank his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a bed of stinging nettles, at the bottom of the ditch, which fortunately happened to have in it but little water.

8. Jarvis screamed out with might and main, as he lay on his back; for, whichever way he turned, his cheeks and his fingers brushed against the nettles.

9. His cries soon brought his companions around him; but, as they were all young, they knew not how to render him assistance, on account of the stinging nettles, and the depth of the ditch.

10. I ran to the spot, and pulled up Master Jarvis in a pretty state, his jacket and trowsers plastered with mud, and his hands and face covered with blotches. Here was the fruit of disobedience! And as it was with Jarvis, so will it be with every one who acts disobediently.

11. Whenever you feel a temptation to disobey God; to disobey his holy word; to disobey the admonitions[1] of your own conscience; to disobey your parents, your teachers, or any in authority over you, be sure that a punishment awaits you, if you do not resist it.

CHILD'S COMPANION.

[1] Ad mo ni' tions, cautions; directions.

40. True Secret of Happiness.

"OH, I am so tired! I wish I had something to do!" said Jane Thompson to her mother, one day. "Then why don't you read?" asked her mother. "You have books."

2. "I'm tired of reading, and I'm tired of every thing." "You are a very unhappy girl, Jane," said her mother.

3. "If I am, I can't help it," replied Jane. "But I am sure you could help it, if you would try, my daughter."

4. "How can I help it, mother? I am sure I should like very much to know." "By trying to be useful to others, my daughter."

5. "So you have said before. But I can't see any thing so very pleasant in working for others. Nobody thinks of being useful to me."

6. "That is a very selfish thought, Jane," her mother replied in a serious tone, "and the feeling that prompted[1] that thought is the cause of all your unhappiness. You must cease to think only of yourself, and have some kind of regard for others, or you will never be happy."

7. Jane did not understand her mother, and therefore could see no force in what she said. And her mother perceived this, and so said no more then upon the subject. About an hour afterward she came into the room, where Jane sat idle and moping,[2] and said: "Come, Jane, I want you to walk out with me."

8. "I don't care much about going, mother," Jane replied; "and, if you are willing, I would rather stay at home." "But I wish you to go with me, Jane; so come, dress yourself as quickly as you can, for you know it never takes me long to get ready."

9. Jane reluctantly[3] obeyed, and, when dressed, went out with her mother. She felt listless[4] and unhappy,

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[1] Prompt' ed, suggested or caused.—[2] Mop' ing, in a half sleepy state.—[3] Re luct' ant ly, unwillingly.—[4] List' less, inattentive.

for her mind was not employed upon any subject of interest. After walking for some ten or fifteen minutes, her mother stopped at a low frame building, and knocked at the door.

10. "What are you going in there for?" Jane asked in surprise. "I want to see a poor, sick woman, who lives here," said her mother, in a quiet tone.

11. "Oh, I wish I had stayed at home!" But before Jane could say any more, the knock was answered by a little girl about ten years old, whose uncombed head, soiled clothes and skin, showed that she needed the care of a mother's willing heart and ready hand.

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41. True Secret of Happiness—concluded.

THE little girl conducted them into a back room, in which were a few scanty pieces of furniture, and a bed, upon which was propped up with pillows a sick woman, engaged in sewing.[1] Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes, bright and glistening, were sunk far into her head. The work dropped from her hand as her unexpected visitors entered, and then she looked up earnestly into the face of the elder of the two.

2. "You do not seem able to work, ma'am," said Jane's mother, advancing[2] to the bedside, and taking the small, thin hand that was offered her. "I am not very able, ma'am," she replied in a feeble tone. "But I have to do something."

3. "Is there no one to provide any thing for you in your feeble state?" asked her visitor. "No one, ma'am," was the simple, and, to Jane's mother, affecting response.[3]

4. "And how many hours through the day do you have to sit up in bed and sew?" "All day, when I can,

[1] Sew ing (sō' ing).—[2] Ad vănc' ing, going forward.—[3] Re spŏnse', answer.

ma'am. And sometimes a good many hours at night. But I wouldn't care so much for that, if I was able to go about the room a little, and attend more to my child, who is, indeed, sadly neglected." And the tears came into the mother's eyes, as she cast a look of tenderness upon her little girl.

5. Jane saw that look, and noted the sad expression of the poor woman's voice, and both touched her heart. "Can not we do something for them?" she whispered. "We must try," was the low response.

6. "I heard of your being ill this morning," Jane's mother said, "and have come over to see if I can do any thing for you. You must be relieved from your constant labor, for it is too much for your feeble frame. As soon as I return home, I will send you over as much food as you and your little girl will require for several days, and my daughter here will be willing, I think, to come in to see you now and then, and give you such little assistance as you may require. Will you not, Jane?"

7. "Oh yes, mother. I will come most cheerfully." And the tone of her voice and the expression of her face showed that she was in earnest. The poor woman could not find words to speak out her true feelings, but she looked her gratitude.

8. After Jane and her mother had left this miserable tenement,[1] the former said: "O mother, it makes my heart ache to think of that poor woman and her child! How can she possibly gĕt bread to eat, by the work of her own hands, and she almost dying?"

9. The sympathy[2] thus expressed pleased her mother very much, and she encouraged the good impression. After she had returned home, she prepared a number of articles of food, such as she thought were required, and also a few delicacies[3] that she knew would be grate-

[1] Tĕn' e ment, house, or place to live in.—[2] Sym' pa thy, partaking the feelings of another.—[3] Dĕl' i ca cies, things which delight the taste.

ful to the sick woman. These she dispatched[1] by a servant.

10. About half an hour after, Jane, with a small bundle in her hand, went out alone, and turned her steps toward the cheerless hovel[2] she had but a short time before visited. In this bundle was a change of clothing for the invalid, which Jane assisted her to put on. And then she made up her bed for her, and beat up the pillows, and fixed her as comfortably as possible.

11. Then she took the little girl, and washed her, and combed her hair, and put on a clean frock that her mother told her she would find in the closet. After this she arranged every thing in the room in order, and swept up the floor. And still further, went to work and got a nice cup of tea for the sick woman.

12. It would have done the heart of any one good to have seen how full of delight and gratitude[3] was the countenance of the sick woman. Jane had never felt so happy in her life. When she came home her mother remarked her light step and cheerful air.

13. "You have at last learned how to be happy, Jane," said she. "The secret lies in our endeavoring[4] to be useful to others. All our unhappiness springs from some indulgence of selfishness, and all our true feelings of happiness from that benevolence which prŏmpts us to regard others."

14. Jane saw and felt the force of her mother's remark, and never forgot it. The sick woman, in whom she had become interested, afforded ample scope[5] for the exercise of her newly awakened feelings of benevolence, and thus they gained strength and grew into principles of action. May every one who reads this little story find the true secret of happiness!

T. S. Arthur.

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[1] Dis påtched', sent.—[2] Hŏv'el, a poor or mean dwelling.—[3] Grăt'itude, thankfulness.—[4] En dĕav'or ing, trying.—[5] Scōpe, space, or opportunity.

42. The Crop of Acorns.

1. THERE came a man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his sūit in accents meek,
"*One crop alone* is all I seek;
The harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

2. The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the strānger dealt;
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail;
So took the proffered price in hand,
And, for "*one crop*," leased out the land.

3. The wīly[1] tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
At first like tīny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw;
But lŏng before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring reached their fŏrest prime,
The cheated landlord moldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

4. O ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care.
Should vice or indolence[2] desire,
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley[3] hold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.[4]

5. My child, the first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious[5] snare.
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of Heaven from thee.

L. H. Sigourney.

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[1] Wī' ly, crafty; deceitful.—[2] In' dō lence, idleness.—[3] Pär' ley, conversation.—[4] Pol lūte', to soil; make impure.—[5] In sĭd' i ous, deceitful.

43. The Cow.

THE different beasts and birds are supposed to have met togĕther, at a certain time, to converse and amuse themselves, by relating their different histories, and telling what they had seen and heard in the various families in which they had lived. After the horse and some other animals had spoken, the cow began as follows:

2. "As the world goes, I have no great reason to complain of my fate, for I lead a tolerable easy life; but I know I should be much happier, if it was not for the ill-nature of one young man, to whose turn it comes frequently to drive me up, and to milk me.

3. "Very ŏften, whilst I am grazing,[1] or whilst I lay chewing the cud, with my back toward him, the first notice I have that he wants me, is a great blow with a thick stick he has in his hand; and when I gĕt up, instead of quietly turning me the way he wants me to go, he runs before my eyes, extending both his arms, and brandishing[2] the club-stick, as if he thought I was going to attack him. Then he strikes me acrŏss my horns, for no one reason in the world, but because he chooses to do it; quite regardless of the torture[3] it puts me to.

4. "After this, he drives me alŏng much faster than I ought to be made to go; beating me as he runs after me, and giving me bruises that I feel for several days. And all this for nothing,[4] but because it is his cruel method. Had I been guilty of some fault: had I gored[5] him with my horns, or refused to be milked, there would be some little excuse for his ill-usage; but to be treated in so barbarous a manner for no cause, is vĕry provoking.

5. "At other times he ties my legs togĕther, till he almost rubs off the skin from them, because he says I kick over the milk. That, to be sure, I have done twice

[1] Grāz′ ing, eating grass.—[2] Brănd′ ish ing, flourishing; holding as if about to strike.—[3] Tort′ ure, extreme pain.—[4] Noth ing (nŭth′ ing).—[5] Gōred, pierced with the point of a horn.

when *he* has been milking me, but there was good reason for my doing so; he pulled and hurt me so I could hardly bear it.

6. "And moreover, he is so accustomed to beat me, and speaks so angrily at me, that I think he is going to strike me with his stick; and when I fear the blow is coming, I can not forbear moving as far as I can on one side, to avoid it, regardless of the pail which stands under me; and by that means, I confess, I have, at those times I mentioned, tumbled it over: upon which he put himself in as great a passion, and beat me in as unmerciful a manner, as if I was the wickedest creature in all the world; when the whōle fault was each time entirely his own.

7. "When smarting under such undeserved ill-treatment, I confess I have most heartily wished there was not a *human*[1] creature in the world; and have thought that the universe[2] would be much more perfect without any such unjust and cruel beings in it.

8. "But then, when my young master has brought me some sweet hay to eat, and so kindly patted and stroked me; when my mistress has milked me so gently, and spoken to me as kindly as if I had been a child of her own; when, I say, I have been used in such a manner, I then think it is wrŏng to condemn *all* mankind, though some are barbarous and crŏss."

9. My young readers, what does this lesson teach? It teaches you that the cow, and all other animals, should be treated with kindness; and that cruelty to brute beasts is not less a sin than cruelty to man.

10. The cow ought to be used with peculiar tenderness, for she is, perhaps, more useful to mankind than any other animal. In fact, she has, with great propriety, been called our second mother, because she supplies us with such quantities of milk, from the use of which

[1] Hŭ′man, like a man.—U′ni verse, the whŏle world; every thing created.

mankind in general, but particularly children, derive the greatest nourishment. PELHAM.

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44. THE BEASTS IN THE TOWER.

1. WITHIN the precincts[1] of this yard,
Each in his năr'rōw confines barred,
Dwells every beast that can be found
On African or Indian ground.
How different was the life they led,
In those wild haunts[2] where they were bred,
From the tame servitude[3] and fear,
To which proud man has doomed[4] them here!

2. In that uneasy, close recess[5]
Couches[6] a sleeping lioness:
That next den holds a bear; the next,
A wolf, by hunger ever vexed:
There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes,
His teeth the fell hyena gnashes.

3. That creature, on whose back abound
Black spots upon a yellow ground,
A panther is—the fairest beast
That roameth in the spacious East:
He, underneath a fair outside,
Does cruelty and treachery hide.

4. That cat-like beast, that to and fro,
Restless as fire, does ever go,
As if his courage did resent
His limbs in such confinement pent,[7]
That should their prey in fŏrest take,
And make the Indian jungles[8] quake,
A tiger is.

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[1] Prē' cincts, bounds or limits.—[2] Hâunts, places where one is accustomed to go.—[3] Sĕrv' i tude, bondage; slavery.—[4] Dŏomed, condemned.—[5] Re cĕss', a retired place.—[6] Couch' es, lies down.—[7] Pĕnt, shut up.—[8] Jun gle (jŭng' gl), in Asia, a thick cluster of small trees or shrubs.

5. Observe how sleek
And glŏssy smooth his coat; no streak
On satin ever matched the pride
Of that which marks his furry hide.
How strong his muscles![1] he, with ease,
Upon the tallest man could seize;
In his large mouth away could bear him,
And into thousand pieces tear him:
Yet, cabined sō securely here,
The smallest infant need not fear.

6. That lordly creature next to him
A lion is. Survey[2] each limb;
Observe the texture[3] of his claws,
The massy thickness of those jaws;
His mane, that sweeps the ground in length,—
Like Sampson's locks, betokening strength.

7. In force and swiftness he excels
Each beast that in the fŏrest dwells:
The savage tribes him king confess
Throughout the howling wilderness.
Woe to the hapless neighborhood,
When he is pressed by want of food!

8. Of man, or child, or bull, or horse,
He makes his prey, such is his force.
A waste behind him he creates,
Whōle villages depopulates;[4]
Yet here, within appointed lines,
How small a grate[5] his rage confines!

9. This place, methinks, resembleth[6] well
The world itself in which we dwell.
Perils[7] and snares on every ground,

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[1] Mŭs′cles, parts of the body by which the hands, legs, &c., are moved. —[2] Sur vey′, examine; look at carefully.—[3] Text ure (tĕkst′yer), the manner in which a thing is made; the web that is woven.—[4] De pŏp′-u lates, lays waste; destroys all the people that dwell there.—[5] Grāte, an iron bar.—[6] Re sem bleth (re zĕm′bleth), is like.—[7] Pēr′ils, dangers.

Like these wild beasts, beset us round;
But Providence their rage restrains;[1]
Our heavenly Keeper sets them chains;
His goodness saveth, every hour,
His darlings from the lion's power.

MRS. LEICESTER.

45. BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit fŏreign regions, came to Manchester, to see an exhibition of wild beasts.

2. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe;[2] and he viewed the rhinŏceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon drawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form; and he stood contĕmplāting, with silent admiration, the glŏssy[3] smoothness of his hair, the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked, the symmetry[4] of his limbs, and, above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance.

3. "What is the name of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection, as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity?" "Beware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated[5] with external appearance. The animal which you admire is called a tiger; and notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description: I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence.

4. "But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree dŏcile,[6] affectionate, and useful. For the

[1] Re strāins', checks.—[2] Awe (å), fear caused by something great.—[3] Glŏss' y, shining.—[4] Sym' me try, having every part of a proper size.—[5] Cāp' ti vāt ed, charmed.—[6] Doc ile (dŏs' il), easy to be taught.

benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance,[1] yet still patient of labor. His hair is manufactured into clothing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs.[2]

5. "The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger, notwithstanding the inelegance[3] of his make and the two bunches upon his back. For mere external beauty is of little estimation; and deformity, when associated[4] with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation."

46. The Pilgrim and the Rich Knight.

IN a noble castle,[5] there once dwelt a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling; but he gave little to the poor.

2. A weary pilgrim came to the castle, and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily[6] refused him, and said: "This castle is not an *inn*."

3. The pilgrim replied: "Permit me only to ask you three questions, and I will depart." "Upon this condition, speak," said the knight. "I will readily answer you."

4. The pilgrim then said to him: "Who dwelt in this castle before you?" "My father," replied the knight.

5. The pilgrim asked again: "Who dwelt here before your father?" "My grandfather," answered the knight.

6. "And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim. The knight said: "With God's will, my son."

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[1] Sŭs' te nance, food.—[2] Ar abs (ăr' abz), natives of Arabia.—[3] In ĕl' egance, want of beauty.—[4] As sō' ciat ed, joined.—[5] Cas tle (kăs' sl), a house armed for defense; the house of a nobleman or knight.—[6] Hâught i ly, proudly; with contempt.

7. "Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but his time in the castle, and in turn must depart and make way for another, what are you otherwise here than guests?

8. "This castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, therefore, expend so much money in adorning[1] a dwelling which you will occupy but for a short season? Do good; be charitable; for 'he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.'"

9. The knight took these words to heart; he gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was henceforth more charitable toward the poor. MRS. ST. SIMON.

47. THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

1. "AND wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me:
"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

2. 'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless[2] to behold;
And we were wrapped and coated well
And yet we were a-cold.

3. We met an old, bareheaded man,
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

4. The cold was keen, indeed, he said—
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.[3]

[1] A dorn' ing, ornamenting; dressing with ornaments.—[2] Chēer' less, without comfort.—[3] Chăr' i ty, love; kindness; things given to the poor.

5. We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

6. She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

7. We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

8. I asked her why she loitered[1] there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still—

9. Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

10. I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
"You ask me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!"

SOUTHEY.

48. DEFINITIONS.

WHEN any liquor is poured upon a substance, in order to extract, or draw something from it, it is called an *infusion*. Water is clear, and without color; when poured upon tea-leaves it extracts[2] from them color and flavor.[3] The tea which is *poured out* of the tea-pot

[1] Loi' tered, lingered or stopped idly for no particular purpose.—[2] Extrăcts', draws out.—[3] Flā' vor, taste and smell.

does not look, or taste, like the water which was poured *into* the tea-pot. The water, then, has taken color and flavor from the tea. The tea which we drink is an *infusion.*

2. When a substance is put into water, and they are boiled tŏgĕther, the liquor becomes a *decoction.* Meat is put into water: after they have been boiled some time together, the water becomes soup. Soup is a *decoction* of meat.

3. When a substance is put into water, and suffered to remain in it a lŏng time, it is called a *maceration.*[1] Ink-powder is put into cold water: the water draws the black color from the powder, and it becomes ink. The powder is *macerated.*

4. When a solid substance is put into a liquor, and the substance melts, leaving the liquor clear, it is a *solution.* Sugar melts in tea, and the tea remains clear: that is a *solution* of sugar. The sugar is said to have *dissolved.*

5. When a substance is thrown into a liquor, and blends with it without changing its properties, it is called a *mixture.* Cream poured into tea is a *mixture.*

6. What we call steam is sometimes called *vapor.* Look at the tea-pot when the top is ŏff: something like smoke rises out of it; this is vapor. Put a little water on the stove; in a short time it will be all gŏne. Where is it? It has dried up, or gŏne away in *vapor.* To dry up, is to *evaporate.* Clothes, that have been washed, are hung up to dry; the water which is in them *evaporates:* it goes into the air and rises into the sky.

7. A great quantity of vapor, from a great many places and a great many things, *collects,* or meets together in the sky, and forms clouds: when the clouds become vĕry heavy, they fall in drops of water: *this* is rain. If the air is cold, the water freezes and makes snow and hail.

8. Hold a knife over the tea-pot when the hot steam

[1] Mac er a tion (mås er ā'shun).

rises from it; the steam will collect in little drops; it will *condense* upon the knife. To *condense*, is to become thick. *Dense*, thick. Things are not all dense, or hard, alike.

9. Molasses is more dense than milk; soap is more dense than molasses; wood is more hard than any of these substances; stones are harder than wood. A beautiful white stone, which looks like glass, which is called the *diamond*, and which is worn in rings and pins, is the hardest substance that is known.

10. Some liquids dry, or evaporate, much sooner than others. Water is *liquid;* oil is liquid. Pour a drop of water upon a piece of paper; pour a drop of oil upon a piece of paper: the drop of water soon evaporates; the drop of oil does not evaporate—it remains, or stays, in the paper.

11. A fluid which dries very quick, is *vŏlatile.* Water is more *volatile* than oil or grease.

12. *Fluid.* The substances which can be poured from one vessel to another without separating the parts, are *fluids.* Water and beer are fluids. Meat and wood are *solids.*

13. Sand and meal can be poured from one vessel to another; but they are not fluids. The particles (that is, the little grains of which they are composed) are separate from one another.

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49. The Evil Adviser—A Dialogue.

Thomas. What's your hurry, Frank? stop a minute.

Frank. I can't stay! Father sent me with this letter to the railroad depot.[1]

Thomas. Well, the depot won't run away.

Frank. But the cars will; there's a gentleman going

[1] De pot (dė pō').

to New York, who promised to carry this letter, and there's money in it for my brother.

Thomas. But don't you see it's but ten minutes past three; and the cars don't start till four, and you have time enough for what I want of you.

Frank. Well, what do you want?

Thomas. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me: you have never been, have you?

Frank. No: I'll go when I come back from my errand.

Thomas. No, you can't, for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

Frank. Then I'll go with you to-mŏrrōw.

Thomas. No, you can't, for this is the last day of the exhibition.

Frank. Is it? that's bad! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there?

Thomas. Ever so many; there's a polar bear, and an elephant, and a most beautiful rhinoceros—

Frank. I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was; his skin sets as loosely upon him as a sailor's trowsers.

Thomas. Well, there's a royal tiger—

Frank. Is there? I never saw a royal tiger!

Thomas. Oh! he's a beauty—all yellow, and covered with black stripes. Then there are little lĕopards playing just like kittens; and—there! there! do you hear that? that's the lion roaring!

Frank. Whew! that's a peeler! How lŏng will it take to see them all?

Thomas. Oh! not half an hour; and it won't take you five minutes to run down to the depot afterwards, if you clip it like a good fellow.

Frank. Are there any monkeys?

Thomas. Plenty of them! the funniest monkeys you ever saw; they make all sorts of faces.

Frank. Well—I don't know—what if I should be too late for the cars?

Thomas. No danger of that, I tell you; the town clock up there is too fast; it's all out of order; and, besides, you might see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking about it—looking up the street and down the street.

Frank. Well, come alŏng, then; where's your money?

Thomas. Oh! I don't pay! I got acquainted with the door-keeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a fellow that does pay.

Frank. Oh ho! well, I suppose it's a quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets. [*Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.*] Ah! here it is! Come, Thomas! no time to be lŏst. Mind you do not let me stay too lŏng.

[*They go into the exhibition booth. Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away.*]

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50. The Evil Adviser—concluded.

[*After some time, the boys come out.*]

Thomas. You did not see half of them, you were in such a hurry and worry.

Frank. I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Thomas?

Thomas. I don't know—I suppose so—the clocks are wrŏng half the time.

Frank. Why, you told me it was too fast, Thomas! and now I'll bet any thing I shall be too late! I wish I hadn't gŏne in!

Thomas. Well, why don't you move, then? What are you rummaging after?

Frank. Why, after my letter. I'm sure I put it in this pocket. What, in the name of wonder, has become of it?

Thomas. Look in t'other pocket.

Frank. It isn't there! nor in my hat! What shall I do?

Thomas. Why, you can't have lŏst it, can you?

Frank. I have lŏst it; I am as sure as can be I had it in this very pocket just before I met you, and now it's gŏne!

Thomas. May be somebody stole it in the crowd.

Frank. That's comfort! There was ever so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner-time.

Thomas. Oh! I'll tell you what's become of it.

Frank. What? what?

Thomas. Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket!

Frank. You ought to be ashamed to stand there laughing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in again and look all round.

Thomas. They won't let you in again, unless you pay.

Frank. Oh, Thomas! what will my father say to me? Where shall I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts; there was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time; and now my letter is lost, and brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

Thomas. What's the use of telling him any thing about it? He'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you don't say a word.

Frank. Yes, he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.

Thomas. Well, and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman?

Frank. No, Thomas; I can't do that. I can't tell a lie—and, above all, to my father.

Thomas. The more fool you! But you needn't look so mad about it. There's your father coming now! run and tell him, quick, and gĕt a whipping!

Frank. He will punish me, Thomas; that he will. What shall I do?

Thomas. Take my advice; I'll tell a fib for you, and do you hold to it.

Frank. I never told a lie in my life, Thomas!

Thomas. Then it's high time you did: you'll have to tell a great many before you die.

Frank. I don't believe that.

Thomas. Well, here's your father. Now see how I'll gĕt you out of the scrape. That's right! keep staring up at the hand-bill on the wall.

[*Enter Father; Frank stares at the hand-bill.*

Father. Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath; I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money very much.

Thomas. Frank was just in time, sir. The cars were just starting.

Father. Oh! you went with him, did you?

Thomas. Yes, sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book very carefully. I fancy it will go safe enough.

Father. I fancy it will. What is in that hand-bill, Frank, that interests you so much?

Frank. I don't know, sir.

Father. What's the matter, my boy?

Frank. I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I had rather take ten whippings, Thomas, any day, than—than—

Father. Ho, ho! what is all this?

Thomas. You are a fool, Frank.

Frank. I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I lŏst the letter, father; I went to see the wild beasts with Thomas, and lŏst the letter!

Father. And this precious fellow wanted you to deceive me about it, did he?

Thomas. Why, I thought—

Father. Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters,

with ten times as much money in them, for the plĕasure of finding you resist the temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave ŏff crying. I found the letter, and carried it myself to the depot in time for the cars; I can forgive your folly, since it has not ended in wickedness: but remember one thing; I shall not forgive you, if, henceforward, you associate with this unprincipled boy. (*To Thomas.*) Begone, sir! I am glad to see shame on your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he, too, would have been at this moment a detected, conscience-smitten, despised liar; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the vĕry boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employment; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again. GOODRICH.

51. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

1. THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion[1] in every place!"

2. So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking,[2] with merciless squalls,
Old women's bŏnnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier[3] shout,
As the apples and ŏranges tumbled about;
And the urchins,[4] that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran ŏff each with a prize.

3. Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, mātronly[5] cows,

[1] Com mō' tion, a disturbance. — [2] Whĭsk' ing, taking off quickly. — [3] Lŭst' i er, stronger. — [4] Ur' chins, mischievous boys. — [5] Mā' tron ly, elderly; like a mother.

And tŏssed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.

4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,[1]
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.

6. Through the fŏrest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy[2] old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

7. Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing[3] of ladders, and lŏgs laying on,
Where the thatch[4] from the rŏof threatened soon to be gŏne.

8. But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted[5] and struggled in vain,
For it tŏssed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

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[1] Spr*ay*, a small branch.—[2] Stur dy (stẽr' dy), strong.—[3] R*ear'* ing, raising.—[4] Th*a*tch, covering of straw, turf, leaves, &c.—[5] P*ant'* ed, breathed quickly.

52. Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK the Great, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his page was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa.

2. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching Gŏd to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned sŏftly to his room, took a purse of dŭcats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment,[1] happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the purse. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "what ails you?" "Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "Gŏd ŏften sends us good in our sleep. Give the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of *her* and *you*."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents.

8. And, if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may

[1] Em bär' rass ment, trouble in mind.

not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed[1] by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

53. Bees.

WHEN bees enter a new hive, it is said that they divide themselves into four companies; one of which goes out to the fields in search of materials, another employs itself in laying the bottom and walls of the cells; a third, in making the inside smooth from the corners; and the fourth, in bringing food for the rest.

2. But they are not always doing the same thing. They often exchange their tasks; those that have been in the fields, coming into work, and those that have been confined to the hive, taking their flight.

3. They have a language, or signs, by which they understand each other. When one that is hungry meets a loaded bee, they both stop, and the one that has honey bends down its trunk and lets the contents fall into the mouth of the other.

4. Their diligence and labor are so great, that in one day's time they are able to make cells in sufficient number to contain three thousand bees.

5. Some of the bees are busy, all the time, in stopping the holes and openings; for it is necessary that they should be warm.

6. Their cells they strengthen all round, by bands, or strings of wax; and when this is done they go over them all again, with their teeth, and pare away all that is unnecessary, and shape round the partitions, taking away all the chips, or fragments of wax, and carrying them out of the hive. They are very neat, and keep their house perfectly clean.

[1] Rē-ẃ'ard-ed, rewarded.

54. The Bird and the Fountain.

1. THERE was once a little fountain.
That flowed away unseen,
In the bosom of a mountain,
Where man had never been;
Yet on it wandered brightly,
With a pretty bubbling sound,
Whilst its waters sprinkled lightly
The plants that grew around.

2. But one evening, at the "gloaming,"[1]
A swallow, pert and vain,
From far distant countries roaming,
Came soaring o'er the plain;
And, staying by the mountain,
To rest his weary wing,
To that pretty little fountain
He thus began to sing:

3. "Poor humble thing, and lowly,
Confined to one lone spot,
Condemn'd to suffer slowly
Thy solitary[2] lot!
Oh! had you seen the bowers
O'er which I've lately flown,
How poor you'd think the flowers
That blossom here alone!

4. "For there, mid scenes of splendor,[3]
A fountain's life should run,
And all its sweetness render
Beneath an Eastern sun;
There should your cooling waters,
In fragrance and perfume,[4]
Descend to bless the daughters
Of Oriental[5] bloom."

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[1] Glōam' ing, twilight. — [2] Sōl' i ta ry, lonely. — [3] Splĕn' dor, great brightness. — [4] Per fūme', sweetness of smell. — [5] O ri ĕnt' al, Eastern.

5. The little fountain listen'd,
And, for a moment's space,
Perhaps less brightly glisten'd[1]
In her lonely hiding-place:
Perchance the swallow's mĕasure[2]
A passing shadow threw
On every simple plĕasure
Her humble spirit knew.

6. And soon that pretty fountain,
Once happy and content,
Perchance had scorned the mountain
Where all her life was spent,
Had not a thirsty flower
Just caught her sparkling eye,
Who, but for her sweet shower,
Must pine away and die.

7. Oh, then she said, "Pert[3] stranger,
I do not envy thee,
Though o'er those scenes a ranger,[4]
Which I may never see;
Since in my quiet flowing
I've joys to thee unknown,
The bliss[5] of bliss bestowing,—
The sweetest ever known!"

8. She said; and sŏft reclining
Within her crystal[6] bed,
She kissed that flow'ret pining[7],
And raised its drooping head.
The swallow and his story
Were soon forgotten quite,
For *his* was fading glory,
And *hers* enduring light! CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

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[1] Glis tened (glĭs' snd), shone; sparkled.—[2] Meas ure (mĕz' ur), song.—[3] Pĕrt, saucy; impudent.—[4] Rảng' er, one who goes about.—[5] Blĭss, the greatest happiness.—[6] Crys' tal, pure; bright, like glass.—[7] Pĭn' ing, sorrowing; wasting away.

55. The Good Samaritan.—A Parable.[1]

A CERTAIN lawyer said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbor?

2. And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

3. And they stripped him of his raiment,[2] and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

4. And, by chance, a certain priest came down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

5. And also a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

6. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion[3] on him,

7. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out twopence, and gave them to the host,[4] and said unto him, Take care of him;

9. And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

10. Which, now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

11. And he said, He that showed mercy on him.

12. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

Bible.

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56. The Two Schoolmates.

IN a pleasant village on the east bank of the Hudson, on a sunny, sandy spot, stood the old yĕllōw schoolhouse. Among the many laughing children that played

[1] Pâr' a ble, a story, or fable, intended to instruct.—[2] Râi' ment, clothes.—[3] Com pâs' sion, pity.—[4] Hôst, the keeper of the house.

around it thirty-five years ago, were two boys, Frank and Edward.

2. They were nearly of the same age; they sat on the same seat, studied the same lessons, and read from the same book. Their fathers were both rich, were vĕry fond of their sons, and hoped they would grow up wise and good men.

3. Edward could learn vĕry easily. If he only read over his lesson once or twice, he could recite it well; so that he had a great deal of time to play, even in school-hours.

4. With Frank it was quite otherwise. Every thing he learned was by hard study. While the other boys were playing and shouting at recess, he was at his books.

5. When strangers visited the school, they would say: "What a bright boy Edward is! How well he knows his lesson! What a fine man he will be!" But no such compliment[1] was ever heard for poor Frank.

6. The boys grew to be young men, and their fathers sent them to college. Here it was just the same. Edward did not study much, yĕt he generally recited well; Frank was never idle, and yĕt he was ŏften called dull.

7. Time passed on. The young men left college and commenced business. Then their friends found they had been mistaken. Edward had formed bad habits; he had grown idle and careless, and too fond of plĕasure.

8. With these faults no man can succeed[2] in business, and thus he sadly disappointed all the fond hopes of his friends. Frank, on the other hand, was patient and industrious. "Try, try again," had always been his motto, and Gŏd blessed his efforts.

9. He is now an eminent[3] physician in one of our largest cities; while his early playmate, the bright, but idle Edward, is a disgrace to his family—a worthless drunkard.

AM. MESSENGER.

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[1] Cŏm′pli ment, words of praise said merely to please.—[2] Suc cēd′, prosper.—[3] Em′ i nent, above others; much esteemed.

57. Delay.

1. TO-MORROW, mŏrrōw, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say.
To-mŏrrōw I will strive anew,
To-mŏrrōw I will seek instruction,
To-mŏrrōw I will shun seduction,[1]
To-mŏrrōw this and that will do.

2. And wherefore not to-day? to-mŏrrōw
For thee will also be too nărrōw;
To every day its task allot![2]
Whate'er is done, is done forever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May hap to-mŏrrōw know I not.

3. On! on! or thou wilt be retreating;
For all our moments, quickly fleeting,
Advance, nor backward more incline.
What we possess alone is ours,
The use we make of present hours;
For can I call the future mine?

4. And every day, thus vainly fleeing,
Is in the volume of my being
A page unwritten, blank and void.
Men write on its unsullied[3] pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages!
Be every day alike employed!

From the German of Weisse.

58. Glaciers.

A GLACIER[4] is a river of ice—really and truly a river of ice—sometimes two or three miles wide, and fifteen or twenty miles lŏng, with many branches coming

[1] Se dūc′ tion, act of leading away from duty.—[2] Al lŏt′, give or appoint.—[3] Un sŭl′ lied, pure; without spot or stain.—[4] Glăc′ i er.

into it. Its bed is a steep valley, commencing far up among the mountains in a region of everlasting ice and snow, and ending in some warm and pleasant valley far below, where the warm sun beats upon the terminus[1] of it, and melts the ice away as fast as it comes down.

2. It flows very slowly, and not usually more than an inch in an hour. The warm summer sun beams upon the upper surface of it, melting it slowly away, and forming vast fissures[2] and clefts[3] in it, down which you can look to the bottom, if you only have courage to go near enough to the slippery edge.

3. If you do not dare to do this, you can get a large stone and throw into it; and then, if you stand still and listen, you hear it thumping and thundering against the sides of the crevasse[4] until it gets too deep to be any longer heard. You can not hear it strike the bottom; for it is sometimes seven or eight hundred feet through the thickness of the glacier to the ground below.

4. The surface of the glacier above is not smooth and glassy like the ice of a freshly frozen river or pond; but is white like a field of snow. This appearance is produced in part by the snow which falls upon the glacier, and in part by the melting of the surface of the ice by the sun. From this latter cause, too, the surface of the glacier is covered, in a summer's day, with streams of water, which flow, like little brooks, in long and winding channels, which they themselves have worn, until at length they reach some fissure, or crevasse, into which they fall and disappear.

5. The waters of these brooks—many thousands in all—form a large stream, which flows along on the surface of the ground under the glacier, and comes out at last in a wild, and roaring, and turbid[5] torrent, from an immense archway in the ice at the lower end, where the

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[1] Tĕr′mi nus, the end, or boundary.—[2] Fis sures (fish′yers), cracks or openings.—[3] Clĕfts, open spaces made by splitting.—[4] Cre vâsse′, a deep and wide crack.—[5] Tur bid (tĕr′ bid), thick; muddy; not clear.

glacier terminates among the green fields and blooming flowers of the lower valley.

6. The glaciers are formed from the avalanches[1] which fall into the upper valleys, in cases where the valleys are so deep and năr'rōw, and so secluded[2] from the sun, that the snows which slide into them can not melt. In such case, the immense accumulations[3] which găther there harden and solidify,[4] and become ice; and, what is very astonishing, the whōle mass, solid as it is, moves slowly onward down the valley, following all the turns and indentations[5] of its bed, until finally it comes down into the warm regions of the lower valleys, where the end of it is melted away by the sun as fast as the mass behind crowds it forward.

7. It is certainly vĕry astonishing that a substance so solid as ice can flow in this way, alŏng a rocky and tortuous[6] bed, as if it were semi-fluid;[7] and it was a lŏng time before men would believe that such a thing could be possible. It was, however, at length proved beyŏnd all question that this motion exists; and the rate of it in different glaciers, at different periods of the day, or of the year, has been accurately measured.

8. If you go to the end of the glacier, where it comes out into the lower valley, and look up to the icy cliffs[8] which form the termination of it, and watch there for a few minutes, you soon see masses of ice breaking ŏff from the brink, and falling down with a thundering sound to the rocks below. This is because the ice at the extremity is all the time pressed forward by the mass behind it; and, as it comes to the brink, it breaks over and falls down.

9. On each side of the glacier, quite near the shore,

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[1] Avalanches (av a lănsh' ez), vast slips of snow and ice.—[2] Se clūd'ed, shut out from other things.—[3] Ac cu mu lā' tions, heaps.—[4] So lĭd' i fy, to become hard, or solid.—[5] In den tā' tions, deep places or recesses in a thing, as if made by teeth.—[6] Tort' u ous, twisted.—[7] Sĕm' i-flū id, half fluid.—[8] Clĭffs, steep banks.

there is usually found a ridge of rocks and stones, extending up and down the glacier for the whōle length of it, as if an immense wall, formed of blocks of granite, of prodigious magnitude, had been built by giants to fence the glacier in, and had afterwards been shaken down by an earthquake, so as to leave only a confused and shapeless ridge of rocks and stones.

10. These lŏng lines of wall-like ruins may be traced alŏng the borders of the glacier as far as the eye can reach. They lie just on the edge of the ice, and follow all the bends and sinuosities[1] of the shore. It is a mystery how they are formed. All that is known, or rather all that can be here explained, is, that they are composed of the rocks which cleave ŏff from the sides of the precipices[2] and mountains that border the glacier, and that, when they have fallen down, the gradual movement of the ice draws them out into the lŏng, ridge-like lines in which they now appear.

11. Some of these moraines are of colossal[3] magnitude, being in several places a hundred feet broad and fifty or sixty feet high; and, as you can not gĕt upon the glacier without crossing them, they are ŏften greatly in the traveler's way. In fact, they sometimes form a barrier which is all but impassable. JACOB ABBOTT.

59. THE TWO MEN AND THEIR BARLEY.

A NUMBER of years ago, two neighbors, in a newly settled part of the country, were traveling togĕther, each with a load of barley to carry to the malt-house. At that place the barley was to be inspected, and, if found good, to be ground into malt for the making of beer.

[1] Sin u ŏs' i ties, recesses caused by the bendings of the shore.—[2] Prĕc' i pic es, very steep descents.—[3] Co lŏs' sal, very large. Colossus was a statue of Apollo, so large that it is said ships might sail between its legs.

2. For a considerable distance these travelers found their ride more pleasant than they had expected. They conversed, in a social manner, on different subjects, as the various streams, cleared farms, and cottages they passed; and among other things, related the various opinions they had heard concerning the malt-house to which they were going.

3. As they advanced, doubts began to arise in their minds respecting the course they should take; for the country was hilly, and different paths were seen, which appeared to lead in the same general direction. The travelers had examined the geography and maps; but nēither of them had ever passed that way before.

4. After the best information they could gĕt, they came, at last, to a fork in the roads, where they found themselves unable to agree. One said the right hand, and the other said the left was the proper course; and finally, each took his own way, in the firm belief that his neighbor was wrŏng.

5. As it happened, both men arrived at the malt-house nearly at the same time. Their meeting was very unexpected to both; and they still wished to know which of the two ways was best; but, on inquiry, they found that, though there were different roads, and it was of some consequence for travelers to make a wise choice, yet the main question at that place was, not which one of a dozen ways they come, but whether their barley was good.

6. We may learn from this story, that if people agree, in the main points, they should not get angry and abuse each other, as they sometimes do, because they can not think alike in trifling things; or that if two persons, both meaning to do right, should differ in opinion respecting very important affairs, it would be proper for each to enjoy his own way of thinking, and not quarrel about it.

W. S. Cardell.

60. "Look not upon the Wine."

1. LOOK not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for plĕasure when she fills
Her tempting bēaker[1] up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell[2] of madness lurks below.

2. They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish[3] blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

3. Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

4. Then dash the brimming[4] cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are in those rosy depths below. Willis.

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61. The Foster-Child.

A POOR woman entered the parlor of a lady for whom she had sometimes worked. She led by the hand a little boy, poorly clad, and of a sad countenance.

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[1] Bēak' er, a cup.—[2] Spĕll, a charm consisting of words of hidden power; something which works mysteriously.—[3] Slŭg' gish, slow; lazy; indolent.—[4] Brĭm' ming, filled to overflowing.

To the questions addressed to her, she mournfully replied:

2. "He is my child. His father has been dead since he was a baby. Six months since, I married again. He seems not to be welcome to his new father. It grows worse and worse. Sometimes he goes hungry, and sometimes he is badly beaten."

3. Then weeping, she added, "I can not deny that my husband, now and then, drinks too much. Then it is bad for us both, but worst of all for the poor boy. When I go out to work, I can not leave him at home, for fear he might be killed while I am gŏne. The people who hire me, do not like to have me bring a child with me.

4. "Oh dear madam, will you not let him live with you? Take him, I pray, and do what you will with him, for our misery is great. I feel that I can not live lŏng, and my only fear of death is, that I must leave him alone to suffer. Oh, lady! lady! you, whose two swēet children are in the grave, have pity on us."

5. And as the boy looked timidly up, there was a large, round tear in each blue eye, like a dew-drop upon a vīolet. The heart of the bereaved[1] one yearned[2] over him; and she băde the poor mother bring him again tomŏrrōw. That night, she consulted her husband, and he said, "Do as thou wilt in this matter, for the Lord is with thee."

6. The next morning the sad pair presented themselves. The lady took the child by the hand, and said, "I will be a mother to him. So help me, Gŏd." The poor woman fell on her knees, and praised the Lord, saying, that now she was ready to die in peace.

7. The boy was overjoyed to find that a bath, and a suit of neat clothes, and a comfortable meal awaited him. Still more oppressed[3] was he with wonder, when

[1] Be rēaved', one from whom a loved object has been taken.—[2] Yĕarned, to be distressed.—[3] Op prĕssed', overwhelmed; bowed down.

the gentleman came home, and he was told he might call him father. He bowed himself low, as he uttered the word, and turning to his kind benefactress, whispered: "He will not beat me, when he gets back to-night, will he?"

8. When he was led, at retiring, to a little chămber, and a nicer bed than, perhaps, he had ever before seen, he kneeled beside it, as his poor mother had taught him, and murmured, "What shall I say? Oh, what shall I say? My old prayers won't do." So filled was he with amazement and gratitude, that his few words were in sobs: "Oh, good Lord! good Lord! Take care of poor mother, and don't ever let me go back any more."

62. The Foster-Child—concluded.

HIS zeal to serve and please those who so nobly sheltered him, knew no bounds. "What shall I do for you, my lady—mother, I mean? Please let me do something."

2. His earnest application[1] in learning to read, and committing[2] verses and hymns, created some anxiety, lest his health should suffer. His judicious fŏster-mother[3] devised[4] modes of exercise and light labor for him, and wished to allure[5] him to athletic[6] plays; but he never seemed so happy as when near her side.

3. He was fond of repeating to himself, after he had retired, passages from the Bible, which he committed to memory. It would seem that he dwelt most upon those which seemed to have reference to his own past or present condition. He was heard many times to say in his solitary apartment, with tender intonations,[7] "*I was brought low, and He helped me.*"

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[1] Ap pli cā' tion, industry; applying one's self to work.—[2] Com mĭt'-ting, learning.—[3] Fŏs' ter-moth' er, one in the place of a mother.—[4] De-vised', made; found out; planned.—[5] Al lūre', entice; draw; attract.—Ath lĕt' ic, strong; laborious.—[7] In to nā' tions, sounds of the voice.

4. The excellent pair, who extended to him their kind protection, felt for the amiable child a true parental regard. Gŏd's blessing seemed to descend into their hearts, and comfort them for the children they had lŏst, with a quiet joy in the one they had found. Yet they could not repress their anxiety at the increasing indications[1] of his failing health.

5. Whether it was the result of a naturally feeble constitution, or of the hardships he had endured from an intemperate man's tyranny,[2] the physicians were not agreed. His poor mother had died a few months after his adoption. It was God's will that in less than a year he should follow her. Every care that skill and affection could devise, was lavished[3] on the orphan, but in vain.

6. When so weak, as to be unable to walk, he steadfastly regarded the bed on which he was laid, and said, "Is this my death-bed? *my death-bed?*" He seemed to have imbibed[4] the impression that it would differ in aspect[5] from other places of repose, having heard it spoken of with solemnity. Having scanned[6] it with attention, he laid down his head, repeating:

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are.

7. To his kind fŏster-mother, as she watched over him, he said, once at midnight, "I shall go to your boy and girl. Will they be angry with me, because I lived in their house, and used some of their playthings? Will they kiss me, and hold out their hand to me, as you do?"

8. The work of death was lingering, and severe; but he was patient and lamb-like. He seemed to have no

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[1] In di cā' tion, mark; something which points out. — [2] Tyr an ny (tĭr' an ne), cruel government.— [3] Lăv' ished, expended or given very freely— [4] Im bibed', drunk in; swallowed; taken.— [5] As'pect, appearance. — [6] Scănned, examined.

will of his own. All that troubled him was, to see the grief of his par'ents.

9. "Oh, sir, my good father—dear mother, don't cry, don't cry. It is all light overhead. The Saviour will save me." And so, the gentle orphan,[1] whose short life had comprised so much of sŏrrōw and of joy, went home, to the Father of his spirit.

10. Tenderly loved, and truly mourned was he by those who had nobly rescued him from penury[2] and injustice; and in his brief course of budding loveliness and fervent gratitude, they found full payment for their liberality. But a rapturous[3] plaudit awaits them hereafter, from lips divine: "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

63. SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods; there entereth no annoy;[4]
All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves, and the earth is full of joy.
I can not tell you half the sights of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine, and many a shady tree.

2. There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,[5] the honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the pink sabbatia, and the scarlet columbine;
There grows the purple vĭölet in some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the little Mayflower, and the wood forgĕt-me-not.

3. And many a mĕrry bird is there, unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and the golden-crested wren.
Come down, and ye shall see them all, the timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness, it is not to be told.

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[1] Or' phan, one deprived of father and mother.—[2] Pnĕ' u ry, want; poverty.—[3] Răp' tur ous, joyous.—[4] An noy', trouble.—[5] Glădes, open places in a forest where the trees have been cut away.

4. I've seen the freakish[1] squirrels[2] drop down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—great joy it was to me!
And far within that summer wood, among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling[3] brook, the brightest e'er was seen.

5. There come the little gentle birds, without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge, and freely drink their fill;
And dash about, and splash about,—the mĕrry little things,—
And look askance[4] with bright black eyes, and flirt their dripping wings.

6. The nodding plants, they bowed their heads, as if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things, "'Tis mĕrry living here!"
Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy! I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight all round us, if we would!

HOWITT.

[1] Frēak'ish, playful; changing their play often.—[2] Squirrel (skwĕr'rel).—[3] Gurgling (gĕr'gling), running with a purling or murmuring noise.—[4] A skâncē', aside; sideways.

64. Autumn.

SEPTEMBER has come. The fierce heat of summer is gŏne. Men are at work in the fields cutting down the yellow grain, and binding it up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and as their tăssels and broad leaves rattle in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

2. The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Laughing boys are picking up the purple plums and the red-cheeked peaches that have fallen in the high grass. Large, rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in clusters by the wall.

3. The larks with their black and yellow breasts stand watching you on the close-mown meadow. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that lŏng ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the sŏft-eyed pigeons are with them to claim their share. The lazy blackbirds follow the cows and pick up crickets and other insects that they start up with their large hoofs.

4. The leaves fade. The ash-trees grow crimson in color. The twigs of the birch turn yellow, and the leaves of the chestnut are brown. The maple in the valley has lŏst its bright-green, and its leaves are of the hue of gold.

5. At noon, the air is still mild, and sŏft. You see blue smoke ŏff by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a sŏft, low murmur. The golden-rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sunflower in the garden.

6. The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep blēat upon the brown hill-side, and the sŏft tinkle of their bell floats upon the air. The mĕrry whistle of the plow-boy comes up from the field, and the cow lōws in the distant pasture.

7. As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the dry tree-tops, and the leaves fall in showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower, and lower, and is gŏne; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a sŏft, mellow light, and the moon, red as blood, rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

8. November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves into heaps. The timid rabbit treads sŏftly on the dry leaves. The crow calls from the high tree-top. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to găther nuts for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to gĕt their share of the nuts.

65. Chase of the Pĕt Fawn.

A PRETTY little fawn[1] had been brought in from the woods when vĕry young, and nursed and petted until it had become perfectly tame. It was graceful as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about the village.

2. One morning after gamboling[2] about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of the store. There came alŏng a countryman, who, for several years, had been a hunter, and who still kept several dŏgs; one of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. Notwithstanding it had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village,

[1] Fȧwn, a young deer.—[2] Gȧm′ bol ing, leaping and skipping.

and had apar'ently lŏst all fear of them, yĕt it seemed now to know instinctively[1] that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; it was the rousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

3. In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed; all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nŏstrils dilated,[2] its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the dānger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had lŏng fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

4. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dŏg, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. For a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, but it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen villagers joined blindly in the pursuit.

5. Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal so well known to them all. Some jumped into boats, hoping to intercept[3] the hound before he reached his prey. The plăshing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dŏgs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature where it once had been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

6. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course acrŏss a bay toward the nearest borders

[1] In stinct' ive ly, without instruction; taught by nature.—[2] Di lāt' ed, spread out.—[3] In ter cĕpt', to go between.

of the fŏrest, and immediately the owner of the hound crŏssed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dŏg as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies.

7. As it approached the land the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dŏg, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land; in one leap it crŏssed the line of beach, in another instant it was in the woods.

8. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore. His master anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at a most critical moment. Would the dŏg hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the fŏrest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strŏng arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed.

9. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of their favorite, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

10. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented

himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showing a collar with her name upon it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him, and he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sŏrry that he had killed it. And thus the poor little thing lŏst its life. One would have thought that such a terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it.

MISS COOPER.

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66. ANDREW JONES.

1. I HATE that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage;[1]
I wish the press-gang[2] or the drum,
With its tantara[3] sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village!

2. I said not this because he loves
Through the lŏng day to swear and tipple,[4]
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man—a traveling cripple!

3. For this poor, crawling, helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

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[1] Pĭl' lage, plunder.—[2] Prĕss'-gang, a band of seamen under an officer who compel idle persons to do duty on board ships of war.—[3] Tan tă' ra, this word has no meaning, but is put in here to represent the sound of the drum.—[4] Tĭp' ple, to drink.

4. Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had lŏng been droughty[1] weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust, till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

5. It chanced that Andrew passed that way,
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple at the mid-day heat,
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

6. He stooped, and took the penny up;
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half a crown
What a man finds, is all his own;
And so, good friend, good day to you."

7. And hence I said that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage,
And wished the press-gang or the drum,
With its tantara sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village.

WORDSWORTH.

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67. Two Ways of Telling a Story.

IN one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a vĕry large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

2. On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high mĕrriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion.[2] In answer to some inqui'ries which he made

[1] Drought y (drow' te), very dry; needing water very much.—[2] Excur sion (eks kŭr' shun), going abroad; a journey.

about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents.[1]

3. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "O, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a vĕry slow rate, and taking up the whōle road.

4. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley[2] of snow-balls and a good hurrah.[3] They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5. "As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

6. "With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized[4] the old creature—and so we left him."

7. "Well, boys," replied the instructŏr, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a vĕry venerable[5] old clergyman was on his way from Bŏston to Salem, to pass the residue[6] of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon,

[1] In′ ci dents, things which happen.—[2] Vŏl′ ley, a large number thrown at one time.—[3] Hur rā*h*′, a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.—[4] Cap sized′, overturned.—[5] Vĕn′ er a ble, deserving respect on account of age.—[6] Rēs′ i due, the remainder.

and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

8. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted[1] to the scenes of his youth—of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgĕtting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

9. "In his trepidation[2] he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with the cold, he could not găther them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!—Give us the road, old boy!—What will you take for your pony, old daddy?—Go it, frozen-nose!—What's the price of oats?'—were the various cries that met his ear.

10. "'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm[3] driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the lŏng whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the ĭmminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

11. "A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly pro-

[1] Re vẽrt' ed, turned back.—[2] Trep i dā' tion, a trembling of the limbs from fear.—[3] In firm (in fẽrm'), weak.

vided for. That son, boys, is your instructŏr; and that *old fellow*, and *old boy* (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whōle road, had he heard your approach), that *old daddy* and *old frozen-nose*, was your master's father!"

12. Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

H. K. OLIVER.

68. A MAN IS A MAN.

ONE day I was guilty of an action which, to say the least, was in vĕry bad taste. An old man, in a very poor, but not dirty dress, came into the ŏffice with a basket full of ŏranges, which he was retailing[1] about the village.

2. When he desired me to purchase some, I answered him rather roughly and slightingly,[2] and turned again to my books; not, however, without observing that my uncle raised his eyebrows a little at my want of good manners.

3. When the old ŏrange peddler had gone out, my uncle turned round, and looking me full in the face, said, "My boy, you appear to have forgotten an old maxim,[3] handed down in your family time out of mind. It is this: '*A man is a man.*'

4. "Every person, however humble his station or calling, is entitled to your respect as a man, and so lŏng as you are ignorant of his having forfeited[4] all claim to

[1] Re tāil' ing, selling in small quantities.—[2] Slight' ing ly, with disrespect.—[3] Măx' im, a sentence containing a well-known truth.—[4] For'feit ed, lost the right of owning.

consideration[1] by criminal, or scandalously[2] immŏral behavior, you should treat him with politeness;[3] and, if he is old, with marked respect. Age, itself, has a perpetual[4] claim to reverence.[5]

5. "Did you never hear the story of the Russian princess? She was on some plĕasure excursion with a gay party in France, I think, or Germany, when they fell in with an old man, in a humble walk in life, a rustic,[6] coarsely attired, and wearing a lŏng bēard.

6. "An impertinent[7] lordling treated the old man contemptuously,[8] laughed at his bēard, and ŏffered a round sum in gold to any lady of the party who would kiss the veteran.[9] Instantly the fair Russian—who, by the way, was young and one of the most beautiful women in Europe—stepped forward and accepted the challenge.[10]

7. "The purse of gold was deposited[11] on a plate, which, after kissing the old man, the princess gracefully presented to him, saying, 'Take this, my good friend, as a testimonial[12] that the daughters of Russia are taught to respect old age.'

8. "But it is not the old only that are entitled to respect. If I remember rightly, an Apostle says, '*Honor all men.*' Consider that every man is entitled to politeness, as a man, an immortal[13] being, destined to exist forever, with yourself, in the world of spirits, where we shall all be classed, not according to the clothes we have worn, but the lives we have led on earth." TOLIVER.

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[1] Con sid er ā' tion, respect.—[2] Scān' da lous ly, shamefully; in a manner to give offense.—[3] Po lite' ness, civility; good breeding; kindness of manner.—[4] Per pĕt' u al, not ending; lasting.—[5] Rĕv' er ence, great respect.—[6] Rŭs' tic, a person living in the country.—[7] Im pĕr' ti nent, impudent; insolent; rude.—[8] Con tĕmpt' u ous ly, with great disrespect; showing contempt.—[9] Vĕt' er an, old man; one grown old in service.—[10] Chăl' lenge, invitation to fight or contend, or do any extraordinary action.—[11] De pŏs' it ed, placed.—[12] Tes ti mŏ' ni al, proof; something to bear witness.—[13] Im mor' tal, undying; that which never dies.

69. The Brook.

1. I COME from haunts[1] of coot[2] and hern,[3]
I make a sudden sally,[4]
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker[5] down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hŭrry-down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[6] a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

3. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps[7] and trebles,[8]
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

4. With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,[9]
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.[10]

5. I steal by lawns[11] and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.

6. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted[12] sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.[13]

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[1] Hâunts, places of resort.—[2] Côot, a sea-fowl.—[3] Hêrn, this is a corruption of the word *heron*, a water-fowl.—[4] Săl′ ly, a leap, or rushing out.—[5] Bĭck′ er, to move quickly.—[6] Thorps, dwelling-places, or villages.—[7] Sharps, notes of higher tone or sound.—[8] Trĕb′ le, the highest part of a song.—[9] Făl′ low, unsowed, untilled ground.—[10] Măl′ low, a plant.—[11] Lâwns, open grounds covered with grass.—[12] Nĕt′ ted, caught in a net; entangled.—[13] Shăl′ lows, places where the water is not deep.

7. I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly[1] bars,
I loiter round my cresses;[2]

8. And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

TENNYSON.

70. INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A RICH husbandman[3] had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard,[4] two young apple-trees of equal size; which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

2. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said:

3. "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence;[5] and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

4. The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped[6] up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent.

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[1] Shĭn' gly (shĭng' gly), composed of small stones.—[2] Crĕss' es, plants which grow by the water.—[3] Hŭs' band man, a planter or farmer.—[4] Or'chard, a collection of fruit-trees.—[5] Nĕg' li gence, want of care; neglect.—[6] Prŏpped, supported.

5. He loosened the earth[1] about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

6. His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

7. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

8. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves.

9. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said: "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him at least share his apples with me."

10. "Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labor, to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot: it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered[2] with the same care.

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[1] Earth (ûrth).—[2] F$\hat{o}$s' tered, nourished; cared for.

11. "Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let any thing which Gŏd has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable[1] to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name.

12. "It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery,[2] and look for another, and rear[3] it, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother, for assisting me in my labor."

13. Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

14. He was now never out of humor with his cŏmrādes, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work; and in autumn, he had the plĕasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage, of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and at the same time of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he divided the prŏduce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

BER'QUIN.

71. Honesty the best Policy.

A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his friends had,

[1] Ac count' a ble, liable to be called to account; answerable.—[2] Nurs'er y, a plantation of young trees.—[3] Rēar, raise.

during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.[1]

2. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and, if you can procure an estimate of the lŏss you have sustained, I will repay you."

3. The farmer replied, that, anticipating[2] his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating[3] the damage; and they thought, that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

4. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew; and in those parts of the field that were trampled, it was the strŏngest and most luxuriant.[4] The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." He instantly recollected the circumstances.

5. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your lŏss?" "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty dollars back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; that is what ought to be between man and man."

6. He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer a check for one hundred dollars. "Take care of this, and

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[1] Prŏd′uce, fruit; that which grows.—[2] An tĭc′i pā ting, taking beforehand.—[3] Es′ ti māt ing, finding the value of a thing.—[4] Lux u riant (lug zhū′ re ant), growing most abundantly.

when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

7. We know not what most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious[1] man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.[2]

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72. April Day.

1. ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropt
Their garnered[3] fullness down;
All day that sŏft, gray mist[4] hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;—
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lōwing;—
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

2. I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yĕt
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

3. Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honey-suckle buds

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[1] Il lŭs′ tri ous, very famous.—[2] Gen er ā′ tion, race; persons living at the same time: another generation are those who will live when the present race is dead.—[3] Gār′ nered, stored up.—[4] Mĭst, water in drops too small to be seen.

Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing:[1]
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

4. The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife![2]
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.
Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge[3] pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.
And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber[4] light.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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73. THE LITTLE PERSIAN, WHO WOULD NOT TELL A FALSEHOOD.

AMONG the Persians there is a sect[5] called the Sooffees, and one of the most distinguished saints[6] of this sect was Abdool Kauder. It is related, that in early childhood he was smitten with a desire of devoting himself to sacred things, and wished to go to Băgdad to obtain knowledge.

2. His mother gave her consent; and, taking out eighty pieces of money, told him that, as he had a brother, half of that would be all his inheritance.[7] She

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[1] Re vēal′ ing, showing.—[2] Rife, full.—[3] Dĕl′ uge, a flood of water; an overflowing of water.—[4] Am′ ber, clear; bright; shining.—[5] Sĕct, a party or body of men.—[6] Sāints, holy men.—[7] In hĕr′ it ance, money, or property, obtained by the death of another person.

made him promise, solemnly, when she gave it to him, never to tell a lie; and then bade him farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my son, I give thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment!"

3. He went on, till he came near to Hamadan, when the company with which he was traveling was plundered[1] by sixty horsemen. One of the robbers asked him what he had got? "Forty pieces of money," said Abdool Kauder, "are sewed under my garment." The fellow laughed, thinking that he was joking him. "What have you got?" said another. He gave the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, he was called to an eminence, where their chief stood. "What property have you, my little fellow?" said he.

4. "I have told two of your people already," replied the boy. "I have forty pieces of money sewed up carefully in my clothes." The chief desired them to be ripped open, and found the money.

5. "And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?" "Because," Abdool Kauder replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth."

6. "Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so, and his followers were all alike struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the paths of virtue;" and they instantly, at his order, made restitution[2] of the spoil, and vowed repentance on the hand of the boy.

JUV. MIS.

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[1] Plŭn' dered, robbed.—[2] Res ti tū' tion, act of giving back what has been taken from another.

74. The Boy who kept his Purpose.

"I WOULD not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by while he put the candy he had just bought into his pocket. "You have no right to call me mean," replied Reuben Porter, "because I don't spend my money for candy."

2. "You never spend it for any thing," continued George, tauntingly.[1] It was true: Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do?

3 Reuben turned slowly away, meditating[2] upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what George thinks," he at length said to himself; "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar. *I shall soon have enough;*" and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity,[3] and his pace quickened, as the pleasant thought removed the sting the accusation of meanness had inflicted[4] on his sensitive[5] spirit.

4. "Enough" did not mean the same with Reuben as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there, but kind and loving friends in their stead.

5. Mr. Porter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children, without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest, and as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he soon became a favorite.

6. There was one thing about the boy, however, which

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[1] Tâunt' ing ly, in an insulting manner.—[2] Mĕd' i ta ting, thinking.—[3] E las tĭc' i ty, in this place means easiness of motion; its proper meaning is, ability of a thing to return to its form or shape when compressed or expanded.—[4] In flĭct' ed, bestowed, or given, or struck.—[5] Sĕn' si tive, that which quickly feels.

good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called "a spirit of hoarding." She said she never gave him an ŏrange, or an apple, that he did not carry it to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sisters at home, or dear little brother Charles, could tell what became of them.

7. Mrs. Johnson had noticed, too, in his drawer a box, which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook since he had been in their family. If he should go on in this way, he will grow up to be a miser.

8. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked, that with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he could not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

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75. The Boy who kept his Purpose—concluded.

IN various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early, that he might have time for this extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

2. One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the store to take it to that house.

3. Mrs. Porter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise on finding her son had been the purchaser. How could he pay for a whŏle barrel of

flour? "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was in small bits, which took me some time to count, but there was enough."

4. The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so. He thought she would be happy. He was sure *he* was. He had been thinking two years of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying.

5. Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sŏrrow, but of the deepest, fullest joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination, you have resisted every temptation to deviate[1] from the course which you marked out as right. You have borne meekly[2] the charge of meanness, so galling[3] to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

6. That night Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they săt togĕther before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little *miser*[4] and educating him. "A boy who could form such a purpose and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man."

7 After-years proved the correctness of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honor; but among his pleasantest memories, I doubt not, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his beloved mother.

8. "Filial love will never go unrewarded." The youth who devotes his early thoughts and plans to the gratification and happiness of his parents, will grow up loving all mankind, and people will return this love and friendship in such a manner as to render him happy, successful, and useful in life.

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[1] Dĕ′ vi ate, to go out of the way.—[2] Mēek′ ly, patiently; without complaint.—[3] Gâll′ ing, rubbing so as to cause soreness.—[4] Mī′ ser, a rich person who makes himself wretched from fear of poverty; a wretch.

76. Children in Exile.

Two Indian boys were carried to London, not lŏng ago, for exhibition, and both died soon after their arrival. It is said that one of them, during his last moments, talked of the scenes and sports of his distant home, and that both wished to be taken back to their native woods.

1. FAR in the dark old fŏrest glades,
Where kalmias[1] bloom around,
They had their place of youthful sport,
Their childhood's hunting-ground;
And swinging lightly in the vines
That o'er the wigwam[2] hung,
The golden robins, building near,
Above their dwelling sung.

2. Each morn their little dusky feet
Sprang down the sparkling lea,[3]
To plunge beneath the glowing stream
Beside the chestnut tree;
And when the hīding squirrel's nest
They sought, far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking fŏreheads[4] cool
Among the mountain rills.

3. They saw the early silver moon
Peep through her wavy bower,
And in her beams they chased the bat
Around his leafy tower;
And, when the stars, all silently
Went out o'er hill and plain,
They listened low to mĕrry chimes
Of summer-evening rain.

4. These haunts[5] they missed,—the city air
No healthful music brings,—

[1] Kăl′ mi a, a kind of evergreen shrub, having beautiful white or pink flowers.—[2] Wĭg′ wam, an Indian hut or cabin.—[3] Lē*a*, the land or shore.—[4] Fore head (fôr′ed).—[5] Hă*u*nts, places often visited.

They lŏnged to run through woodland dells[1]
Where Nature ever sings;
And, drooping, 'mid the noise and glare,
They pined for brook and glen,[2]
And, dying, still looked fondly back,
And asked for home again. J. T. Fields.

77. The Indian and his Dog.

IN the town of Ulster, in the State of Pennsylvania, lived a man whose name was Le Fevre. He was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country on account of his religious belief. He possessed a plantation at the vĕry verge of the valley toward the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

2. This man, having a family of eleven children, was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age. He disappeared about ten o'clock. The distressed family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose. Tĕrrified[3] in an extreme[4] degree, they united with their neighbors in quest[5] of him.

3. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous[6] attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled at the foot of the mountain, without being able to gain the least intĕlligence of the child.

4. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands; and night coming on, the parents, in despair, refused to return home, for their fright was constantly increased by the knowledge they

[1] Dĕll, a little dale or valley.—[2] Glĕn, a narrow space between hills.—[3] Tĕr′ri fied, frightened.—[4] Ex trēme′, the last or highest.—[5] Quĕst, search.—[6] Scru pu lous (skrō′ pu lus), careful.

had of the mountain cats, an animal so rapācious[1] that the inhabitants can not always defend themselves against their attack.

5. Then they painted to their imaginations the hŏrrid idea of a wolf, or some other dreadful animal, devouring[2] their child. "Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in language of the deepest distress, but all of no avail. As soon as daybreak appeared, they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as on the preceding day.

6. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent[3] village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did on his traveling through that part of the country. He was surprised to find no one at home but an old negress, kept there by her infirmities.[4] "Where is my brother?" said the Indian. "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lŏst his little Derick, and all the neighborhood are employed in looking after him in the woods."

7. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try and call thy master home: I will find his child." The horn was sounded; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last.

8. He then ordered his dŏg, which he had brought with him, to smell them; and then taking the house for his center, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, ordering the dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed,[5] when the sagācious[6] animal began to bark. The sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate[7] parents.

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[1] Ra pā′ cious, given to plunder; accustomed to seize.—[2] De vour′ ing, eating up.—[3] Ad jā′ cent, lying near.—[4] In firm′ i ty, weakness; an unsound or unhealthy state of the body.—[5] Com plēt′ ed, finished.—[6] Sa gā′ cious, knowing.—[7] Dis cŏn′ so late, sad; without comfort.

9. The dog followed the scent,[1] and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lŏst sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterward they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures[2] indicated[3] that his search had not been in vain.

10. "I am sure he has found the child," exclaimed the Indian; but whether dead or alive, was at present the cruel state of suspense. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

11. Happily, the father and mother were, in some mĕasure, prepared to receive their child. Their joy was so great that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind restorer of their child. Words can not express the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, whose heart in unison melted with theirs.

12. Their gratitude then extended to the dŏg; they caressed him with inexpressible delight as the animal which, by means of his sagăcity, had found their beloved ŏffspring; and conceiving[4] that, like the rest of the group, he must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him; after which, he and his master pursued their journey. The company, mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with the kind Indian and his wonderful dog.

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[1] Scent, smell.—[2] Gĕst′ ures, motions.—[3] In′ di cāt ed, showed.—[4] Concēiv′ ing, supposing; thinking.

78. Sir Edmund Saunders.

MANY years ago there was a little boy in London, who, from his earliest infancy, had never known any other condition than that of beggary. His rags barely sufficed to cover him, but could not protect him from the bitter blast. His food was the scraps dōled[1] out by the hand of charity, and his bed was some wretched hovel, or ŏften the open street.

2. Of his parents he knew nothing; for when he was but six years old his wretched mother, either by accident or design, had separated from him in a crowd, and he had never since beheld her.

3. By some providential[2] circumstance, the poor boy found his way to a certain part of the city which was then, as it is now, the principal resort of lawyers, and entirely occupied by their ŏffices.

4. Here his agility[3] and obligĭng temper made him quite useful. He became a sort of ĕrrand-boy among the clerks, and was rewarded for his services by receiving broken victuals, and occasionally a bed of straw beneath the shelter of a roof.

5. His extraordinary[4] docility,[5] his extreme diligence,[6] and his remarkable intelligence,[7] at length interested the society in his favor. He had learned to read by means of a few tŏrn pages of an old law-book, with the occasional aid of a good-natured clerk; and he was now vĕry desirous to learn writing.

6. One of the lawyers, compassionating[8] the forlorn[9] boy, had a board nailed up beneath a window on the top of a staircase, and upon this rude desk he took his first lessons in writing, by copying the law-papers and

[1] Dōled, given with a sparing hand.—[2] Prov i dĕn′ tial, ordered by God himself.—[3] A gĭl′ i ty, quickness in action.—[4] Ex traor di na ry (ekstror′ de na re), out of the common course.—[5] Do cĭl′ i ty, ability to receive instruction.—[6] Dĭl′ i gence, love of work.—[7] In tĕl′ li gence, ability to understand.—[8] Com pas′ sion a ting, feeling pity for.—[9] For lorn′, destitute or forsaken.

other things which the clerks lent him. He soon made himself quite expert[1] with the pen, and was finally enabled to earn a little money as a copier.

7. Being thus relieved from his former servile[2] duties, he gave his whole attention to his new employments, and from poring[3] over interminable[4] legal documents,[5] he at last proceeded to the study of law itself. It was a matter of much amusement among his early friends, the clerks, when they found the little beggar-boy applying to them for the loan of books; but perseverance overcame every difficulty, and in the course of time he succeeded far beyond the expectations of any one.

8. He became a special-pleader, then a counselor[6] at large, and finally was called to the bar, where he had a large practice in the King's Bench Court. Roger North, son of the Lord Keeper North, who personally knew him, says: "As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow is white; as for his parts, none had them more lively than he; and while he sat in the Court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers."

9. That poor beggar-boy was Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Charles the Second. Such were the results of perseverance.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

79. To the Cuckoo.

1. HAIL, beauteous strānger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural[7] seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

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[1] Ex pĕrt', skillful.—[2] Sĕrv' ile, like a servant.—[3] Pŏr' ing, studying carefully.—[4] In tĕrm' in a ble, without end.—[5] Dŏc' u ments, papers.—[6] Coun' sel or, an adviser.—[7] Ru ral (rō' ral), belonging to the country.

2. What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

3. Delightful visitant![1] with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

4. The school-boy, wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose[2] gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.[3]

5. What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

6. Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sŏrrow in thy sŏng,
No winter in thy year!

7. Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.

80. CRUELTY TO INSECTS CONDEMNED.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing[4] and killing flies. He tore ŏff their wings and legs, and then watched with plĕasure their feeble efforts to escape from him.

2. Sometimes he collected a number of them together,

[1] Vĭs'it ant, visitor.—[2] Prĭm' rose, one of the earliest flowers of spring.—[3] Lā*y*, song.—[4] Tort ur ing (tort' yer ing), causing very great pain.

and crushed them at once to death; glorying, like many a celebrated hero, in the dĕvastātion[1] he committed.

3. His tutor remŏnstrāted[2] with him in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment.

4. The signs of agony, which, when tormented, they express by the quick and various contortions[3] of their bodies, he nēither understood nor regarded.

5. The tutor had a mīcroscope;[4] and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is studded[5] from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles.

6. "The head contains the most lively eyes encircled with silver hairs; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whōle body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress in the courts of the greatest princes."

7. Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient[6] to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier; and, when ŏffered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

81. THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE mŏcking-bird is one of the most wonderful of all the feathered tribe. His plumage has nothing grand nor brilliant in it; but his figure is light and graceful, well formed, and even handsome.

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[1] Dĕv as tā' tion, destruction; laying waste.—[2] Re mŏn' strāt ed, gave reasons to make him act differently.—[3] Con tor' tion, twisting out of shape.—[4] Mī' crō scōpe, a magnifying glass, or glass which makes things appear larger.—[5] Stŭd' ded, marked: a stud is a thing which projects outward like a button or the head of a nail.—[6] Im pā' tient, unwilling to wait, or to bear.

2. He is remarkable for the ease and grace of his movements. He displays great skill in learning lessons in sweet music, from every creature that he hears. But he is not always judicious[1] in selecting his sŏngs.

3. He can imitate every bird that he hears, but he seems to be as well pleased with crowing like a cock, or grunting like a pig, as with singing the sweet notes of the canary-bird or the nightingale.

4. He whistles, and the dŏg thinks his master is calling, and runs to him. He clucks like a hen, and the little chickens run to their mother, supposing it to be the old hen calling them.

5. He barks like a dŏg. He mews like a cat. He wails like a puppy. He makes a sound like the creaking of a wheelbarrow or the grating of a saw. He imitates the warbling of the robin and the canary, the glad notes of the lark, and the wild sŏngs of the wood-thrush, in a manner so superior to them, that, mortified[2] and astonished, they fly from his presence, or listen in silence, as he continues to triumph over them.

6. His motions are easy, rapid, and graceful. He looks as if he understood every thing that he does, and why he does it. In short, the mŏcking-bird is one of the most in'teresting of all the feathered tribes, not because he is a handsome bird, with bright feathers and a gay dress, but because of his skill in imitating[3] every sound that he hears.

7. And now, my young readers, I wish you to think how in'teresting a boy or girl is, who, though not very handsome or gayly dressed, can do whatever he or she is taught to do, in a pleasing manner.

8. The peacock has vĕry beautiful feathers, and so, also, have very many other birds. But the mŏcking-bird, though his feathers are not so gay, is prized more

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[1] Ju di cious (ju dĭsh' us), wise; according to sound judgment. — [2] Mor' ti fied, ashamed. — [3] Im' i tāt ing, doing as others do.

highly than all other birds, because his musical powers surpass[1] them all.

82. The Mocking-Bird.

A MOCKING-BIRD was he, in a bushy, blooming tree,
Imbosomed by the foliage[2] and flower.
And there he sat and sang, till all around him rang,
With sounds, from out the mĕrry mimic's[3] bower.

2. The little satirist[4] piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;
He then would moan, and whistle, quack, and caw;
Then, carol, drawl, and croak, as if he'd pass a joke
On every other winged one he saw.

3. Togĕther he would cătch a gay and plaintive snatch,[5]
And mingle notes of half the feathered thrŏng;[6]
For well the mŏcker knew, of every thing that flew,
To imitate the manner and the sŏng.

4. The other birds drĕw near, and paused awhile to hear
How well he gave their voices and their airs.
And some became amūsed; while some, disturbed, refūsed
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

5. The sensitive[7] were shŏcked, to find their honors mŏcked
By one so pert[8] and voluble[9] as he;
They knew not if 'twas done in earnest or in fun;
And fluttered ŏff in silence from the tree.

6. The silliest grew vain, to think a sŏng or strain
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hōarse,
Was worthy to be heard repeated by the bird;
For of his wit they could not feel the fōrce.

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[1] Sur pâss', to go beyond in any thing; to excel.—[2] Fō' li age the leaves.—[3] Mĭm' ic, one who does as another does.—[4] Sāt' ir ist, one who judges severely of another, or ridicules him.—[5] Snătch, a short piece; taken quickly.—[6] Thrŏng, company.—[7] Sĕn' si tive, having feelings easily excited.—[8] Pĕrt, smart; saucy.—[9] Vŏl' u ble, talking or acting quickly.

7. The charitable said, "Poor fellow! if his head
Is turned, or cracked, or has no talent left;
But feels the want of powers, and plumes itself from ours,
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft."

8. The haughty said, "He thus, it seems, would mimic us,
And steal our sŏngs, to pass them for his own!
But if he only quotes[1] in honor of our notes,
We then were quite as honored, let alone."

9. The wisest said, "If foe or friend, we still may know,
By him, wherein our greatest failing lies.
So, let us not be moved, since first to be improved
By every thing, becomes the truly wise."

HANNAH F. GOULD.

83. PLANTING TREES.

AN old man was busily employed in plănting and ingrafting an apple-tree. Some one passing by, rudely accŏsted him with the inquĭ'ry: "Why do *you* plănt trees, who can not hope to eat the fruit of them?"

2. The old man raised himself up, and leaning on his spade, replied: "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memŏrial[2] of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gŏne."

3. It is a nărrow, selfish feeling that confines our views within the circle of our own private interests. If man had been made to live for himself alone, we may justly conclūde that every one would have been placed by himself, and his bounds marked out, so that he might live alone. But since Gŏd has made us to live in society, He designs that we should be helpful to each other.

[1] Quotes (kwōts), takes from the words of another.—[2] Me mō' ri al, that which serves to keep in memory.

4. The truly ingenuous,[1] benevolent mind, takes more plĕasure in an act which will confer blessings upon others, than in one that terminates[2] on himself. The selfish man wraps himself in his cloak, and cares not for the sufferings of others, so that he keeps warm himself. This old man, however, remembered how much he was indebted to those who had lived before him, and resolved to pay his debts.

5. If we would look around us, we should find ourselves indebted to others on every side, for the comforts which we now enjoy—first to God, and under Him, to those whom He has employed as His agents[3] to give them to us. Ought we not, then, to strive in some mĕasure to repay these obligations[4] by doing something to promote the happiness and well-being of others?

6. Who gave us the blessing of freedom which we enjoy? Did not our fathers brave[5] the ocean and the wilderness to establish it? Ought we not, then, to transmit[6] this precious boon[7] to our posterity?[8]

7. And so, in whatever direction we look, we find some blessing, for which we are indebted to the generosity, public spirit, or Christian benevolence of others. Let us return the blessing, with interest, into the bosom of others.

8. Dr. Franklin, having done a favor to some one, and being pressed with thanks, requested the person whom he had obliged, to embrace the first opportunity of doing a kindness to some other person, and to request him to pass it round, as all mankind are brothers. A greater than he has said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

NEWCOMB.

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[1] In gĕn′ u ous, open; without concealment.—[2] Tĕrm′ in ates, ends.—[3] A′ gents, persons who act for another.—[4] Ob li gā′ tions, favors; acts which *bind* others to us.—[5] Brāve, to dare to meet a danger.—[6] Transmĭt′, to pass over to another; to hand down.—[7] Bo͝on, a gift.—[8] Pos tĕr′ i ty, children and descendants.

84. Lucy Gray.

1. NO mate, no cŏmrāde,[1] Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;[2]
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

2. You may spy the fawn[3] at play,
The hare[4] upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

3. "To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

4. "That, father, I will gladly do:
'Tis scarcely[5] afternoon—
The minster[6] clock has just struck two,
And yŏnder is the moon."

5. At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

6. Not blither[7] is the mountain roe:[8]
With many a wanton[9] stroke,
Her feet disperse[10] the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

7. The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down,

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[1] Cŏm′ rāde, companion.—[2] Mōor, meadow-land of great extent.—[3] Fâwn, the young deer.—[4] Hâre, a small, timid animal.—[5] Scârce′ ly, hardly.—[6] Mĭn′ ster, a church.—[7] Blĭth′ er, more joyous; more gay.—[8] Rōe, the female deer.—[9] Wan ton (wŏn′ tun), playful.—[10] Dis pêrse′, scatter.

And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

8. The wretched par'ents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

9. At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlŏng[1] from the door.

10. They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet!

11. Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,[2]
And by the lŏng stone wall;

12. And then an open field they crŏssed—
The marks were still the same;
They track them on, nor ever lŏst,
And to the bridge they came.

13. They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

14. You yĕt may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

WORDSWORTH.

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[1] Fur long (fĕr' lŏng), forty rods; the eighth part of a mile.—[2] Hedge (hĕj), very many shrubs and trees growing; a fence formed of bushes.

85. Emulation[1] without Envy.

FRANK'S father was speaking to a friend, one day, on the subject of competitions[2] at school. He said "that he could answer for it, that envy[3] is not the necessary consequence of school competitions: he had been excelled by many, but he never recollected having felt envious of his successful rivals;[4] nor," added he, "did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch ever diminish his friendship for me."

2. In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted,[5] the friend who was present related an anecdote,[6] which had fallen under his own observation, in a school in his neighborhood. At this school, the sons of several wealthy farmers, and others who were poorer, received instruction together. Frank listened with great attention while the gentleman gave the following account of the two rivals.

3. "It happened that the son of a rich farmer and of a poor widow came in competition for the monitorship[7] of their class; they were so nearly equal, that the master could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

4. "The widow's son, by the last day's answer, gained the victory, and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the vacation or holidays.

5. "When they met again, he did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now

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[1] Em u lā′ tion, desire of excelling.—[2] Com pe ti tion (kom pe tĭsh′ un), seeking with others to gain a prize.—[3] En′ vy, unhappiness caused by the prosperity of another person.—[4] Rĭ′ vals, persons desiring to do or to obtain the same thing.—[5] As sẽrt′ ed, said.—[6] An′ ec dote, a short story.—[7] Mŏn′ i tor ship, the ŏffice of one, who is set over others, to observe what is done amiss.

have been at the head of his class; but instead of seizing that vacant place, which had devolved[1] to him by the non-appearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

6. "Poverty was the cause; she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavors, to continue to pay for his schooling, and for the necessary books, and the poor boy had returned to day-labor, as it was his duty, for her support.

7. "The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting anybody but the widow and her son know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor, for a considerable time, at the expense of his generous rival."

8. Frank clapped his hands at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight. "That farmer's boy," added he, "must have had a strŏng mind, for my father's friend, who told the anecdote, said that people of strŏng minds are never envious: that weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity."[2]

MISS EDGEWORTH.

86. HUMANITY REWARDED.

JOSEPH Second, Emperor of Germany, once received a petition[3] in favor of a poor and superannuated[4] ŏfficer, with a family of ten children, who was reduced to the utmost poverty.

2. After making inquī'ries respecting the man, and

[1] De vŏlved', fallen. — [2] In firm' i ty, weakness. — [3] Pe tĭ' tion, a paper containing a request. — [4] Sŭ per ăn' nu a ted, grown too old to work.

satisfying himself of his worth, the Emperor determined to judge of his necessities by personal observation.[1]

3. Accordingly, he went alone to the house of the ŏfficer, whom he found seated at table, with *eleven* children around him, dining upon vegetables of his own plănting.

4. The Emperor, who was disguised as a private citizen, after some general conversation with the ŏfficer, said: "I heard you had *ten* children, but I see here *eleven*."

5. "This," replied the ŏfficer, pointing to one, "is a poor orphan, whom I found at my door. I have endeavored to obtain for him the assistance of persons who could better afford to provide for him, but have not been able to succeed; and of course I could do no better than to share my little portion with him."

6. The Emperor, admiring the generŏus humanity[2] of the poor man, immediately made himself known to him, and said, "I desire that all these children may be my pensioners,[3] and that you will continue to give them examples of virtue and honor.

7. "I grant you *one hundred* flŏrins[4] per annum, for each, and also, an addition of *two hundred* florins to your pension. Go to-mŏrrōw to my trĕasurer,[5] where you will receive the first quarter's payment, togĕther with a lieutenant's commission for your eldest son. Henceforth I will be the father of all the family."

EMMA C. EMBURY.

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87. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

1. HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,

[1] Ob ser vå' tion, seeing.—[2] Hu mån' i ty, kindness; fellow-feeling.—[3] Pĕn' sion ers, persons who receive money from others.—[4] Flŏr' ins, pieces of money.—[5] Trĕas' ur er, an ŏfficer who has charge of money.

Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,[1]
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse[2] their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"[3]

3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"[3]
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming[4] about on the breezy sea,
Cresting[5] the billows[6] like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft[7] the boundless space!

5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth,[8] there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,

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[1] Boon, gay; merry.—[2] Trav' erse, go over.—[3] Sway, move to one side.—[4] Skim' ming, going over the surface.—[5] Crest' ing, standing on the top.—[6] Bil' lows, waves.—[7] Shaft, an arrow.—[8] List' eth, pleases.

Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,[1]
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,[2]
And the yellow furze,[3] like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the fŏrest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

88. BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE fŏrests of Austrālia[4] are vĕry monotonous;[5] but the birds do their best to give life and variety to them. Oh! there are hundreds of different kinds of birds, and many of them very beautiful. Pàrrots, blue, green, gray, and red; rich-coated little paroquets;[6] cockatoos, white and gray; cranes, pelicans, turkeys, wild ducks and geese, black swans, and emus,—these are some of the feathered citizens of the Australian woods.

2. What I like in the birds is, that except the more-pork, a small owl, the curlews, and a few others, they all come out in the day-time, while, oddly enough, nearly all the animals of Austrālia are nocturnal.[7] Besides the kangaroos and kangaroo rats, nearly all the animals only come out in the night.

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[1] Spra*y*, the foam or froth of water.—[2] H*ea*th, a shrub; a place covered with shrubs.—[3] Furze, a thorny shrub that bears yellow flowers.—[4] Austra li a (ȧs trȧ' le a).—[5] Mo nŏt' o nous, appearing the same.—[6] Par o-quets (pȧr' o kĕts), small kind of parrots.—[7] Noc tur' nal, of the night.

3. But of all the birds the most amusing are the piping crow, the leatherhead, and the laughing jackass. These three birds are the universal companions of travelers. Everywhere they greet you, and everywhere are most amusing.

4. There is a piping crow and a laughing jackass in the Zoölogical[1] Gardens, in London; and I used to hear the latter ha, ha, ha-ing! when I crŏssed the Regent's Park. But it is only in the Austrālian woods that one hears them in perfection. There they are jolly, and full of fun. There you see their antics,[2] and hear their mĕrry, quaint[3] voices, in all their fullness and variety. These birds awake you at the earliest peep of day, and by the time the sun rises there is a general chorus[4] of them all around you.

5. The piping crows, or, as they will call them here, the whistling magpies—though to my eye they have nothing of the magpie but their pīed[5] feathers about them—whistle away like a lot of school-boys, only with much deeper and more musical tones. Their warbling is the oddest thing in the world; part of it so rich, so mellow, so melodious; and then again such an outbreak of croaks, and screeches, and *crowish* noises! But they seem delighted with their own music, and do not sing, like our birds, only while the hen-bird is sitting, but all through the lŏng summer, and, as I am told, through the whōle year.

6. There are thousands of them all over the colony, and their black and white colors give a liveliness to the dim woods. They have none of the tail-flirting motions and janty[6] ways of the magpie, but are about the size, and much the same shape, as our wood-pigeons. They have a sober and somewhat heavy flight, but I am told

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[1] Zō o lŏg′ ic al, belonging to the life of animals. The Zoological Gardens are where all kinds of living creatures are kept.—[2] An′ tics, funny tricks.—[3] Quāint, odd or uncommon.—[4] Chō′ rus, union of voices.—[5] Pied, spotted with different colors.—[6] Jānt′ y, airy; showy; fluttering.

have many odd ways when tamed and left to run about near a house.

7. One gentleman told us that one that he kept, used to amuse itself by ŏffering to the cat a piece of the meat given to it, and when the cat attempted to take it, pulling it away again, with evidence of vast delight. It would tease the cat thus for hours, but always ending by generously giving it the meat at last.

8. The leatherhead is a very odd bird. It is as large as a fieldfare,[1] with ash-colored back and whitish stomach; but the singularity of it lies in the head, which is destitute of feathers, and covered with a brown skin, resembling leather—whence its name—drawn tight on its skull. As you see it sitting, its head and bēak look like a brown pointed stick, and it opens its beak wide, and makes the most odd gestures, when it utters its various strānge notes.

9. It is evidently a bird of imitative powers, and the variety of its notes is endless. Near Kilmore you hear it continually crying, "Kilmore! Kilmore!" a word that it must have picked up there from constantly hearing it. You never hear the leatherhead say "Kilmore" anywhere else. At Spring Creek, at the Ovens, there was one that was constantly crying, "Quite well! quite well!" It said this as distinctly as you could do, and another answered, "Quite! quite!" One day we heard one there trying to say, "Quite correct!" but it did it with difficulty: "Quite cor—cor— quite correc— quite correct!"

10. These words and notes it utters in a sŏft, shrill[2] voice, like that of a child calling from a distance; but it has a number of notes that are much harder and odder, and that seem to come out of an instrument that moves with some difficulty. Yet at the same time these notes are very jovial: "Ry tockede rock, ick de dock, rytick de rock de rock." I think these birds must speak

[1] Fēld' fâre, a small bird.—[2] Shrĭll, sharp.

the native language, they talk away in so odd and grotesque[1] a style.

11. His performances are always in the jolly and comic style. Occasionally both he and the piping crow bark like dŏgs, to their own great delight; and the laughing jackasses look out and laugh at them altogether in a most hearty "Ha, ha, ho, hoo, hoo, hoo!" and with a vast deal of chuckling and giggling in a lower tone amongst themselves.

89. Birds of Australia—concluded.

I HAVE heard a shepherd, who, on first going into the bush, was confounded by the sudden wild outburst of the laughing jackasses, and ran to the station for his life, declaring that the natives were in full chase after him, and had been hooting and laughing behind him, in the wildest and most frightful manner, all the way. These are pre-eminently[2] the mĕrry birds of the Austrālian bush, and just such as in fairy tales you hear of as talking, and some privileged person understănding them.

2. There are other magpies, or crows; for they are more like the latter. There is the gray magpie, which, they say, learns to talk when tamed; and there is the black magpie, with some white on its wings. These birds haunt together like rooks, and make the most dismal wailing, something like our starlings. They build, also, the oddest nests,—exactly like black hats with the brims cut ŏff. These they balance, in some extraordinary way on the boughs of the lŏftiest trees. They are made of mud, and stand erect on the boughs, for all the world like hat-crowns.

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[1] Gro tesque (gro tĕsk'), odd, singular.—[2] Pre ĕm' i nent ly, above all others.

3. Besides these, there are the carrion[1] crows. These birds are my aversion. They resemble our carrion crows in appearance, but they have a cry just like a spoiled child, "Ha, ha, ha!" ending in a most pathetic[2] and dŏl'orous[3] lŏng-drawn "ho!"—"Ha, ha, ha, ho!" You would think them the most injured of individuals. Never was any thing so mŏck-heroically[4] pleading and complaining as their cry. We ŏften could not refrain[5] from laughing at the sound of it.

4. Yet they are by no means sentimental[6] creatures; on the contrary, they are amongst the most cruel and mĭs'chĭevous birds in the colony. They pluck out the eyes of young lambs the moment they are born,[7] and are detested[8] by the squatters.[9] Neither are they vĕry nice in their food. They are the real scavengers[10]—the vultures—of Austrālia, and snuff up in a moment the least or most distant scent of putrescent[11] meat. Nay, they scent out good meat too, and come flying from all quarters, led by the sāvory odors of our camp-oven, or our steaks in the frying-pan.

5. One day we hung a quarter of mutton on a tree. At that time not one of these birds was to be seen or heard; but in a few minutes they were heard cawing in the distance, and came right on to the tree, where they settled in numbers, making the most pathetic appeals to us to go away and leave the mutton; but as these crows had neither bought it nor paid for it, while we had, we declined to comply.

6. Frequently Alfred amuses himself by imitating their lack-a-daisical[12] note, and brings them in scores

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[1] Cär' ri on, feeding on carrion or worthless flesh.—[2] Pa thĕt ic, feeling.—[3] Dŏl' o rous, sad; mournful.—[4] Mŏck' he rō' ic al ly, with mock bravery.—[5] Re frān', to keep away from.—[6] Sen ti mĕnt' al, having much feeling.—[7] Pluck, to pull with sudden force.—[8] De tĕst' ed, hated.—[9] Squat' ters, persons who occupy lands to which they have no right.—[10] Scăv' en gers, persons employed to sweep the streets and carry off the filth.—[11] Pu trĕs' cent, decayed; growing offensive.—[12] Lack-a-dāi' si cal, affectedly sad.

about us on the trees. Their anxious and inquisitive[1] looks, on such occasions, are very amusing. They evidently think that we have got some one of their āmiable community in captivity, and hang on the boughs around, and turn down their black heads, and their black, sparkling eyes, in the most impish and uncanny[2] way.

7. They have many very beautiful smaller birds. There is a black-and-white bird which they call the magpie-lark. To me it more resembles a small, gentle dove, only it has not pigeon's legs. The colors are vĕry delicate and clean, and its manner very gentle. It is always found near streams, and is very tame. It makes a ringing cry of "chain! chain!" and looks very beautiful on the boughs of the green trees.

8. There are fine pigeons, also, called the bronze-winged pigeons, and a host of birds making the oddest noises. One has a note just like a cart-wheel that wants greasing, and another like a wheelbarrow that wants greasing; another, called the whip-bird, seems always to be switching a whip-lash about with the sharpest whip-cord on it. There are tree-creepers, too, that make a "pee! pee! pee!" that never ceases. You can not tell when the bird takes its breath, for it never pauses for a minute for a quarter of an hour togĕther.

9. Very amusing birds, too, are the razor-grinders, a species of black-and-white fly-cătchers, with long tails that they flit about in the oddest way. These birds are very familiar, and hop about the horses as they graze, ŏften flying at their noses—I suppose to cătch flies,—and the horses never attempt to hurt them.

10. But among the most beautiful of small birds is the Australian robin. This robin is less than ours, and is a bird of much gayer colors. On the back he is more like a chaffinch, and the red on his breast is of a very light and brilliant color.

11. There is a very brilliant little bird, too, called the

[1] In quĭs' i tive, asking many questions.—[2] Un cân' ny, unskillful.

superb warbler. The cock bird is about the size of a tomtit, or rather larger, and is a very splendid fellow. His head and neck are of bright and glittering blue, with lines of black on each side of his head. His back, wings, and tail, are brown. As he flies about, he looks like a flying gem. The hen bird of this gaudy little fellow is of a sober brown, and her breast and stomach of ash-color. She is very like some of our willow wrens.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

90. THE BUZZARD.

THE buzzard is a kind of falcon,[1] or hawk; but he is a clumsy and lazy bird, and can not fly so well as other kinds of hawks. He cătches frŏgs and mice, and such insects as he can take without the trouble of flying after them.

2. The buzzard is found in Europe, and in some parts of Amĕrica. Count Buffon, who lived in France, and wrote many excellent books about birds and other animals, tells us that one of his friends had a tame buzzard, which was taken in a snare,[2] and given to Buffon's friend.

3. At first he was wild and ferōcious;[3] but, on leaving him without food for a time, he became more tame, and would eat out of the hand. In about six weeks he became quite familiar,[4] and was allowed to go out of doors, though with his wings tied to prevent his flying away. In this condition he walked about the garden, and would return when called to be fed.

4. After some time he became quite tame, and seemed to be attached to his master, and then his wings were untied, a small bell was tied to his leg, and a piece of copper was fastened around his neck, with the owner's

[1] Fal con (fâ' kn).—[2] Snâre, net or trap.—[3] Fe ro cious (fe rō' shus), cruel and bloodthirsty.—[4] Fa mĭl' iar, tame; easily managed; accustomed to the family.

name marked on it. He was then given full liberty to go where he pleased, which, however, he soon abused by flying away into the woods.

5. The gentleman now gave up his buzzard as lŏst, but in four hours afterwards he rushed into the house, followed by five other buzzards, from whose attacks he was glad to seek a place of safety. After this caper[1] he became more familiar than before, and so attached himself to his master as to sleep every night in his bedroom.

6. He was always present at dinner, and sat on one corner of the table. He would caress[2] his master with his head and bill, but would do this to no other person. One day, when the gentleman rode on horseback, the buzzard followed him several miles, constantly flying near him, or over his head.

7. This bird did not like either dŏgs or cats, but was not the least afraid of them. Sometimes he had battles with these animals, but always came ŏff victorious. To try his courage, four strong cats were collected togĕther in the garden with the bird, and some raw meat thrown to them. The bird beat them all, so that they were glad to retreat, and then took all the meat himself.

8. The buzzard had such hatred to red caps, that he would not suffer one to be on the head of any person in his presence. And he was so expert[3] at taking them ŏff, that the laborers in the field, who wore them, ŏften found themselves bare-headed, without knowing what became of their caps. He now and then would also snatch away wigs, without doing the wearer any other injury than stealing his property. These caps and wigs he always carried into a tree, the tallest in the neighborhood, which was the place where he deposited[4] all his stolen goods.

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[1] Cȧ′ per, strange act.—[2] Ca rĕss′, show signs of love.—[3] Ex pĕrt′, skillful.—[4] De pŏs′ it ed, laid down; put away.

9. He would never suffer any other bird of the rapā-cious[1] kind to stay near his dwelling, but would attack them boldly, and put them to flight. He did no mischief among his master's poultry,[2] nor were the chickens and young ducks, after a while, afraid of him. But he was not so kind to the hens and chickens of his neighbors, and would sometimes pounce[3] upon them, so that his master was ŏf'ten oblīged to advertīse[4] that he would pay for all mischief his buzzard might be guilty of. He was, however, frequently fired at, and, at different times, received fifteen musket shots, without, however, having a bone broken.

10. Once, while flying near a fŏrest, he dared to attack a young fox, which, being seen by a man, he was fired at twice. The fox was killed by the shot, and the bird had his wing broken, but contrived to escape from the man, and was lŏst for seven days. The man knowing, by the noise of the bell on the bird, to whom he belŏnged, went and informed the owner what he had done. Search was made, but the buzzard could not be found.

11. A whistle, used to call him home, was blown every day for six days, but the bird made no answer. On the seventh day, however, he answered with a feeble cry, and was soon found, with his wing broken, being vĕry weak and lean. He had walked a mile and a half from the place where he was wounded, and had nearly reached his master's house. In six weeks his wounds were healed, and he began to fly about, and follow his old habits as before. Thus he continued for about a year, when he disappeared, never to return. Whether he was killed, or escaped from choice, was not known.

COMSTOCK.

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[1] Ra pa cious (ra pā' shus), living on plunder; stealing.—[2] Pōul' try, fowls; cocks, hens, chickens, &c.—[3] Pounce, fall upon.—[4] Ad ver tise', give public notice.

91. I Remember, I Remember.

1. I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too lŏng a day;
But now, I ŏften wish the night
Had bŏrne my breath away!

2. I remember, I remember,
The roses—red and white;
The vīolets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum[1] on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

3. I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

4. I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further ŏff from heaven,
Than when I was a boy. T. Hood.

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[1] La bur num (la bŏr' num), a shrub; a tree found on the Alps.

92. Two Neighbors and the Hens.

IN a conversation I had with a man in New Jersey, he told me this anecdote.[1] "I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up; but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly.

2. "One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath,[2] to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged—to sue him, or in some way gĕt redress.[3]

3. "I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.

4. "After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accŏsted[4] him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed[5] with wrath, and broke out in a great fury: 'You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can gĕt at them; I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.'

5. "'I am vĕry sŏrry for it,' said I: 'I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'

6. "The man seemed confounded.[6] He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky—then

[1] An′ ec dote, a short story.—[2] Wrăth, anger.—[3] Re drĕss′, satisfaction or payment for some wrŏng that has been done.—[4] Ac cŏst′ ed, spoken to.—[5] In flāmed′, red; burning.—[6] Con found′ ed, at a loss what to do.

down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

7. "'Tell me, now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I can not afford to lose the love and good-will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.'

8. "'I am a great fool,' said the neighbor; 'the damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compĕn'sate[1] you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.'"

93. Counsels to the Young.

YOU *were made to be clean and neat in your person and in your dress, and gentlemanly and lady-like in your manners.* If you have not been bitten by a mad dŏg, don't be afraid of fresh water.

2. There is enough water in the world to keep everybody clean; but there is a great deal of it never finds its right place. In regard to this article, there is danger of being selfish. Take as much as you need. The people of the West boast of their great rivers—I would rather they would boast of using a large tub-full of their water every day.

3. Contract no such filthy and offensive habit as chewing or smoking tobacco. So lŏng as a man chews or smokes, though a vĕry Chesterfield[2] in every thing else that pertains to his appearance, he can never be *quite* a gentleman. And, let me repeat it, you were made to be neat. While cotton clŏth can be had for six cents a

[1] Com pĕn'sate, make payment, or give a reward.—[2] Lord Chesterfield was an English nobleman, noted for his fine manners; hence, any one who is noted for the same thing, may be called a Chesterfield.

yard, there is no excuse for not having a pocket-handkerchief.

4. *You were made to be kind, and generous,*[1] *and magnanimous.*[2] If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot,[3] don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clōthes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running.

5. If there is a hungry boy, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrŏngs, and no more talents than before.

6. If a larger or strŏnger boy has injured you, and is sŏrry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

7. *You were made to learn.* Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you can not think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and gĕt an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish too.

8. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers or mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing;

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[1] Gĕn' er ous, free; liberal; willing to give freely, without expecting anything in return.—[2] Mag năn' i mous, of a noble mind; having high intentions.—[3] Clŭb'-foot, a short, deformed foot.

and one of the poorest, meanest, most dĕs'picable[1] things I have ever seen in the world, is a little mind in a great body.

9. Suppose there was a museum[2] in your neighborhood, full of all rare and splendid curiosities—should you not like to go and see it? Would you not think it unkind if you were forbidden to visit it?

10. The creation is a museum, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glories. One door, and only one, is open, by which you can enter this magnificent temple: it is the door of knowledge. The learned laborer, the learned peasant,[3] or slave, is ever made welcome at this door, while the ignorant, though kings, are shut out.

HORACE MANN.

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94. CLEON AND I.

1. CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
   Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
   Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
   Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

2. Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape[4] I;
   Half the charms to me it yieldeth money can not buy.
   Cleon harbors slōth and dullness, freshening vigor I;
   He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

3. Cleon is a slave to grandeur,[5] free as thought am I;
   Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;
   Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,[6] Cleon fears to die;

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[1] Dĕs' pi ca ble, that ought to be despised.—[2] Mu se um (mu zē' um), a place where curious things are kept for exhibition.—[3] Pĕas' ant, a countryman; one who lives by rural labor.—[4] Lānd' scape, view of the country; all of the country that can be seen at a single view.—[5] Grandeur (grānd' yer), greatness in appearance; what appears large to the eye.—[6] Cāre-en vī' roned, surrounded by cares.

Death may come, he'll find me ready, happier man
am I.

4. Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems[1] ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener[2] I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change?
Not I. CHARLES MACKAY.

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95. THE BARON AND HIS SON; OR, WORK PROCLAIMS A WORKMAN.

A CERTAIN bǎron[3] had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land. Once, when this young man was away from home, a gentleman called to see his father, and using the name of Gŏd irreverently,[4] the good old baron reproved[5] him.

2. "Are you not afraid," said he, "of offending the great Being who reigns above, by thus using his name in vain?" The gentleman said he neither feared nor believed in a being he could not see.

3. The next morning the bǎron showed the gentleman a beautiful painting that adorned[6] his hall. The gentleman admired the picture vĕry much, and, when told by the baron that his son had painted it, "Your son is an excellent painter," said he.

4. The bǎron then took his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers, arranged in the most perfect order. "Who has the direction of this garden?" said the gentleman. "My son," said the baron. "Indeed!" said the gentleman; "I begin to think he is something uncommon."

5. The bǎron then took him into the village, and

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[1] An′ thems, sacred sŏngs.—[2] List en er (lĭs′ en er), one who listens.—[3] Bǎr′ on, a nobleman.—[4] Ir rĕv′ er ent ly, disrespectfully.—[5] Re prōved′, blamed; found fault with.—[6] A dorned′, ornamented; added beauty to.

showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, in which a hundred orphans were fed and taught at his expense. "What a happy man you are," said the gentleman, "to have so good a son!"

6. "How do you know that I have so good a son?" replied the bǎron. "Because I have seen his works," said the gentleman, "and I know he must be talented and good." "But you have never seen *him*," said the baron. "I have seen what he has done, and am disposed to love him, without having seen him," said the gentleman.

7. "Can you see any thing from that window?" said the bǎron. "The landscape is beautiful," said the gentleman; "the golden sun, the mighty river, the vast fŏrest, are ăd'mirable.[1] How lovely, and pleasant, and cheerful, every object appears!"

8. "How happens it," said the bǎron, "that you could see such proof of my son's existence, in the imperfect work of his hands, and yĕt you can see no proof of the existence of a Creätor, in the wonders and beauties which are now before you? Let me, my good friend, never hear you say again that you believe not in the existence of God, unless you would have me believe that you have lŏst the use of your senses."

96. The Basket-Maker.

A RICH man, whose ignorance and pride were at least equal to his riches, had a house on the sea-side, where he spent much of his time in hunting and fishing. It happened that a poor, but honest basket-maker, owned a small hovel,[2] and a nărrow strip of marsh land, between his mansion and the sea. Of the flags[3] which this land produced, the poor man made baskets,[4] and other

[1] Ad'mi ra ble, worthy to be admired.—[2] Hŏv'el, a mean house.—[3] Flăgs, a kind of rushes which grow in wet land.—[4] Băsk'ets.

articles, in a neat and peculiar manner, and by the sale of these he supported himself and several small children.

2. The rich man, after trying in vain to induce[1] the basket-maker to sell his marsh,[2] at last was so incensed[3] at his refusal, that he set fire to the dwelling, and burnt that and all the rushes flat to the ground. The poor man complained to the king of the country, who ordered both the gentleman and the basket-maker to be stript naked and set ashore on a savage island near the coast.

3. The place where they were landed was a marsh, overgrown with flags, under cover of which the gentleman tried to conceal[4] himself from the savages,[5] as well as from his companion, of whose company he was ashamed. But the savages had seen the lights of the vessel, and, setting up a dreadful yell, they surrounded the spot, and discovered the two strangers, whom they seemed determined to dispatch[6] with their clubs.

4. Half dead with fear and cold, the gentleman fell behind the poor sharer of his fate, and was willing to trust for protection to one whom, a minute before, he thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion. The basket-maker, who was accustomed to exposure, and whom a life of pain had reconciled to death, felt no alarm, and would have made no effort to check the savages, had not the thought of his children come over his mind, and urged him to save himself, in the hope of again seeing them.

5. He therefore plucked a handful of rushes, and, making signs to the savages that he would show them something, he began to weave a kind of cŏronet,[7] and, when it was finished, he respectfully approached one of them, and placed it on his head. No sooner did the savages behold this new ornament,[8] than they threw

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[1] In dūce′, to persuade.—[2] Mārsh, low, wet land.—[3] In cēnsed′, enraged or angry.—[4] Con cēal′, to hide.—[5] Sāv′ a ges, persons in their native or wild state.—[6] Dis pătch′, to kill; to send away.—[7] Cŏr′ o net, a little or inferior crown.—[8] Or′ na ment, a thing to adorn or give beauty.

down their war-clubs, and formed a dance around the author of so prized a favor.

6. The poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages, seeing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up their clubs, and began to beat the gentleman most unmercifully. The basket-maker's pity was moved, and he arose, and, making signs to them that his companion was ignorant of his art, but could be useful in gathering flags for him, they allowed him to live, but considered him as very inferior[1] to his master, their benefactor.[2]

7. Men, women, and children, from all corners of the island, came in crowds for cŏronets; and, setting the gentleman to work in găthering boughs of trees, they made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker. They also brought him abundance of such provisions as they thought he would like, taking care never to ŏffer the imagined servant any thing, till his master had done eating.

8. Three months' reflection on his altered condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's thoughts; and, one night, when they were lying awake, he said to the basket-maker, "I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between birth and riches, which are accidental, and true merit, which alone is entitled to honor. I am ashamed when I compare my malice[3] with your humanity, and, if ever I should recover my rank and riches, you shall be the sharer of both."

9. He performed his promise; for the king, soon after, sent the same ŏfficer who had landed them, with presents to the savages, and ordered him to bring them back again. The savages were very unwilling to part with a man whom they considered next to their chief, but they did not dare to oppose the wishes of the powerful king who claimed him.

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[1] In fē′ri or, lower; of less value.—[2] Ben e făc′tor, one who does good.—[3] Măl′ice, thinking or acting with wicked intentions.

10. The gentleman kept his word with the basket-maker; and, in that country, it continues to be the custom to this day to say, when they see a gentleman who can give no better reason for his pride than that he was born to do nothing, "*Send him to the basket-maker!*"

97. The Sale of the Pet Lamb.

OH! poverty is a weary thing; 'tis full of grief and pain;
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning[1] brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

2. The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They scarcely know how labor is the penalty[2] of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they nēither toil nor spin.

3. And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;
They walk alŏng life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and fair.

4. The children of the poor man, though they be young each one,
Must rise betimes each morning, before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

5. Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride,
The sunshine and the summer flowers upon the highway side,
And their own free companionship on heathy commons wide.

6. Hunger and cold and weariness, these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is besides, that darkens poverty—
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

[1] Cŭn′ning, knowing; artful; skillful.—[2] Pĕn′al ty, punishment.

7. A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and more,
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly: they were the rich man's store.[1]
There was the while one little lamb beside a cottage door;

8. A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled[2] to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

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[1] Stòre, property.—[2] Nestled (nĕs' sld), lay close and snug.

9. But want, even as an armèd man, came down upon their shed:
The father labor'd all day lŏng that his children might be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them bread.

10. That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt[1] poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued.[2]
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he; "'twill buy us food.

11. "Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head
Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us bread."

12. It went. Oh! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring;
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent[3] love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing.

13. Therefore most sŏrrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so piteously:
"Oh! mother dear, it lovèth us; and what besides have we?"

14. "Let's take him to the broad green hill!" in his impotent[4] despair,
Said one strŏng boy: "let's take him ŏff, the hills are wide and fair;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there."

15. Oh vain! They took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast; and o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

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[1] Gâunt, lean; thin; slender.—[2] Sub dûed', conquered; overcome.—[3] Fêr' vent, warm.—[4] Im' po tent, powerless; weak.

16. The little children through that day, and throughout all the mŏrrōw,
From every thing about the house a mournful thought did bŏrrōw;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sŏrrōw.

17. Oh! poverty is a weary thing; 'tis full of grief and pain;
It keepeth down the soul of man as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

MARY HOWITT.

98. THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child about seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with halfpence. I went directly toward a shop, where toys were sold for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily[1] ŏffered him all my money for it.

2. I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation.

3. My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin[2] than the *whistle* gave me plĕasure. This little event, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that ŏften, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Do not give too much for the whistle*, and so I saved my money.

4. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed

[1] Vŏl′un ta ri ly, willingly.—[2] Cha grin (sha grin′), shame.

the actions of men, I thought I met with many, vĕry many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

5. When I saw any one too ambitious[1] of court-favor, săcrificing his time in attendance on levees,[2] his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

6. When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *He pays indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

7. If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the plĕasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating[3] wealth; *Poor man,* said I, *you indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

8. When I met a man of plĕasure, săcrificing every laudable[4] improvement of mind, or of fortune, to mere sensual gratifications; *Mistaken man!* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

9. If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage,[5] all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career[6] in prison; *Alas!* said I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

10. In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate[7] they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.*

DR. FRANKLIN.

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[1] Am bi tious (am bĭsh′ us), desirous of obtaining a high station.—[2] Lĕv′-ees, company received by persons in high station.—[3] Ac cū′ mu lāt ing, heaping up.—[4] Lâud′ a ble, worthy of praise.—[5] Eq ui page (ĕk′ we paj), horses and carriages.—[6] Ca rēer′, a way; course.—[7] Es′ ti mate, placing value on a thing.

99. The Mountain Boy.

1. THE shepherd of the Alps am I,
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams.
The mountain boy am I!

2. Here is the river's fountain-head,
I drink it from its stony bed;
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it, ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

3. The mountain is my own domain;[1]
It calls its storms from sea and plain;
From north to south they hŏwl afar:
My voice is heard amid their war.
The mountain boy am I!

4. And when the tocsin[2] sounds alarms,
And mountain bale-fires[3] call to arms,
Then I descend, I join my king,
My sword I wave, my lay[4] I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

5. The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I!

From the German of Uhland.

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100. The Half is better than the Whole.

THE sun was pouring its meridian[5] rays upon the Arabian desert, when a căr'avan halted for refreshment and repose. The tents were arranged for shade,

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[1] Do măin', country over which one has the government or authority. —[2] Tŏc' sin, an alarm-bell.—[3] Bāle-fires, alarm-fires.—[4] Lāy, a song.—[5] Me rĭd' i an, mid-day.

the camels were unladen, and each tired Mussulman,[1] reclining upon the sand, enjoyed his favorite luxury of the pipe, or listened to one of those lŏng, dull tales, with which the inhabitants of the East are wont[2] to amuse each other in their journeyings through the desert.

2. Two little boys, the only children in the whōle company, alone were restless, active, and impatient of restraint. As they were not allowed to smoke, and had no taste for the tedious[3] stories that amused their elders, they wandered among the camels, and climbed upon their backs togĕther, and, at last, for want of other entertainment, quarreled, and then separated, to find each his own amusement apart.

3. Selim, the younger, resolving heartily never to play again with Ali, scampered ŏff toward a cluster of low rocks, that, at a short distance, emerged from the plain of sand, and formed the only object that broke the uniformity of the prospect. Having reached the rocks, he had nothing to do but return, and endure again the dullness of the caravan, and the provoking temper of Ali. His spirit sunk at the thought of the odious[4] necessity, when turning a corner of the rocks, that were rather higher than himself, he came suddenly on a prize that made him cry out for joy.

4. Taking root in a fissure[5] of the rock, a stunted[6] date-tree had pushed its puny[7] limbs into the sunshine, and bore on its dwarfish[8] head a handful of over-ripened fruit. A small, but clear spring of water trickled through the crevice,[9] and, supplying moisture to the tree, glistened alŏng the thirsty sands for a moment, and then disappeared.

5. A fountain of fresh water! What a transporting[10]

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[1] Mŭs′ sul man, a Mohammedan; one who believes Mohammed to have been a prophet.—[2] Wont (wŭnt), used; accustomed.—[3] Tē′ di ous, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.—[4] Ō′ di ous, hateful.—[5] Fis sure (fĭsh′ yur), a split, or narrow opening.—[6] Stŭnt′ ed, stopped in its growth.—[7] Pŭ′ ny, little and weak.—[8] Dwârf′ ish, smaller than its natural size.—[9] Crĕv′ ice, a crack.—[10] Trăns pōrt′ ing, carried beyond one's self for joy.

discovery! For weeks, poor Selim had tasted no drink except rare and stinted draughts[1] from the heated contents of the water-skins, that had been brought on the camels' backs from Mohadin.

6. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked anxiously toward the caravan, fearing that he might have been followed, and that his rich prize might be taken from him, or at least shared, by that odious brother. But no one came to interrupt, or to partake of his happiness;—the cool water and the luscious[2] fruit were all his own.

7. For a moment, the fancy of Selim reveled[3] in the anticipation[4] of the delicious draught, and of the rich repast before him, and, in his happiness, he found that he had forgiven Ali. His plĕasure was so ex'quisite,[5] that he wanted to shout it to the rocks; and even the fiercely-glaring sun, he thought, might sympathize in his delight.

8. But the first draught was scarcely swallowed, before Selim began to find that something was wanting to complete his enjoyment. What could it be, whose absence was causing the refreshing water to pall[6] upon his appetite.

9. He wondered that he was not perfectly happy in the sole possession of such trĕasures. He pondered,[7] and considered in vain. But his untutored heart whispered to him the truth. He paused. He sighed; then ran, like an antelope,[8] over the hills to the tent where his brother had laid himself down to sleep.

10. Back the two brothers hastened to the rocks. Selim enjoyed the surprise, the delight of Ali, at the sight of the fountain and the tree. He found his own

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[1] Draught (drâft), that which is drank at once.—[2] Lus cious (lŭsh' us), sweet; delightful.—[3] Rĕv' eled, moved playfully.—[4] An tic i på' tion, expected pleasure or pain felt before its arrival; taking beforehand.—[5] Ex' qui site, great beyond one's expectations.—[6] Pâll, lose strength or taste.—[7] Pŏn' dered, thought.—[8] An' te lope, a kind of goat or deer with wreathed horns.

plĕasure doubled in witnessing that of his brother. The water seemed cooler, the fruit had a higher flavor,[1] when Ali joined his praises of bōth. The glare[2] of the sun was less regarded.

11. They talked, and laughed; they ate, and drank. Selim's enjoyment was now perfect; and from that day to the end of his life, he never forgot, that, of whatever fountains of plĕasure or fruits of joy we may find on our pĭlgrimage[3] through the world, the half is better—much better—than the whōle.

101. The Child is Dead.

IT is hard to believe it: that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the mĕrry laugh that burst so ŏften[4] from its glad heart.

2. Child as it was, it was a pleasant child, and to the partial par′ent[5] there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none[6] besides. And ours was a lovely child.

3. But the child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where[7] they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lŏst; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

4. Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall ŏften look them over, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a

[1] Flă′vor, a peculiar taste or smell.—[2] Glâre, bright light.—[3] Pĭl′grim age, a long journey; the journey of life.—[4] Oft en (ŏf′fn).—[5] Pâr′ent.—[6] None (nŭn).—[7] Where (whâr).

luxury[1] in thinking of the one that is gŏne, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an ānge among angels.

5. The child is dead. The eye has lŏst its luster.[2] The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the vĕry form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair,[3] every feature of its face, is a trĕasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sŏrrōw come and go.

6. Lay the little one in his cŏffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withered.

7. Carry him out to the grave. Gently. It is a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulcher.[4] Oh, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There[5] is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest!

8. Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, Gŏne, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf[6] gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle[7] among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not here: he is risen.

9. I shall think of the form that is moldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come, at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sŏrrōw—the idol of my heart!

S. I. Prime.

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[1] Lux u ry (lŭk′ shu re), that which causes delight to the senses.—[2] Lŭs′ ter, brightness.—[3] Hăir.—[4] Sĕp′ ul cher, a place of burial.—[5] There (thâr).—[6] Turf (tẽrf).—[7] Myr tle (mẽr′ tl).

102. The Little Boy that Died.

1. I AM all alone in my chămber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's[1] crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,[2]
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
Of the little boy that died.

2. I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And sŏftly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

3. And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay;
"O Death! thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried,
For sparkled the eyes, and the fŏrehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died.

4. Again[3] I will go to my father's house,
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall;
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side,
But she'll kiss me, and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

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[1] Făg'ot, a bundle of small sticks for burning.—[2] Sŏl'i tude, the state of being alone.—[3] A gain (a gĕn').

5. I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,[1]
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

6. I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And if in the group[2] I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

7. We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,[3]
And our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide:
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died!

8. And therefore[4] when I'm sitting alone,
And the midnight hour is near,
When the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear,
Oh! sweet o'er my soul in its solitude
Are the feelings of sadness that glide,
Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died. J. D. Robinson.

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[1] Chăir.—[2] Grōup, crowd; a number assembled.—[3] Blight, a mark showing that a thing is injured.—[4] Thĕre′ fōre.

103. Thanksgiving Story.

"MARY!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlet, one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving-day, before papa[1] went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep: I want something nice to think about."

2. "Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma[2] hear you: come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks togĕther.

3. "I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a vĕry nice house. I know there were pretty[3] pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and sŏft, like the green mŏss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fishes on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them.

4. "And papa!—you can't remember papa, Letty,—he was tall and grand, like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of ān̆gels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeo's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then I ran to the door to jump into his arms: he was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

5. "Don't cry," said the little one; "please to tell me some more." "Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat around such a large table, with so many people—aunts, and uncles, and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty. And Betty made such sweet pies! And we had a big—big turkey.

6. "Papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me into his lap, and tell me about 'Red Riding-Hood,' and call me his 'pet,'

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[1] Pa pâ'.—[2] Mam mâ'.—[3] Pret ty (prĭt' ty).

and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' Oh, Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I'm going to cry."

7. "I'm very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

8. "Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears; unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought. "Hush!—mamma will hear!"

9. Mamma had "heard." The coarse garment, upon which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

FANNY FERN.

104. ONE BY ONE.

1. ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going:
Do not strive to grasp[1] them all.

2. One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whōle strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate[2] thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3. One by one (bright gifts of heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee:
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

5. Do not look at life's lŏng sŏrrōw;
See how small each moment's pain;

[1] Grăsp.—[2] E lāte', to make glad or joyous.

Gŏd will help thee for to-mŏrrōw,
Every day begin again.

6. Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task[1] to do or bear;[2]
Luminous[3] the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

7. Do not linger with regretting,[4]
Or for passing hours despond;[5]
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyŏnd.

8. Hours are golden links, God's token,[6]
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage[7] be done.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

105. THE OBSERVING JUDGE.

IN a district of Algeria, there lived, in the year 1850, an Arab[8] chief or shēik, named Bou-Akas,[9] who held despotic[10] sway over twelve tribes.

2. Having heard that the cādi, or judge, over one of these twelve tribes, administered justice in an ădmirable manner, and pronounced decisions worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

3. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cādi's town, mounted on a docile[11] Arabian steed. He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his mantle, asked him for alms.[12]

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[1] Tåsk.—[2] Beår.—[3] Lū′ min ous, bright; emitting or sending out light.—[4] Re grēt′ ting, being sorry.—[5] De spŏnd′, to be cast down; made unhappy.—[6] To ken (tō′ kn), mark; proof; something which gives or causes expectation.—[7] Pĭl′ grim age, a long wearisome journey.—[8] Arab (år′ ab).—[9] Bou-A kas (bō-å′ kas).—[10] Des pŏt′ ic, having complete mastery; confined by no law.—[11] Doc il (dŏs′ il), kind; gentle; easily taught.—[12] Alms (åmz), money given to poor persons.

4. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold. "What dost thou want?" asked the shēik; "I have already given thee alms." "Yes," replied the beggar; "but the law says, not only 'thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but, also, 'thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

5. "Well; and what can I do for thee?" "Thou canst save me—poor, crawling creature that I am—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

6. "And how can I save thee?" "By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business." "Be it so," replied the shēik. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; which was not accomplished[1] without much difficulty.

7. The strangely-assorted[2] couple attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place. "Is this where you wished to stop?" asked Bou-Akas. "Yes." "Then gĕt down." "Get down yourself." "What for?" "To leave me the horse."

8. "To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?" "I mean that he belŏngs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just cādi, and that if we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favor?" "Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?"

9. "Do you not think that when he sees us two—you with your strŏng straight limbs, so well fitted for walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted[3] feet—he will decree that the horse shall belŏng to him who

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[1] Ac cŏm' plished, done.—[2] Strånge' ly-as sort' ed, unlike one another.—[3] Dis tort' ed, out of shape.

has most need of him?" "Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cādi," said Bou-Akas.

10. "Oh! as to that," replied the cripple laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."[1] "So!" thought the shēik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." Then turning to the cripple, he said aloud, "I am content—we will go before the cādi."

106. The Observing Judge—continued.

ARRIVED at the tribunal,[2] where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of course, take precē'dence[3] of theirs. The first was between a tāleb, or learn'ed man, and a peasant.

2. The point in dispute was the tāleb's wife, whom the peasant had carried ŏff, and whom he asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her restoration.[4] The woman (strange circumstance!) remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either,—a feature in the case which rendered its decision extremely difficult.

3. The cādi heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here and return to-mŏrrōw." The learn'ed man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood. The butcher spoke first, and said:

4. "I went to buy some oil from this man, and, in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money

[1] In fāl' li ble, never deceived; never doing wrong.—[2] Tri bū' nal, the place where the judge gives his decision.—[3] Pre cē' dence, going before.—[4] Res to rā' tion, act of replacing in a former state; giving back.

from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist."

5. Then spoke the oil-merchant: "This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you chānge for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking ŏff with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money; so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case."

6. The cādi caused each to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original[1] statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-mŏrrōw." The butcher placed the coins,[2] which he had never let go, on the edge of the cādi's mantle.[3] After which he and his oppō'nent[4] bowed and departed.

7. It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple. "My lord cādi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place he refused to gĕt down, asserting[5] that my horse belŏnged to him, and that your lordship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most."

8. Then spoke the cripple. "My lord," said he, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this

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[1] O rĭg' i nal, first.—[2] Coin, pieces of money.—[3] Măn' tle, a cloak or garment thrown over the rest of the dress.—[4] Op pŏ' nent, one who is opposed to another.—[5] As sẽrt' ing, saying.

horse, which belŏngs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, appar'ently half dead from fatigue. I ŏffered to let him ride with me as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But, on our arrival, he refused to gĕt down, and said that the horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us."

9. Having required each to make oath to his statement, and having reflected for a moment, the cādi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-mŏrrōw." It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions.

107. The Observing Judge—concluded.

ON the mŏrrŏw, a number of persons, besides those immediately in'terested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The tāleb, or learned man, and the peasant, were called first. "Take away thy wife," said the cādi to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order." Then turning toward an ŏfficer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the tāleb carried ŏff his wife.

2. Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the cādi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his ŏfficer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

3. The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward. "Wouldst thou rĕc'ognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas. "Yes, my lord." "And thou?" "Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple. "Follow me," said the cādi to Bou-Akas. They entered a large stable, and Bou-

Akas pointed out his horse among the twenty which were standing side by side.

4. "'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary[1] hither." The disguised shēik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He had quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation,[2] to place his hand on the right animal.

5. "'Tis well," said the cādi, "return to the tribunal." The cādi soon afterward resumed his place, and, when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced. "The horse is thine," said the cādi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the ŏfficer, "Give this cripple fifty blows." It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

6. When the cādi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. "Art thou discontented with my award?"[3] asked the judge. "No, quite the contrary," replied the shēik. "But I want to ask by what inspiration[4] thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as ĕquitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, a shēik of the twelve tribes, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

7. The cādi bowed to the ground and kissed his master's hand. "I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions." "Nothing, my lord," replied the cādi, "can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?" "I did."

8. "Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her, suddenly, 'Put fresh ink

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[1] Ad′ ver sa ry, enemy; one opposed to another.—[2] Hes i tā′ tion, stopping.—[3] A wârd′, judgment.—[4] In spi rā′ tion, a highly exciting influence supposed to be *breathed into* a person.

in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belŏng to the tāleb.'"

9. "Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?" "Did your highness remark," asked the cādi, "that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?" "Certainly I did." "Well, I took the money, and placed it in a vĕssel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belŏnged to the oil-merchant, it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

10. Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval. "Good!" said he. "And my horse?" "Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled." "The cripple, I suppose, did not rĕc'ognize[1] the animal?" remarked the shēik. "On the contrary," said the cādi, "he pointed him out immediately." "How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

11. "My object," replied the cādi, "in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the *horse*, but whether the horse would acknowledge *you*. Now, when *you* approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the *cripple* touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

12. Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said: "Allah[2] has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine." And yĕt, I know

[1] Rĕc' og nize, know; to find out.—[2] Al' lah, the Mohammedan name for God.

not; thou art certainly worthy to be shēik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as cādi."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

108. LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road, strew'd[1] acorns on the lea,[2]
And one took root, and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask[3] beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore:
It stood a glōry in its place, a blessing evermore.

[1] Strewed (strōd).—[2] *Lèa*, a meadow.—[3] Bāsk, to lie in a warm place.

2. A little spring had lŏst its way amid the grass and fern;[1]
A passing strănger scooped a well, where weary men might turn:
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

3. A dreamer dropped a random[2] thought; 'twas old, and yĕt was new—
A simple fancy of the brain, but strŏng in being true;
It shŏne upon a geniăl[3] mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a bēacon[4] ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue[5] great: a watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its rādiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

4. A nameless man, amid a crowd that thrŏnged the daily mart,[6]
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory[7] breath—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.
O germ![8] O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

109. TRADE AND SPADE.

1. BETWEEN two friends in days of old
A bitter strife began,
And Father Spade with Brother Trade
Disputed man to man.
"You're vain, undutiful, and proud,"
Said Spade, with flashing eyes:
"You earn your thousands while I starve;
You mŏck my children's cries.

[1] Fĕrn, a plant.—[2] Răn'dom, sudden; hasty.—[3] Gē'ni al, having the same feelings.—[4] Bea con (bē' kn), a fire lighted as a signal.—[5] Is sue (ĭsh' shū), that which proceeds from another thing; the consequence or effects.—[6] Mărt, market.—[7] Trăn' si to ry, passing away.—[8] Gĕrm, a seed-bud; first principle.

2. "You ride in state with lordly looks;
You dwell in bower and hall;
You speak of me reproachfully,
And prosper on my fall.
So from this hour, in shine or shower,
We'll learn to live apart.
I ruled the earth ere you were born—
I cast you from my heart."

3. And Trade lŏst temper in his pride;
He uttered words of scorn:
"You do not know the ways of men,
Amid your sheep and corn.
You doze away the busy day,
Nor think how minutes run.
Go, put your shoulder to your work,
And do as I have done.

4. "You've all the earth to yield you wealth—
Both corn and pasture-land;
I only ask a counting-house,
And room whereon to stand.
And from this hour, in shine or shower,
I'll learn to live alone:
I'll do without you well enough—
The world shall be my own!"

5. And thus they wrangled night and day,
Unfair, like angry men,
Till things went wrŏng between them bōth,
And would not right again.
But growing wiser in distress,
Each grasp'd the other's hand;
"'Twas wrong," said Spade, "to rail at Trade;
He loves me in the land."

6. And Trade as freely owned his fault:
"I've been unjust," he said,
"To quarrel with the good old man,
Who grows my daily bread.

Lŏng may we flourish, Trade and Spade,
In city and in plain!
The people starve while we dispute—
We must not part again." CHARLES MACKAY.

110. WHO IS GREATEST.

Thomas. I do not see the use of it, any how!

Ellen. The use of what? my dear little brother.

Thomas. Why, the use of getting all these lessons.

John. He's always talking in that way, sister; but I tell him that to learn is the way to become a great man.

Ellen. A *great* man?

John. Yes, a great man.

Ellen. What is a great man, John?

John. Men of learning are great men, and so are statesmen[1] and heroes.[2]

Ellen. Why are they great men?

John. Because they know more and can do more than other people.

Ellen. And that makes them great?

John. Yes.

Ellen. If that is all that makes greatness, I would ask, with Thomas, what is the use of studying to be great?

John. Sister! how can you talk so! Is it nothing to be as great as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Columbus, or Newton?

Ellen. What made them great, John?

John. They were great because they could do more than others, as I have just said.

Ellen. I have seen a very different description of greatness, and, from the source whence it came, I am inclined to believe, a much truer one.

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[1] Stâtes' men, men learned in the art of government.—[2] Hē' rŏes, great warriors; brave men.

John. Where did you see it, sister?

Ellen. I saw it in the Bible.

John. I never saw a description of greatness there, that I now remember.

Ellen. But there is one, and it is in these words—"And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Can you understand that?

John. I can't understand why you should call that a description of greatness.

Ellen. It certainly is. To be the *chief* of all, is to be the greatest of all.

John. But how can any one be the chief of all, and yĕt the servant of all? I have ŏften read that verse in the Bible, but never clearly understood it; and now it sounds strânger than ever. Servants are the lowest and humblest of all—not the greatest—nor the chief. I wish you would explain it to me, sister.

Ellen. It means, if I understand it, that if we would become truly great, we must do good to all. We must *serve* them.

I remember once hearing father say, that the greatest men in the world are those who have rendered the world most *service.* Under this view, we might call Newton and Columbus, whom you have mentioned, great men; but I should doubt the claims of Cæsar and Bonaparte to that title.

John. If you do not call them great men, sister, what do you call them?

Ellen. They were ambitious men; men who loved themselves so much better than they loved their fellows, that to gain the distinction they coveted,[1] they would willingly have spread death and destruction, from one end of the world to the other. How different is the description of their characters from that of the great man that I have quoted from the Bible!

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[1] Cov et ed (kŭv' et ed), desired earnestly; longed for.

111. Who is Greatest—concluded.

John. I can't exactly understand this, sister. The servant of all, the greatest of all, sounds very strange. At that rate, Sally, our cook, is greater than any of us. She is the servant of all in the house.

Ellen. Who renders all the rest the greatest service? Does Sally?

John. No. I do not think that she does.

Ellen. Well, who does? Depend upon it, brother, you will discover, when you fix upon that one, that you have found the greatest in our house. Now, think whose service is of most importance? Whose lŏss would be most severely felt?

John. The lŏss of our father.

Ellen. Yes. Our father is the servant of all, and the greatest of all. He supplies the wants of all in the house, and brings us all our comforts. Sally cooks for us our food, but how little does she do for us, compared with what our father and mother do! [*Enter* Mother.

Mother. You look serious, my children. What are you talking about?

John. Just before you came in, mother, we were talking about greatness.

Mother. Ah! Well, have you found out in what greatness consists?

John. Ellen says that the servant of all is the greatest of all.

Mother. Does she, indeed! And has she convinced you that she is right?

John. I can't say just yes, nor can I say no. But I suppose she may be right.

Mother. I have no doubt of it, John. She has the best possible authority on her side—the Bible.

John. So it appears. But it makes me feel discouraged.

Mother. Why?

John. I have always thought that I would like to be a

great man; and the hope of becoming great has made me study harder than any thing else.

Mother. How, great, my son?

John. Great like the warriors, statesmen, and men of science who have distinguished themselves in all ages.

Mother. For the good they have done?

John. No; I can not say that I have ever thought of the good. It is just this, that makes me feel discouraged. If true greatness comes only to those who seek to *serve* others, in order to do them good, I am afraid I shall not be great.

Mother. Why?

John. I could study and work hard in the hope of becoming a distinguished man; but not that I might become, simply, a useful man.

Mother. My dear boy, your error is the error of thousands and tens of thousands, who have gŏne before you. It is an error that has caused the world much sŏrrōw, and will cause it much more. You must try very hard to gĕt away from it, or it will bring you years of unhappiness.

No one is truly great but he who is truly good. Gŏd is the greatest of all, and he is Goodness itself. He seeks not his own glory, but the good of his creatures, making his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. If we would be great, we must be like him,—there is no other way. ALTERED FROM ARTHUR.

112. THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

1. BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a strānger's foot has crŏssed the sill.

2. There is the barn—and, as of yore,[1]
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows thrŏng,
And hear the peewee's[2] mournful sŏng;
But the strānger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

3. There is the orchard—the vĕry trees
Where my childhood knew lŏng hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbībed[3] more shade than sun:
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the strānger's children are swinging there.

4. There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow:
'Twas there I found the calamus-root,[4]
And watched the minnows[5] poise[6] and shoot,
And heard the robin lave[7] his wing,
But the strānger's bucket is at the spring.

5. Oh, ye who daily crŏss the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more!

6. Deal kindly with those orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

7. The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lōwing herds,

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[1] Yōre, old times.—[2] Pē̆e′ wee, a bird called the pewet, or lapwing.—[3] Im bībed′, drank in; received; took.—[4] Căl′ a mus-root, flag-root.—[5] Mĭn′ nows, small fishes.—[6] Poise, balance; rest.—[7] Lāve, wash.

The woodbine on the cottage-wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

113. OPINIONS OF ANIMALS.

AS I lay, stretched by the stream, and gradually[1] sinking into almost unconsciousness[2] of the world and all it holds,—the little birds sported about, careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant[3] turmoil,[4] which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable[5] hiding-places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; but, after a short period of forgĕtfulness, I was roused by a hoarse, croaking voice, exclaiming, "Cruel, savage monster![6] what does he here?"

2. I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility.[7] In a few moments I again relapsed[8] into a profound revery,[9] from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper: "I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us."

3. I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but, at the same time, imagined I distinguished a sort of confused

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[1] Grăd′ u al ly, by degrees.—[2] Un cŏn′ scious ness, a state in which a person does not perceive or know any thing.—[3] In cĕs′ sant, without stopping.—[4] Tur moil (tĕr′ moil), confusion; disorderly state of things.—[5] In scru ta ble (in skrō′ ta bl), that which can not be found out.—[6] Mŏn′ ster, a horrible being; something out of the course of nature.—[7] Hos tĭl′ i ty, enmity; state of warfare.—[8] Re lăpsed′, fell back.—[9] Rĕv′ er y, a state in which a person, although awake, appears to be in a dream.

whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled.[1] My curiosity was awakened, and, peering[2] about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and, withal, in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

4. "Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep!" cried a bald-eagle; "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living!" "Let me scratch his eyes out!" screamed a hawk; "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barnyard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural right."

5. "Ay, ay!" barked a fox; "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his henroost in the night, that I may not disturb him." "Agreed!" hissed a rattlesnake; "for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and he always kills me, according to Scripture." Thereupon he rattled his tail, curled himself in spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner.

6. "Agreed!" said a great fat spider, who sat in his nest, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects, "agreed! for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions." "By all means!" buzzed a great bluebottle fly, "for he will not let me tickle his nose of a hot summer day, though he must see, with half an eye, that it gives me infinite[3] satisfaction."

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[1] Com min gled (kom mĭng′ gld), mixed together.—[2] Pēer′ ing, peeping; looking carefully.—[3] In′ fi nīte, without end; endless.

7. "Kill him!" cried a little ant, who ran fuming[1] and fretting about at a furious rate, "kill him without mercy! for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than *you* do killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider. "The less you say about that the better," whispered the spider. "Odds fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, popping his head out of the brook, "odds fish! kill the monster by all means! Hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable[2] appetite."

8. "To be sure," said a worm; "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards! for though I am acknowledged, on all hands, to be his brother, he impales[3] me alive on a hook, only for his amusement." "I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my belov'ed mate, and made me a disconsolate[4] widow." Upon which she began to moan so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

9. "He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider. "He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat. "He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty." "He is a treacherous,[5] cunning villain!" barked the fox. "He has no more compassion than a wolf!" screamed the hawk. "He is a bloody tyrant!" croaked the eagle. "He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all with one voice.

114. Opinions of Animals—concluded.

I BEGAN to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these unpleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listless-

[1] Fŭm' ing, smoking or burning with anger.—[2] In sa tia ble (in sā'-sha ble), that can not be satisfied.—[3] Im pāle', to fix on a stake or sharp instrument.—[4] Dis cŏn' so late, very sorrowful; not to be consoled.—[5] Trēach' er ous, deceitful; betraying.

ness[1] togĕther kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

2. "I'll bury my talons in his brain!" said the eagle. "I'll tear out his eyes!" screamed the hawk. "I'll whip him to death with my tail!" barked the fox. "I'll sting him home!" hissed the rattlesnake. "I'll poison him!" said the spider. "I'll tease him to death!" buzzed the fly. "I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will!" said the trout. "I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I'll warrant!" said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whōle assembly.

3. "And I'll—I'll—" said the worm. "What will you do, you poor wretch?" exclaimed the rest in a titter. "What will I do? why, I'll eat him after he is dead!" replied the worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near, that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout.

4. The example was contagious. "Oh ho! are you for that sport?" mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could gĕt his head under water. "Tit for tat," barked Renard, and, snatching pussy up in his teeth, was ŏff like a shot. "Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same bluebottle;" and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling. "By your leave," said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time.

5. "You ugly thief of the world!" hissed the rattlesnake, in great wrath; and, indignantly laying hold of the toad, he managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory. "What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones!" cooed the dove, and, pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed

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[1] Līst' less ness, want of care; unemployed in mind.

out, "what a plump dove for a dinner! Why should I not eat her?"

6. He was carrying her ŏff, when the eagle darted upon him, and, soaring to his nest on the summit of an inaccessible[1] rock, composedly[2] made a meal of bŏth hawk and dove. Then, picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency,[3] "What a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!"

7. "Hem!" exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half asleep, "hem! a man is not so much worse than his neighbors, after all." And, shaking ŏff the spell that was over me, I bent my steps homeward, wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other. The only solution[4] which ŏffered itself to my mind was, that the plĕasure arising from eating, is much greater than the pain of being eaten; and that this propensity[5] to devour each other, on the whōle, conduces[6] to the general happiness.

PAULDING.

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115. THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

1. A LITTLE child, beneath a tree
Sat and chanted[7] chēerily
A little sŏng, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day lŏng—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

2. There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning[8] in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,

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[1] In ac cĕss' i ble, that can not be approached.—[2] Com pŏs' ed ly, without disturbance; in a state of repose.—[3] Com plā' cen cy, state of being pleased; satisfaction.—[4] So lū' tion, a way to explain.—[5] Pro pĕn' si ty, disposition to do a thing.—[6] Con dūc' es, leads to.—[7] Chānt' ed, sung.—[8] Mōan' ing, complaining.

Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yĕster-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.[1]

3. She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,[2]
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem[3] ringing clear.

4. For she but few sad days before
Had lŏst the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past.
The present drear[4] and overcast.

5. And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,[5]
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested[6] like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

6. Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, of his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shŏne,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

7. And these three listened to the sŏng,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strŏng,
Which that child, the lĭvelong day,
Chanted to itself in play—

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[1] For lorn', forsaken; without friends.—[2] De spâir', the loss of all hope.—[3] An' them, a song.—[4] Drēar, dismal; gloomy.—[5] Plāc' id ly, calmly; mildly.—[6] Ar rĕst' ed, held or restrained from moving.

"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

8. The widow's lips impulsive[1] moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Sŏftened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned[2] it over to his heart.

9. And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The sŏng still ringing in their ears:
Was it music from the spheres?[3]

10. Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred[4] when sŏrrōw grew,
To warn them, and console[5] them too—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

116. WINTER AND SPRING.

Winter. WHEN I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,[6]
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!

Spring. When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,

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[1] Im pŭl'sive, with quick force.—[2] Cŏnned, studied.—[3] Spheres (sfērs), worlds. The ancients had an idea that the sun, moon, and stars made music as they moved, and they called it the music of the spheres.—[4] Re curred' (re kĕrd'), came again.—[5] Con sōle', to comfort.—[6] Lănd'scape, that part of a country which we can see.

Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers.

Winter. When I shake my hoary tresses,
All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the hĕron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the fŏrest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!

Spring. When I shake my flowing ringlets,
Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the hĕron,
Homeward shoots the ărrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage.

H. W. Longfellow.

117. The Snow-Shower.

1. STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow

In waving flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

2. See how in a living swarm they come
From the chămbers beyŏnd that misty vail;[1]
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prōne[2] from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

3. Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier[3] masses fall:
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

4. And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging alŏng their unsteady way;
As friend with friend or husband and wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

5. Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As myriads[4] by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

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[1] Vāil, a covering.—[2] Prōne, headlong.—[3] Bur li er (bĕr' li er), greater in size.—[4] Myr' i ads, a myriad is ten thousand, but is sometimes used for any very large number.

The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make with their grave so nigh,
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

6. I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought:
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frŏst,
That glisten[1] a moment, and then are lŏst,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

7. Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host[2] that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake. W. C. Bryant.

118. The Snow-Storm.

I HAVE a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland[3] cottager—a story but of one evening, with few events, and no signal catastrophe,[4] but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots[5] that are carrying on in the great drāma[6] of life.

2. Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sĭtting by

[1] Glis ten (glĭs' sn), shine.—[2] Hŏst, an army; any large number.—[3] Mŏor' land, low, wet land.—[4] Ca tās' tro phe, accident.—[5] Un' der-plots, little things which happen while great events are taking place.—[6] Drā' ma, a story which is acted, not related.

their cheerful peat[1] fire one winter evening, in a small, lonely hut, on the edge of a wide moor[2], at some miles' distance from any other habitation.

3. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The father and the mother were sitting togĕther, without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness; for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills.

4. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee; but though she wore at her labor a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn[3] hair, and though in the church none were more becomingly arrayed[4] than she, one-half, at least, of all her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes; and her kind, innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the lŏng-expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

5. Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well, indeed, might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial[5] piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time when inevitable[6] selfishness mixes with the pure current of love.

6. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had left so lŏng; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, ŏften would

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[1] Pèat, turf; the roots of vegetables dried for burning.—[2] Mo͝or, a marsh; a tract of low, watery ground.—[3] Au′burn, reddish brown.—[4] Ar′ra͡yed, dressed.—[5] Fil ial (fĭl′yal), belonging to a son or daughter; filial piety is the love of a son or daughter to father or mother.—[6] In ĕv′-i ta ble, that which can not be avoided.

she lie weeping, for their sakes, on her midnight bed, and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer.

7. She had discerned[1] the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor par'ents, now that they were gĕtting old; and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the crŏss, that was not written, never to be obliterated,[2] on her uncorrupted heart.

8. The father rose from his seat, and went to the door, to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands, and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day; and the snow, that seemed incrusted[3] with diamonds, was so hardened by the frŏst, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface.

9. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child; but his wife's kind voice dissuaded[4] him, and, returning to the fireside, they begăn to talk of her whose image had been so lŏng passing before them in their silence.

119. The Snow-Storm—continued.

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been lŏng anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped alŏng beneath the beauty of the silent heaven.

[1] Dis cĕrned', seen.—[2] Ob lĭt' er åt ed, forgotten, or blotted out.—[3] Incrŭst' ed, having the surface hardened.—[4] Dis suåd' ed, caused to give up; to persuade a person not to do.

2. Still, as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a sŏng, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frŏst; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence.

3. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her par'ents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room, kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed, prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in the garden, peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow—friends all, and inmates of that happy household.

4. So stepped she alŏng, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frŏst wove a wreath of lucid[1] pearls round her fŏrehead. She had now reached the edge of the Black-mŏss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow.

5. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her sŏng, and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her cōurse, and felt bolder and bolder, every step that brought her nearer to her par'ents' house.

6. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-

Lū' cid, bright; shining; giving light.

mŏss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably[1] intermingled, and furiously wafted[2] in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense,[3] and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.[4]

7. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills.

8. At last she could no longer discern[5] a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted; and, shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

120. The Snow-Storm—concluded.

"I DO not like the night," said William Grieve, her master's son; "there will be a fresh fall of snow, soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar; for a snow-cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-lin, and it may be down to the Black-mŏss as soon as Hannah Lee."

2. So he called his two sheep-dŏgs that had taken their place under the lŏng table, before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely acrŏss the Black-mŏss.

3. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward, shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for her voice. He sent his well-trained dŏgs over the snow, in all directions, repeating

[1] In tẽrm′in a bly, without end.—[2] Wâft′ed, carried.—[3] In tẽnse′, very severe.—[4] In sen si bĭl′i ty, want of feeling.—[5] Dis cẽrn′, to see.

to them her name—"Hannah Lee"—that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity,[1] know for whom they were searching. Often they went ŏff into the darkness, and as ŏften returned; but their looks showed that every quest[2] had been in vain.

4. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission[3] or diminution.[4] Still, there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee; and one of his dŏgs at last came to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master; while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering[5] drift.

5. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead, and dashed himself down in the snow, in a fit of despair. But presently he heard the barking of his absent dŏg, while the one at his feet hurried ŏff in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition[6] and love.

6. William sprăng up from his bed in the snow, and, with his heart knocking at his bosom, even to sickness, he rushed hĕadlŏng through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down, half dead with joy and terror, beside the body of Hannah Lee.

7. But he soon recovered from that fit, and, lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her fŏrehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a lŏng, deep sigh came from her inmost bosom.

8. The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse[7] life

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[1] Sa găc′ i ty, quickness to see and know.—[2] Quĕst, search; act of searching.—[3] In ter mĭs′ sion, stopping.—[4] Dim i nū′ tion, growing less.—[5] Floun′ der ing, causing violent and irregular motions.—[6] Rec og nĭ′ tion, remembrance of a person or thing.—[7] In fūse′, to pour into.

into hers; and, as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid,[1] as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity[2] and bewilderment,[3] faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful misfortune had befallen them. She was, however, too weak to walk; and her young master carried her alŏng.

9. There is little need to speak of returning recollection and returning strength. They had all now power to weep and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place, ready for worship, and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea.

10. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy—so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death—had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they găthered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread, and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal[4] and simple meal, partaken of in silent thankfulness.

11. Within these three hours, William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them; and they felt that henceforth they were to live whŏlly for each other's sake. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer, who, under Providence, had saved from the frŏst and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young, passionate heart had been so desperately enamored; and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee, ever moving about his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter; and, when some few happy

[1] Plăid, striped cloth worn in the Highlands of Scotland.—[2] Per plĕx'-i ty, difficulty; a troubled state; not knowing what to do.—[3] Be wĭl'-der ment, a state in which one becomes unconscious where he is or what he is doing.—[4] Fru gal (frō' gal), saving; not expensive.

years had gŏne by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife.

12. The innocent maiden still called him her young master, but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had lŏng felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying, in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart lĕaped within her when she heard her par'ents bless him by his name; and, when he took her hand into his, before them, and vowed, before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should, ere long, be his wedded wife, she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break, in a fit of strānge and insupportable happiness.

ALTERED FROM WILSON.

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121. THE PASSAGE.

1. MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crŏssed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

2. Then, in this same bōat, beside,
Sat two cŏmrādes, old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

3. One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

4. So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gŏne by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their cōurse before me.

5. But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?

Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

6. Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crŏssed with me.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

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122. RAIN-MAKING.[1]

Medical Doctor. Hail, friend! How vĕry many medicines you have about you this morning! Why, you have every medicine in the country here.

Rain Doctor. Vĕry true, my friend; and I am sure I ought, for the whōle country needs the rain which I am making.

Medical Dr. So you reälly believe that you can command[2] the clouds? I think that can be done by Gŏd alone.

Rain Dr. We bōth believe the vĕry same thing. It is Gŏd that makes the rain, but I pray to him by means of these medicines; and, the rain coming, of cōurse it is then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains, for many years, when they were at Shokuänè;[3] through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

Medical Dr. But we are distinctly told, in the part-

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[1] Dr. Livingstone, who was a missionary for sixteen years in the interior of Africa, says that the Bakwains and some other tribes believe that all medicines act by a hidden charm, or magic power, and that their rain-doctors have certain medicines which may be made to charm the clouds and cause them to pour out abundant rain. "This conversation is only a fair specimen of their way of reasoning, in which, when their language is well understood, they are perceived to be remarkably acute. These arguments are generally known, and I have never succeeded in convincing a single individual of their fallacy, though I tried to do so in every way I could think of. Their faith in medicines is unbounded."—[2] Com mând'.—[3] Shok u â' ne.

ing words of our Saviour, that we can pray to Gŏd acceptably in his name alone, and not by means of medicines.

Rain Dr. Truly! but Gŏd told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing.[1] But toward us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except cattle and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours.

We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed[2] by hunger, and go to them, and increase their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. Gŏd has given us one little thing which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. *We* do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yĕt we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

Medical Dr. I don't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicine which can influence the rain at all.

Rain Dr. That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we followed in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuru'man for corn, and irrigate[3] your garden, may do without rain; *we* can not manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture,[4] the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who do

[1] Nothing (nŭth' ing). —[2] Dis pĕrsed', driven asunder; scattered; separated —[3] Ir' ri gate, to water or wet. —[4] Pasture (păst' yer).

make rain and have corn, and the whōle tribe become dispersed and lŏst; our fire would go out.

Medical Dr. I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

Rain Dr. I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whōle country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands, and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullilooing for joy.

Medical Dr. I think you deceive bōth them and yourself. You can not charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belŏngs to Gŏd only.

Rain Dr. I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are bōth doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine: sometimes Gŏd is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine, sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what Gŏd does.

I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, nēither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave ŏff my medicines, why continue your own?

Medical Dr. I give medicines to living creatures[1] within my reach, and can see the effects, though no cure follōws: you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. Gŏd alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently: God will give us rain without your medicines. ALTERED FROM LIVINGSTONE.

[1] Creatures (krēt' yerz).

123. EVA'S HOME.

1. A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale,
A jasmine round the door,
A hill to shelter from the gale,
A silver brook before.

2. Oh, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
In mornings sŏft with May!
Oh, silver-clear the waves that flow,
Reflecting[1] heaven, away!

[1] Re flĕct' ing, throwing back light or heat, &c.

3. A sweeter bloom to Eva's youth[1]
Rejoicing Nature gave;
And heaven was mirrored[2] in her truth[3]
More clear than on the wave.

4. Oft to that lōne sequestered[4] place
My boyish steps would roam,
There was a look in Eva's face
That seemed a smile of home.

5. And ŏft I paused to hear at noon
A voice that sang for glee;
Or mark the white neck glancing[5] down,
The book upon the knee.

6. The cottage in the peaceful vale,
The jasmine round the door,
The hill still shelters from the gale,
The brook still glides before.

7. Still sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
But 'neath the yew-tree's shade,
Where silver-clear the waves still flow,
Her holy dust is laid. ALTERED FROM LYTTON.

124. HASTY JUDGMENT.

Belford. Sir, who is the present owner of the Brookby estate.

Arbury. A man by the name of Goodwin.

Belford. Is he a good neighbor to you?

Arbury. Far from it; and I wish he had settled a hundred miles ŏff; for he will surely spoil our neighborhood.

Belford. I am sŏrry to hear that; but what is your objection to him?

Arbury. Oh, there is nothing in which we agree. In

[1] Youth (yo͞oth).—[2] Mĭr′ rored, reflected or exhibited as in a mirror.—[3] Truth (tro͞oth).—[4] Sequestered (se kwĕs′ terd), separated from others for the sake of privacy; retired.—[5] Glănc′ ing.

the first place, he is quite on the other side in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

Belford. I am not exactly of that opinion; but what further objection have you?

Arbury. He is no spŏrtsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Nēither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

Belford. Has he been asked?

Arbury. I don't know that he has directly; but he might easily propose himself if he chose; but he possesses an unsocial disposition, and, I believe, is vĕry niggardly.

Belford. How has he shown it?

Arbury. His style of living is not equal to his wealth; and I have heard of several instances of his closeness in his dealings.

Belford. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

Arbury. Not he, I dare say; for last week a poor fellōw, who had lŏst his all by fire, went to him with a subscription paper, having on it the names of all the gentlemen in the neighborhood; and all the answer he got was, that *he would consider it.*

Belford. Well, did he consider it?

Arbury. I don't know; but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor[1] had a park of deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison[2] to all his neighbors. But this *frugal*[3] gentlemen has sold them all ŏff, and got a flock of sheep instead.

Belford. I don't see much harm in that now mutton is so dear.

Arbury. To be sure, he has a right to do as he pleases with his park; but that is not the way to be popular, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill-will.

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[1] Pred e cĕs′ sor, one who goes before another; one who occupied the same position.—[2] Venison (vĕn′ zn), the flesh of deer.—[3] Frugal (frō′ gal), careful; prudent; saving of expenses without meanness.

Belford. Then he is clearly in the wrŏng; for I believe you are as free from ill-will to others as any man living. But how has he shown it?

Arbury. In many ways. He had a horse upon sale the other day, to which I took a liking, and began to bid for it. As soon as he found I was bidding, he sent it ŏff to a fair on the other side of the county. My wife, as you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his garden, she observed something new, and wished to gĕt a root or cutting from it. My gardener told *his* about it, and *he* told his employer; but, instead of oblīging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant.

A little while ago, too, I turned ŏff a man for being saucy; but, as he had lived many years with me, and was a vĕry useful servant, I meant to take him again whenever he would confess his fault, which I did not doubt would soon happen. Instead of that, he goes and ŏffers himself to my *civil* neighbor, who, without deigning to apply to me even for a recommendation, immediately employed him. In short, he has not the least mark of a gentleman about him; and I would give almost any thing to be rid of him.

Belford. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant in the country than a bad neighbor; and I am sŏrry that it is your lot to have one. But there comes a man who appears as if he desired to speak with you.

Enter a Countryman.

Arbury. Ah, that is the poor fellōw that was burned out! Well, Richard, how do you gĕt alŏng? How large a subscription have you got?

Richard. Thank your honor, so large that nearly all my lŏsses are made up.

Arbury. I am vĕry glad of that; but when I saw the paper last, they were not *half* made up.

Richard. True, sir; but you may remember asking

me what Mr. Goodwin had subscribed, and I told you that he wanted time to consider of it. Well, sir, I found that he had been to our town, and had made many inquĭ'ries of my neighbors about me and my lŏsses. When I called on him a few days after, he told me he was vĕry glad to learn that I bore so good a character, and that the neighbors had so kindly assisted me; and he said that I need go no further for relief. He then gave me (Gŏd bless him!) a draft upon his banker for *fifty pounds.*

Arbury. Fifty pounds!

Richard. Yĕs, sir. It has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchase a new cart and a span of horses.

Arbury. A noble gift, indeed! I could never have thought it. Well, Richard, I rejoice at your good luck. I am sure you are much obligĕd to Mr. Goodwin.

Richard. Indeed I am, sir, and to all my good friends. Good-day, gentlemen. [*He goes on.*

Belford. Niggardliness, at least, is not this man's fault.

Arbury. No; I was mistaken on that point. I wrŏnged him; and I am sŏrry for it. But what a pity it is that men so generous should not be amiable in their manners, and be as ready to oblĭge in trifles as in matters of consequence!

Belford. True; it is, when that is reälly the case.

Arbury. How much easier to have shown some civility about a horse or a flower plant!

Belford. By the way, there comes your gardener, carrying a large plant in a pot.

Enter GARDENER.

Arbury. Now, James, what have you got there?

James. A flower for your wife: a present from Mr. Goodwin.

Arbury. How did you come by it?

James. His man told me to come for it. We should have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it could not be moved safely till now.

Arbury. I hope he has more of the same kind.

James. He has only a seedling plant or two, sir; but, hearing that your wife would like to gĕt a plant of that kind, he resolved to send it to her; and a choice thing it is! I have a note for her, too, in my pocket.

Arbury. Well, go on. [GARDENER *goes on.*

Belford. I think, surely, that this does not look like deficiency in *civility.*

Arbury. No; it is a vĕry polite action, I can not deny it; and I am oblīged to him for it. Perhaps he may feel that he owes me a little *amends.*

Belford. Possibly; but it shows that he *can* feel, however.

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125. HASTY JUDGMENT—CONCLUDED.

Arbury. Ha! there comes Thomas with a string of horses from the fair. I'll step up and speak to him. Well, Thomas, how have horses gŏne at Market Hill?

Thomas. Dear enough, your honor.

Arbury. How much more did you gĕt for Mr. Goodwin's horse than I ŏffered for him?

Thomas. Ah, sir, that was no horse for you to ride! and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never saw one more vicious and ugly. He came near killing the groom two or three times; so I was ordered to ŏffer him to the mail-coach people, and gĕt what I could for him. I might have sold him better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me; for he was a noble horse to look at; besides, he was perfectly sound.

Arbury. Was that the true reason, Thomas, why the horse was not sold to me?

Thomas. It was, indeed, sir.

Arbury. Then I am highly oblīged to Mr. Goodwin.

[THOMAS *goes on.*] This was vĕry kind and honorable in him, indeed!

Belford. Yĕs; I think it was something more than politeness,—it was reäl *goodness of heart.*

Arbury. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him; and I do it with plĕasure. But, after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is vĕry strānge.

Belford. I see reason to think so well of him on the whōle, that I am inclined to think he has done right in this matter too.

Arbury. There the fellōw comes now. I wonder if he has my old clothes on yĕt. [EDWARD *approaches.*

Edward. Sir, I was coming to your honor.

Arbury. What can you have to say to me now?

Edward. I want to ask your pardon, sir, for my ill-conduct, and beg you to take me again.

Arbury. What! have you so soon parted from your new master?

Edward. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honorable a gentleman to turn ŏff an old servant without good reason; and he hoped you would accept of my excuses after your anger was over.

Arbury. Did he say all that?

Edward. Yĕs, sir; and he advised me to go back and ask your pardon.

Arbury. Well, go to the house, and we will talk it over when I return. [EDWARD *goes on.*

Belford. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

Arbury. I think more than I can well express. It will be a lesson to me never to judge hastily again.

Belford. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman about him, must have been rather *hasty.*

Arbury. I acknowledge it; but it is unfortunate that these reserved characters are so lŏng in making them-

selves known. Still, when they are known, they often prove very es'timable[1] men. I am afraid, even now, that I shall have to keep him at a distance.

Belford. Why so?

Arbury. You know I am an open, social man, and like to have my neighbors so too.

Belford. Perhaps *he* is so.

Arbury. If he were, we should have been better acquainted before this time.

Belford. It may have been prejudice, rather than want of sociability,[2] that has kept you apart.

Arbury. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such sway in the country, that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence. Yonder comes an instance of its pernicious[3] effects.

Belford. Who is he?

Arbury. A poor schoolmaster with a large family, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power to do something for him; for he is a very honest man, though perhaps rather too zealous. [*Enter* SCHOOLMASTER.] Well, Mr. Penman, how go the times with you?

Penman. I thank you, sir, they have gone poorly enough; but they are now in the way to mend.

Arbury. I am glad to hear it; but how?

Penman. Why, sir, the free-school of Stoke is vacant; and I believe I am likely to get it.

Arbury. Ah, I wonder at that! I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

Penman. It is, sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation; and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

Arbury. Mr. Goodwin! You surprise me.

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[1] Es' ti ma ble, valuable; worthy of regard or esteem.—[2] So cia bil' i ty, the disposition for society or company; the disposition to converse and be familiar.—[3] Pernicious (per nish' us), having the quality of injuring or destroying; hurtful; ruinous.

Penman. I was much surprised, too, sir. He sent for me of his own accord, and told me he was sŏrry that a man should be injured in his profession on account of party; and, as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try and settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and ŏffered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life; I could hardly control myself sufficiently to thank him. He invited me to dine with him, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed, I do not believe there is a kinder man living than Mr. Goodwin.

Arbury. You have the best reason in the world to say so, Mr. Penman. But did he converse *familiarly* with you?

Penman. Most certainly he did, sir. We talked a great deal about party affairs in this neighborhood; and he vĕry much regretted that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from each other. I took the liberty, sir, to mention your name. He said he had not the honor of being acquainted with you; but he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be very glad to be on friendly terms with you. For my part, I confess, to my shame, that I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

Arbury. Well,—good-morning.

Penman. Your most obedient, sir. [*He goes on.*

Arbury. Come, my friend, let us go.

Belford. Where?

Arbury. To Mr. Goodwin's, to be sure. After all I have heard, I can not refrain lŏnger from going to him, and acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and begging his friendship.

Belford. I shall be happy, I am sure, to go with you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

Arbury. Oh, what are form and ceremony in a case like this! Come, come!

Belford. Most willingly, sir. [*They go out.*

126. Excelsior.

1. THE shades of night were falling fast,[1]
As through an Alpine village passed[2]
A youth, who bōre, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strānge device,
Excelsior![3]

2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion[4] from its sheath;

[1] Fåst.—[2] Passed (påst).—[3] Ex cĕl' si or, more elevated; aiming higher; the motto of the State of New York.—[4] Falchion (fål' chun), a short, crooked sword.

And like a silver clarion[1] rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
EXCELSIOR!

3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral[2] glăciērs[3] shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
EXCELSIOR!

4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring tŏrrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
EXCELSIOR!

5. "Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
EXCELSIOR!

6. "Beware[4] the pine-tree's withered branch![5]
Beware the awful avalanche!"[6]
This was the peasant's last[7] Good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
EXCELSIOR!

7. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard[8]
Uttered the ŏft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!

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[1] Clăr' i on, a wind instrument suited to war.—[2] Spĕc' tral, relating to an apparition, or the appearance of a spirit; ghostly.—[3] Glăc' i er, a field of ice and snow, formed in the valleys and slopes of lofty mountains.—[4] Be wâre'.—[5] Brânch.—[6] Avalanche (ăv a lânsh') a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, snow, or earth, sliding down a mountain.—[7] Lâst.—[8] Saint Bernard (sent ber nârd'), a remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piedmont and the Valaise. A strong stone building is situated on the summit of this pass. It is occupied during the whole

8. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping,[1] in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR!

9. There,[2] in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene[3] and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR! H. W. LONGFELLOW.

127. USE YOUR EYES.

WELL, Robert, where have you been walking, this afternoon? said a tutor to one of his pupils, at the close of a hŏliday.

Robert. I have been to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill, upon Camp-mount, and home, through the meadōws by the river-side.

Tutor. Well, that is a pleasant round.

Robert. I thought it vĕry dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I would much rather have gŏne alŏng the turnpike road.

Tutor. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

Robert. We set out togĕther, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Tutor. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

Robert. Oh! he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that; I would rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yĕt.

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year by pious monks, who, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to aid travelers arrested by the snow and cold.—[1] Grăsp'ing.—[2] There (thâr).—[3] Se rēne', undisturbed; calm; clear.

Tutor. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the mount, and then down among the green meadōws by the side of the river.

Tutor. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking; and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the high road.

William. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Tutor. Suppose, then, you give us an account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will do it readily. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way; however, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Tutor. Ah! this is mistletoe;[1] a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids[2] of old, in their religious rites[3] and incantations.[4] It bears a slimy white berry, of which bird-lime[5] is made, whence its Latin name of *viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root[6] of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled "parasitical," as being hangers-on or

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[1] Mistletoe (mĭz′ zl tō).—[2] Druids (drō′ idz), the Celtic priests of ancient Gaul and Britain. The sacrifice of human victims is generally believed to have been a part of their worship. Their religious ceremonies were conducted in consecrated groves.—[3] Rite, observance; ceremony.—[4] In can tā′ tion, act of enchanting; foretelling or causing an event by the supposed aid of evil spirits.—[5] Bird-lime (bērd′ lim), a glutinous or sticky substance used for catching birds.—[6] Rōot.

dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

William. A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Tutor. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strŏng bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

William. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying "pewit," so distinctly one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and ŏft*en* tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near he always contrived to gĕt away.

Tutor. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nest would easily be observed did they not draw ŏff the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeited lameness.

William. I wish I had known that, for he led me a lŏng chase, ŏft*en* over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel; and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at.

I then took my cōurse up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to gĕt a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and

I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all alŏng the low grounds, till it was lŏst behind a ridge of hills.

From the hill I went straight down to the meadōws below, and walked on the side of a little brook till it entered the river, and then I took the path that runs alŏng the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shōre, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Tutor. I suppose they were sand-pipers,—one of the numerous family of birds that gĕt their living by wading among the shallōws, and picking up worms and insects.

William. There were a great many swallōws, too, spōrting on the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follōw them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Tutor. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our four species of swallōws. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

128. Use your Eyes—concluded.

William. A little further, I saw a man in a bōat, who was cătching eels in an odd way. He had a lŏng pole, with broad iron prŏngs at the end, just like Neptune's[1]

[1] Nĕp′ tūne, the chief of the fictitious gods of the ancients, who were supposed to preside over the ocean. He is represented with a trident or three-pronged scepter.

trĭdĕnt, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest part of the river, and fetched up eels sticking between the prongs.

Tutor. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

William. While I was looking at him, a hĕron came flying over my head with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept sŏftly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his lŏng legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he dashed his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallōwed. I saw him cătch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Tutor. Probably his nest was there; for hĕrons build upon the lŏftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society togĕther, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking,[1] many gentlemen had their hĕronries; and a few are still remaining.

William. I then turned homeward acrŏss the meadōws, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all togĕther from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field: after taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Tutor. Perhaps so, for in the fenny[2] countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whōle acres of

[1] Hâwk' ing, the taking of wild fowls by means of hawks.—[2] Fĕn' ny, marshy; boggy; growing in fens.

reeds, by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer,[1] who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

William. After I had left the meadōws, I crŏssed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit.[2] Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could gĕt there, I can not imagine.

Tutor. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics[3] of marine[4] animals ēven in the bowels of high mountains vĕry remote from the sea.

William. I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lŏst. What a glōrious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple, and crimson, and yĕllōw, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horī'zon.[5] But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Tutor. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent[6] enlargement of the moon at its rising.

William. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

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[1] Homer, the most distinguished of poets, entitled "The Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birthplace, and the period in which he lived, are unknown.—[2] Mărl' pit, a pit where marl, a kind of earth used to enrich land, is dug.—[3] Relics (rĕl'iks), things that remain, or are left after the decay or loss of a part.—[4] Marine (ma rēn'), pertaining to the sea. Marine animals are those that live in the sea.—[5] Ho rī' zon, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.—[6] Ap pār' ent, perceivable to the eye; that may be seen; seeming.

Tutor. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I can not well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideäs this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been vĕry instructing, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

Robert. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Tutor. Why not?

Robert. I do not know. I did not care about them; and I made the best of my way home.

Tutor. That would have been right if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sōurces of it as possible. But so it is,—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiŏrity of knowledge the one acquires above the other.

I have known a sailor who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses he frequent'ed in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin[1] could not crŏss the English Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.

While many a vacant, thoughtless youth, is whirled throughout Europe, without gaining a single ideä worth crŏssing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter for improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes, and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use. AIKEN.

[1] Benjamin Franklin, an eminent American moralist, statesman, and philosopher, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 6th of January, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790.

129. Song of Marion's Men.

I.

OUR band is few, but true and tried, our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles when Marion's[1] name is told;
Our fortress is the good green wood, our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us, as seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands within the dark morass.

[1] Francis Marion, a distinguished officer of the American revolution, was born in South Carolina, the scene of his principal exploits. He died in 1795.

II.

Woe to the English soldiery that little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight a strānge and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire, they grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in tĕrror deem a mighty hōst behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands upon the hollōw wīnd.

III.

Then sweet the hour that brings release from dānger and from toil!
We talk the battle over, and share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout, as if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gāthered to crown the soldier's cup.
With mĕrry sōngs we mŏck the wind that in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber lōng and sweetly, on beds of oaken leaves.

IV.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band that MARION leads—
The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb acrŏss the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind that lifts his tŏssing mane.
A moment in the British camp—a moment—and away
Back to the pathless fŏrest, before the peep of day.

V.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,[1] grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with MARION, for MARION are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band with kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer, and tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay them down no mōre,
Till we have driven the Briton forever from our shōre.

130. AN EASTERN FABLE.

ABDALLAH sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of sĭrup, and was gŏne. But it came

[1] San tēe', a river of South Carolina about 150 miles in length.

next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew vĕry bold.

2. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger and yĕt larger, till there could be discerned,[1] in the size, as of a locust, the appearance of a man. From a hand-breadth, it reached the stature[2] of a cubit;[3] and still so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation.[4] It frisked like a sātyr,[5] and it sang like a pēri,[6] and like a mŏth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned, it prospered.

3. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not, in all this, perceive the subtlety[7] of an evil gēniüs.[8] Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yĕt bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats, he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth, and said, "This is my daily pōrtion from the table of the mufti[9]—there is not enough for thee and me," the dŏg-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile; until, in prŏcess of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew strŏnger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

4. Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the dēmon and his dupe, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gŏne, Abdallah rejoiced, and said, "I have tri-

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[1] Dis cĕrned', discovered; seen.—[2] Stature (stăt' yer), tallness; height.—[3] Cŭ' bit, the measure of a man's arm from the elbow.—[4] In fat u ā'-tion, extreme or very great folly.—[5] Să' tyr, a fabulous deity or monster of the wood, half man and half goat.—[6] Pē' rĭ, in the East, a spirit supposed to be shut out of heaven, for some fault, till it is made pure by pain or suffering.—[7] Subtlety, (sŭt' tl tĭ), slyness; artfulness; cunning.—[8] Genius (jē' ne us), a good or evil spirit or demon, who was supposed, in ancient times, to direct and rule a man through life.—[9] Mŭf' ti, a Mohammedan high-priest; a Turkish name of a doctor of the law of the Koran, or Mohammedan bible.

umphed over mine enemy, and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogĕther in mine own power?"

5. But after not many days, the tempter came back again; and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spake of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chămber.

6. On the mŏrrōw, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti said, "Wherefore[1] tarriëst the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepeth." Therefore[2] they repaired even to his chămber; but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mufti opened the door, and, lo! there lay on the divan[3] the dead body of his disciple.

7. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the chănges of raiment belŏnging to the hapless one were gŏne, and in the sŏft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti mĕasured one of the prints, and, behold! it was six cubits lŏng.

8. Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table or the theater? Is it smoking? Is it laziness? Is it novel-reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the keyhole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself noŭrish it and cherish it, and, by feeding it with your own vitality,[4] give it a strength greater than your own.

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[1] Wherefore (whâr' fôr), for which reason; why.—[2] Thĕre' fôre, for this reason.—[3] Dĭ văn', a kind of sofa.—[4] Vi tăl' i ty, life; the power or means of maintaining life.

131. The Heritage.

1. THE rich man's son inhĕrits[1] lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits sŏft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A hĕritage,[2] it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.[3]

2. The rich man's son inhĕrits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And sŏft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inhĕrits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sāted[4] heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

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[1] In hĕr′ it, to take what is left by parents or ancestors.—[2] Hĕr′ it age, that which descends to us from our ancestors.—[3] Fēe, a *fee*, or *fee simple*, is property, especially land, held by a person in his own right, and which may descend to his children or other heirs forever.—[4] Sāt′ ed, fed or gratified to the extent of desire.

5. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won mĕrit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Coŭrage, if sŏrrōw come, to bear it,
A fellōw-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, sŏft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine—
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest frāgrant and benign,
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Bōth, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last:
Both, children of the same dear Gŏd,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. Lowell.

132. Youth and Sorrow.

1. "GET thee back, Sŏrrōw, gĕt thee back!
My brow is smooth, mine eyes are bright,
My limbs are full of health and strength,
My cheeks are fresh, my heart is light.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Consort'[1] with age, but not with me;
Why shouldst thou follōw on my track?
I am too young to live with thee."

2. "O foolish Youth, to scorn thy friend!
To harm thee wherefore should I seek?
I would not dim thy sparkling eyes,
Nor blight the roses on thy cheek.
I would but teach thee to be true;
And should I press thee overmuch,
Ever the flowers that I bedew[2]
Yield sweetest frāgrance[3] to the touch."

3. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, get thee back!
I like thee not; thy looks are chill;
The sunshine lies upon my heart,
Thou showèst me the shadōw still.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Nor touch my golden locks with gray,
Why shouldst thou follōw on my track?
Let me be happy while I may."

4. "Good friend, thou needèst sage advice;
I'll keep thy heart from growing proud,
I'll fill thy mind with kindly thoughts,
And link thy pity to the crowd.
Wouldst have a heart of pulseless stone?
Wouldst be too happy to be good?
Nor make a human woe thine own?
For sake of human brotherhood?"

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[1] Con sort', join; unite in company.—[2] Bedew (be dū'), moisten gently; wet with dew.—[3] Frā' grance, sweetness of smell; pleasing scent.

5. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, get thee back!
Why should I weep while I am young?
I have not piped—I have not danced—
My morning sŏngs I have not sung:
The world is beautiful to me,
Why tarnish it to soul and sense?
Prĭthee,[1] begŏne! I'll think of thee
Some half a hundred winters hence."

6. "O foolish Youth, thou know'st me not:
I am the mistress of the earth:
'Tis *I* give tenderness to love;
Enhance[2] the privilege of mirth;
Refine the human gold from drŏss;
And teach thee, wormling of the sod,
To look beyŏnd thy present lŏss
To thy eternal[3] gain with Gŏd."

7. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, get thee back!
I'll learn thy lessons soon enough;
If virtuous plĕasures smooth my way,
Why shouldst thou seek to make it rough?
No fruit can ripen in the dark,
No bud can bloom in constant cold—
So, prithee, Sorrow, miss thy mark,
Or strike me not till I am old."

8. "I am thy friend, thy best of friends;
No bud in constant heats can blow—
The green fruit withers in the drought,[4]
But ripens where the waters flow.
The sŏrrōws of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears."

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[1] Prithee', I pray thee.—[2] En hånce', raise to a higher point; advance; increase.—[3] E tĕr' nal, having no beginning or end; ceaseless.—[4] Drought (drout), dryness; want of rain; a long continuance of dry weather.

9. "Youth frowned, but Sŏrrōw gently smiled;
Upon his heart her hand she laid,
And all its hidden sympathies
Throbbed to the fingers of the maid:
And when his head grew gray with Time,
He owned that Sorrow spoke the truth,
And that the harvest of his prime
Was ripened by the rains of Youth."

CHARLES MACKAY.

133. THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

SOON after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cocklŏft, had quietly settled himself at the hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighborhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture—a situation vĕry common to little gossiping villages—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

2. The object of this solicitude[1] was a little black-looking man, of a fŏreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which, having lŏng had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat with a nărrōw brim; and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees.

3. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the plĕasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm; appeared always to be lŏst in meditation; and was ŏft*en* met by the peasantry, sometimes

[1] So lic'i tude, trouble; care; anxiety.

watching the dawning of day; sometimes, at noon, seated under a tree poring over his volume; and sometimes, at evening, gazing with a look of sober tranquillity[1] at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horī'zon.

4. The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously[2] singular in all this;—a profound[3] mystery[4] seemed to hang about the strānger, which, with all their sagăcity,[5] they could not penetrate;[6] and, in the excess of worldly charity, they pronounced it a sure sign "that he was no better than he should be,"—a phrase innocent enough in itself, but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly every thing that is bad.

5. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope,[7] because he never joined in their spōrts; the old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; and as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible[8] taciturnity[9] of the strānger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whōle village was in an uproar;—for, in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling in all the affairs of each other.

6. A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church,

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[1] Tranquillity (trăn kwĭl' e tĭ), peace; quiet; freedom from care or trouble.—[2] Prodigiously (pro dĭd' jus lĭ), extremely; amazingly; astonishingly.—[3] Pro found', deep; very great.—[4] Mystery (mĭs' te rĭ), something not to be discovered; a great secret.—[5] Sa găc' i ty, the power of perceiving or seeing quickly and clearly, and of turning every thing to the best advantage.—[6] Pĕn' e trate, see through or understand.—[7] Mis ăn' thrope, a hater of mankind.—[8] In flĕx' i ble, stubborn; that can not be turned or changed.—[9] Taciturnity (tăs i tĕrn' i tĭ), habitual or intentional silence; reserve.

and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave as his opinion, that he was the wandering Jew; the sexton was certain that he must be a Freemason, from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a high German doctor, and that the book which he carried about with him contained the secrets of the black-art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that he was a witch,—a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts; and a sagācious old mātron from Connecticut proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kĕttle of hot water.

7. Suspicion,[1] when once afloat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen, by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting[2] in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the humane ordeäl[3] of the boiling kĕttle, lŏst on one of these occasions a fine brinded[4] cow, which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black.

8. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favorite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jaded in the morning, the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night, but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, "the little man in black was in his *tantrums*." In short, he became the bugbear of every house, and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics as the redoubtable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a housewife of the vil-

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[1] Suspicion (sus pĭsh′ un), act of imagining or mi trusting something on slight proof; distrust; want of confidence.—[2] Curveting (kĕr′ veting), leaping; bounding; frolicking.—[3] Or′ de al, trial of guilt by fire or water; a severe trial.—[4] Brĭnd′ ed, streaked; potted.

lage sleep in peace, except under the guardiänship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

9. The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary[1] he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odiüm of a village, is in a great mĕasure outlawed and proscribed,[2] and becomes a mark for injury and insult, particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate.[3]

10. The little venomous[4] passions, which in the great world are dissipated[5] and weakened by being widely diffused,[6] act in the nărrōw limits of a country town with collected vigor, and become rancorous[7] in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this. Every mischievous urchin returning from school had full liberty to break his windōws, and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous schoolboy was never seen to approach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the crŏss-roads, where a traveler had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

11. The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being, was an old turnspit,—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wandering—the sharer of his scanty meals—and, sŏrry I am to say it, the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive;

[1] Quandary (kwŏn′ da rĭ), a state of difficulty; uncertainty.—[2] Proscribed (pro skrībd′), put out of the protection of the law; condemned as dangerous or unworthy.—[3] Re crĭm′ i nāte, to return one charge of crime with another; to charge an accuser with the same crime or fault.—[4] Vĕn′ om ous, poisonous; spiteful; mischievous.—[5] Dis′ si pāt ed, driven asunder; scattered.—[6] Diffused (dif fūzd′), poured out; spread in all directions.—[7] Rancorous (răng′ ker ŭs), very bitter; spiteful in the greatest degree.

never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveler, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighborhood. He follōwed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door, demeaning[1] himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit.

12. But notwithstanding his exemplary[2] depōrtment,[3] he fell likewise under the ill repōrt of the village, as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations.[4] The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhăllowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a dĕtestā′tion[5] which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dŏg, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

13. The movements of this inscrutable[6] being had lŏng been the subject of speculation[7] at Cocklŏft-hall, for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions particularly surprised them, for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who it appears was rather sŭperstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard,[8] who restrained himself for the present, in

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[1] De mēan′ing, behaving or conducting.—[2] Exemplary (egz ĕm′plā rĭ), serving for a pattern; worthy of imitation.—[3] De pōrt′ment, manner of acting toward others; behavior.—[4] Incantations (in kan tā′ shunz), magic charms; supposed influences that can not be resisted or overcome.—[5] Dĕt es tā′ tion, extreme or very great hatred.—[6] Inscrutable (in skrō′ ta bl), unsearchable; not to be discovered or understood by human reason.—[7] Spec u lā′ tion, views of a subject or thing not proved to be true by fact or experience.—[8] Wĭz′ ard, an enchanter; one supposed to be able to perform remarkable acts by the aid of spirits or unseen powers.

hopes of midnight vengeance;—the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility[1] of a stoic[2] philosopher;—my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took a dāta[3] from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the strānger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible in the cradle,—a sure talisman,[4] in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.[5]

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134. The Little Man in Black—concluded.

ONE stormy winter night, when a bleak northeast wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dŏg, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was exquisitely[6] mournful; and he fancied now and then that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress.

2. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity,[7] he fully

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[1] In sen si bĭl′ i ty, want of feeling.—[2] Stō′ ic, unmoved; unfeeling; cold.—[3] Dā′ ta, things or truths used to find results.—[4] Talisman (tăl′-iz man), something to which wonderful effects were ascribed, such as preservation from sickness, injury, &c.—[5] Nĕc′ ro man cy, the art of making known what is to happen, by means of a pretended communication with the dead; enchantment.—[6] Exquisitely (ĕks′ kwe zit lĭ), completely; very keenly felt.—[7] Ec cen trĭc′ i ty, the quality of being peculiar, odd, or strange; singularity.

possessed, and which forbăde him to pry into the concerns of his neighbors. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition;[1] for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious[2] night for his vagaries.[3] At length the old gentleman's philanthropy[4] predominated;[5] he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door,—for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys,—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

3. On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage and hollōw eyes, in a room destitute of every convenience, without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal, who had been so lŏng the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped sŏftly and hesitatingly to the bedside, and accŏsted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the lethargy[6] into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yĕt one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him: the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

4. He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard. He put fōrth his hand, but it was cold. He essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat. He pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful

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[1] Su per stĭ′ tion, an unfounded or groundless belief in the existence of particular facts or events, produced by a power beyond what is human.—[2] Propitious (pro pĭsh′ us), highly favorable to success.—[3] Vagaries (vă′ ga rez), wild freaks; whimsical purposes.—[4] Phi lăn′ thro py, love of mankind.—[5] Pre dŏm′ i năt ed, prevailed; gained a controling influence.—[6] Lĕth′ ar gy, unhealthy drowsiness; dullness.

meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmless strānger, deserted by society, was pĕrishing with hunger! With the quick impulse of humanity he dispatched the servant to the hall for refreshment. A little warm noŭrishment renovated him for a short time, but not lŏng. It was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asylum[1] where "the wicked cease from troubling."

5. His tale of misery was short and quickly told. Infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigors of the season: he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance;—"and if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency,[2] "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world; the villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dāngerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have pĕrished, without a fellōw-being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dŏg excited your attention."

6. He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time, as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched fŭrrōws of his cheek. Poor outcast!—it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Toward morning he gradually dĕclined, and as the rising sun gleamed through the windōw, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contem′plated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm,[3] and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer.

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[1] A sy′lum, an institution or place for the benefit of the destitute or unfortunate: here means the grave.—[2] De spŏnd′ en cy, despair; hopelessness.—[3] Enthusiasm (en thū′ ze azm), a warm zeal in respect to some object or pursuit.

7. The strānge conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind: "He is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshiping the sun!" He listened a moment, and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion: he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple ŏr'ison[1] being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other toward the sun—"I love to contem'plate it," said he: "'tis an emblem[2] of the universal benevolence of a true Christian; and it is the most glōrious work of Him who is philanthropy itself!"

8. My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises: he had pitied the strānger at first, but now he revered him. He turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a chānge: the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature, had given place to an expression of mysterious impōrt: a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal acrŏss his Gothic[3] visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity—"In me," said he, with laconic[4] solemnity—"in me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!"

9. My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage thus pŏmpously announced, yĕt there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect. "You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a

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[1] Orison (ŏr' e zon), supplication; a prayer.—[2] Em' blem, a type or figure; a picture imaging forth a truth or lesson by some figure or scene.—[3] Gŏth' ic, pertaining to the Goths, a people that once inhabited Sweden and Norway; rude; dark.—[4] La cŏn' ic, expressing much in few words; short.

momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my trĕasures! In yŏnder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them, ponder over them, and be wise!"

10. He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathless on his pillōw. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from his hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dŏg licked it, as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his dying master and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so ŏft*e*n cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lŏst upon his dying master: he raised his languid eyes, turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given this silent recommendation—closed them forever.

11. The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the church-yard of the village; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his last request: he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library; he pondered over them frequently; but whether he grew wiser, the tradition[1] doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit, who transferred his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, and became his constant attendant. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios[2] of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

Washington Irving.

[1] Tradition (tra dĭsh′ un), some story or report that is handed down from father to son, or from age to age, by word of mouth, not in writing.—[2] Folios (fō′ le oz), books of two leaves to a sheet; large books.

135. The May Queen.

I.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear:
To-mŏrrōw 'll be the happiest time of all the glăd New-year—
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, mĕrriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine:
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must găther knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IV.

Little Effie shall go with me to-mŏrrōw to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd-lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

V.

The honeysuckle round the pōrch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadōw-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollōws gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VI.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadōw-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whōle of the live-lŏng day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VII.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill mĕrrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VIII.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear:
To-mŏrrōw 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be, of all the year, the maddest, mĕrriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

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136. The May Queen—continued.

New-year's Eve.

I.

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear.
For I would see the sun rise upon the glăd New-year:
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set, and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a mĕrry day:
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain[1] came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

[1] Wain, a wagon: Charles's Wain, the name of a constellation, or cluster of stars.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frŏst is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high:
I lōng to see a flower so before the day I die.

V.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy, tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover[1] pipe alōng the făllōw lea,
And the swallōw 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,—
But I shall lie alōne, mother, within the moldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the barn upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the lōng, gray fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold[2] the summer airs blow cool,
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forgĕt you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the lŏng and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow:
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

X.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place:
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;

[1] Plover (plŭv′ er), a water-fowl; the lapwing.—[2] Wōld, a plain, open country; ridges of high land.

Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be ŏften, often with you, when you think I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden tools upon the grānary floor:
Let her take them—they are hers—I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gŏne, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-windōw and the box of mignonette.[1]

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

137. The May Queen—concluded.

I.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yĕt alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the blēating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the vīŏlet's here.

II.

Oh sweet is the new vīŏlet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that can not rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that lŏng to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessèd sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yĕt, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be lŏng before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

[1] Mignonette (mĭn yo nĕt′), a plant and flower prized for its sweet smell.

IV.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whōle life lōng, until he meet me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

V.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin:
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dŏg howl, mother, or the death-watch[1] beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sĭt beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

[1] Death-watch (dĕth' wŏtch), a small beetle, whose noise, like the tick of a watch, is falsely thought to foretell death.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the ăngels call;
It was when the moon was sĕtting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

VIII.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sĭtting in the house, and I no lŏnger here;
Wĭth all my strength I prayed for bōth, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wĭnd.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me: I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music of the wĭnd.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the windōw-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven, and die among the stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessèd music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am pass'd away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I can not tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, wĭth my desire of life.

XIII.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow,
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no lŏnger now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

Oh, sweet and strănge it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyŏnd the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

XV.

Forever and forever, all in a blessèd home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come;
To lie within the light of Gŏd, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

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